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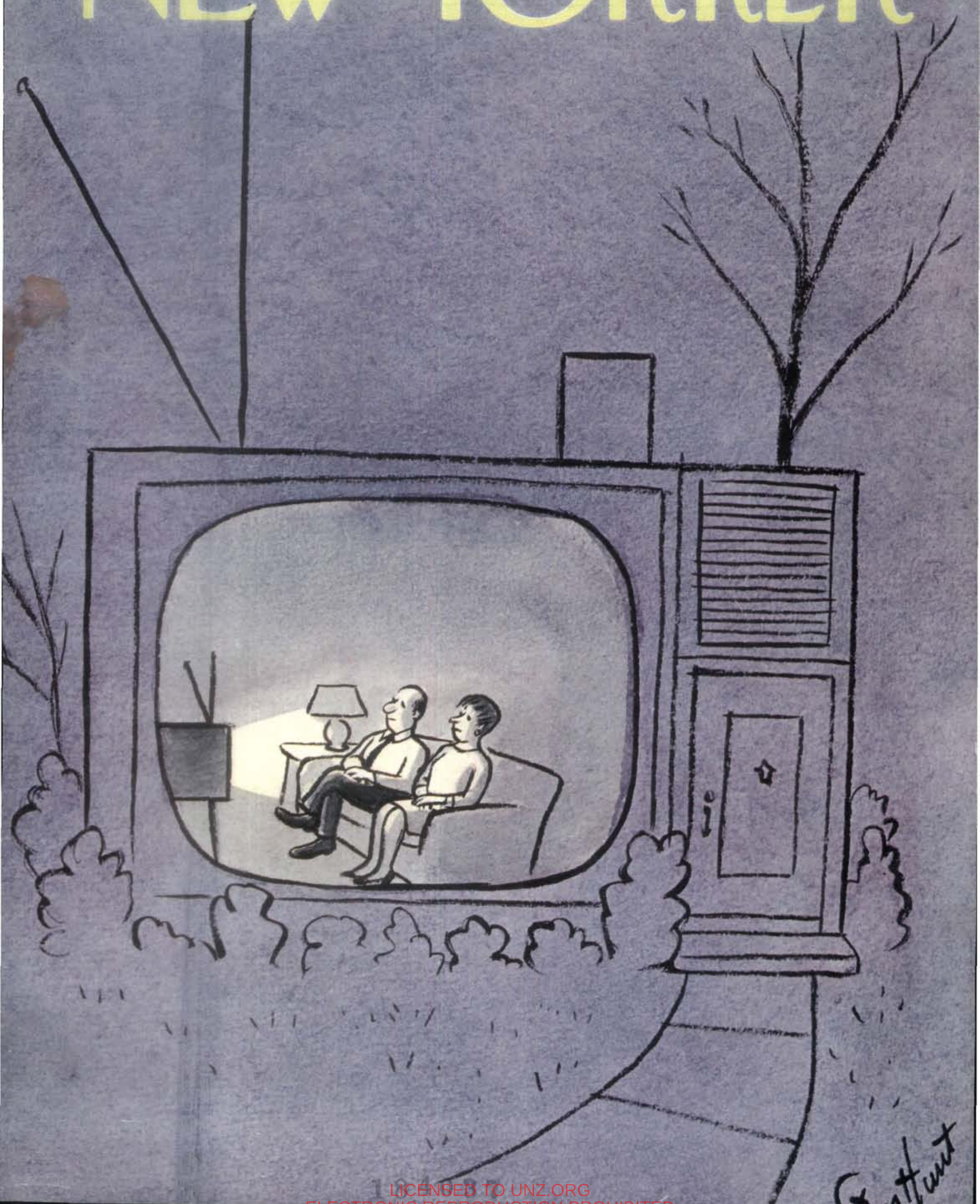

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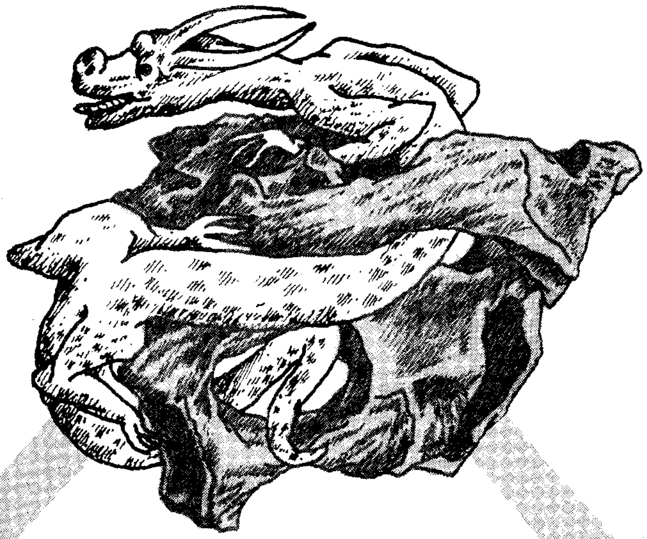

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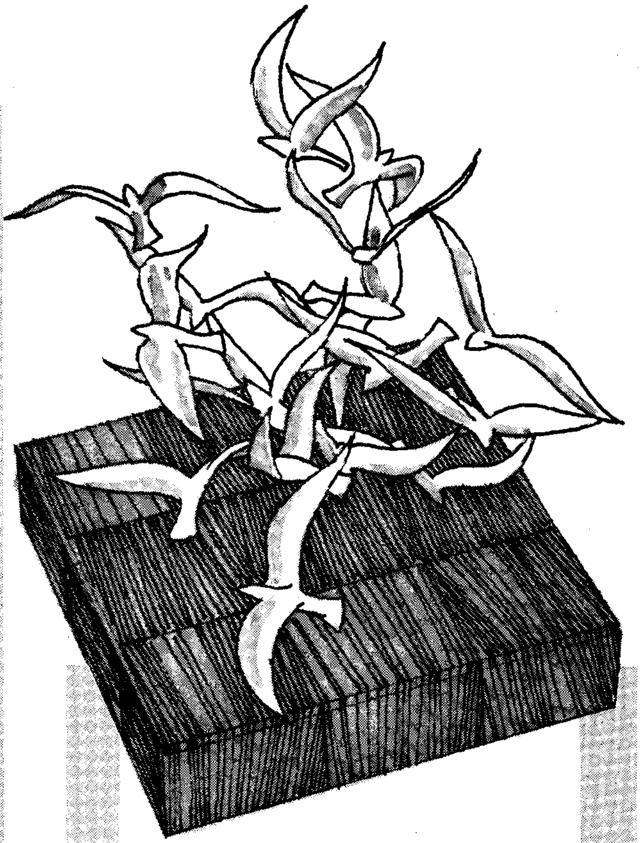

BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—The Abbey Theatre production of Brendan Behan's chronicle, adapted by Frank McMahon, with Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. Tomas MacAnna directed. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 26.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Candida—Celeste Holm in a limited engagement of the Shaw comedy. The director is Lawrence Carra. Previews through Saturday, April 4. Opens officially on Monday, April 6, and will run through Saturday, May 16. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A revival of the Howard Richardson-William Berney play. Previews through Thursday, April 2. Opens officially on Friday, April 3, at 7. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harvey—James Stewart plays with consummate skill the role of Elwood P. Dowd, a bibulous Far Westerner whose closest companion is a six-foot-tall invisible rabbit. Also on hand are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—There is no such word as "fail" in the lexicon of Neil Simon. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime in a three-week engagement that starts Tuesday, April 7, and will run through Sunday, April 26. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Nature of the Crime—A serious and occasionally perplexing drama about the trials and the actual trial of a young atomic scientist who is caught burning some papers in his office. The script by Larry Cohen is sometimes effective and sometimes not, but Tony Lo Bianco, in the leading role, is consistently good. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—The horrors of middle-class Jewish domesticity, acted with incomprehensible enthusiasm by Molly Picon and Sam Levene. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's **OPERATION SIDEWINDER** is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced, and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 25.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building—Harold Pinter's **LANDSCAPE** and **SILENCE** with Mildred Natwick, James Patterson Robert Symonds, and Barbara Tarbuck. Preview Wednesday, April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, at 7, and will run through Saturday, April 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45, and Sundays at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Sheep on the Runway—Art Buchwald hasn' managed to write a play, but no matter—he knows how to make wisecracks, and this peculiar work is full of them. (Helen Hayes 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sun-

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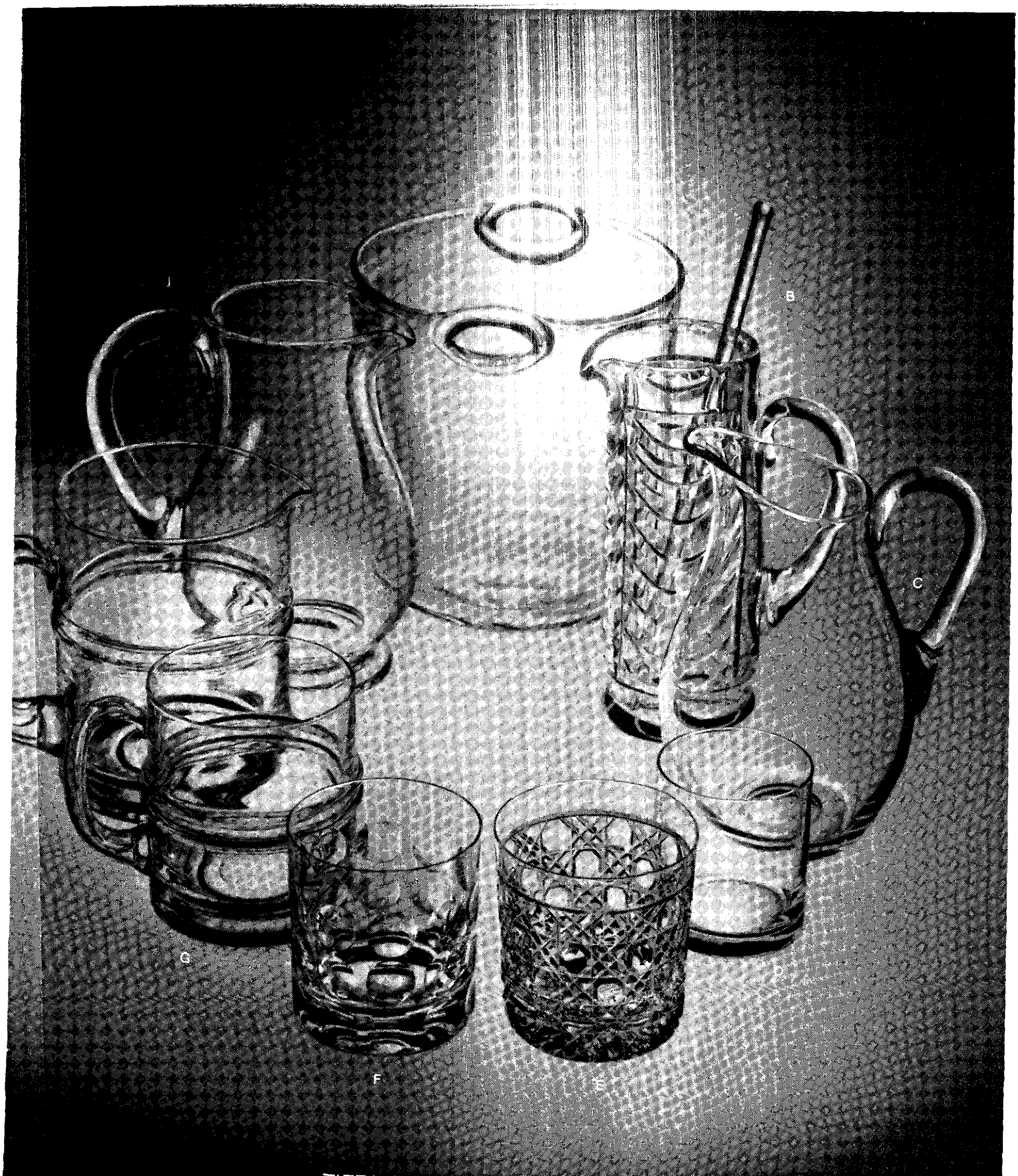

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—A five-week repertory of eight plays, in French, that starts Tuesday, April 7, and will end on Sunday, May 10. Obaldia's **LE GRAND VIZIR** and **LE COSMONAUTE AGRICOLE** will be performed through Tuesday, April 14. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 249-3074. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Two Times One—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Herb Edelman as its single character. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 11.)

The Unseen Hand and **Forensic and the Navigators**—A twin bill by Sam Shepard. Opens Wednesday, April 1. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

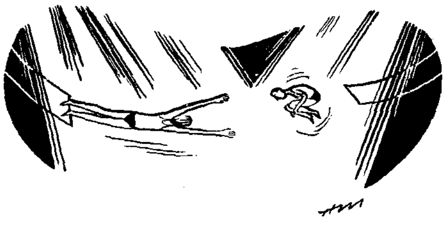
The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays, except April 8, through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **FORTY CARATS:** A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With June Allyson and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall in a musical version of the film "All About Eve." The book is by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the music by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics by Lee Adams. The director is Ron Field. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Billy Noname—A musical that deals with the black man's life and struggle in this country over the past thirty years. In spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much gaiety in the show, and there are a lot of attractive performances. Johnny Brandon wrote the good songs. With Donny Burks, Alan Weeks, and Hattie Winston. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Coco—Katharine Hepburn is the making of this curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cry for Us All—A musical based on William Alfred's play "Hogan's Goat." Mitch Leigh is the composer, and Mr. Alfred collaborated with Albert Marre (who also directed) on the libretto, and with Phyllis Robinson on the lyrics. Joan Diener, Robert Weede, and Steve Arlen head the cast. Previews through Tuesday, April 7. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 8. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last Sweet Days of Isaac—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Look to the Lilies—A lifeless adaptation of the old movie "Lilies of the Field." Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., are the stars of this inexplicable blunder. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Minnie's Boys—Supposedly about the Marx Brothers, whose reputations are ill-served. With Shelley Winters as their abounding mother, and with Lewis J. Stadlen doing an admirable imitation of Groucho. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St
535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays a
8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; an
Sundays at 7.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devise
and performed by a group of young rene
gades from Texas. The boys and girls ar
engaging, and some of their songs sound fine
but whatever ideas they have are all bu
drowned in "effects." Considerable audienc
participation is expected. (Public, 425 La
fayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fri
days at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; an
Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

This Was Burlesque—Miss Ann Corio and he
young ladies bump and grind and twirl tas
sels, but there is *no* life in the show, in spit
of the venerable presence of Steve Mills an
a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 36
W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays throug
Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 an
10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sun
days at 3.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AN
LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together fro
the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mo
Shuman, who also did the English lyric
(Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-502
Wednesday and Thursday, April 1-2, at
Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; Sundays
8; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 7-
at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays
3.). . . **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on music
movies of the thirties, about a dancer name
Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is b
friended by a chorine named Joan. (Theat
de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-878
Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Satu
days at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:3
Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** -
Then what is it? Buck Mulligan asked in
patiently. Cough it up. I'm quite frank wi
you. What have you against me now? (Sull
van Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St.,
Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays throug
Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Satu
days at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3
. . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** They halted, looki
towards the blunt cape of Bray Head that l
on the water like the snout of a sleepi
whale. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-073
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Ma
inées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays a
Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Steph
freed his arm quietly. —Do you wish me
tell you? he asked. (St. James, 44th St.,
695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:
Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturda
at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman is n
Dolly.). . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemoni
that ought to make anybody feel twenty yea
old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th S
W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays,
8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Satu
days at 2:30.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** D
Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixot
with music by Mitch Leigh. Somegoro Ic
kawa plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub su
stitutes for him at the matinée performanc
(Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-63
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matin
Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.).
OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketch
which purport to give us a refreshing view
sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave.,
12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Frida
at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and S
days at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.).
PROMISES, PROMISES: A musical starring Je
Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by N
Simon, and the music and lyrics are by B
Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 4
St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sunda
at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 a
Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **1776:** A musical ab
the laborious debates of the Continental C
gress. William Daniels is John Adams. (4
Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-42
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matin
Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.).
YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanut
turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Mar
80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thu
days, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays
7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 a
Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **YOUR OWN THING:**
this rock musical goes its merry way,
path often crosses that of Shakespear
"Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave.
8th St. 982-6410. Wednesday and Thurs
at 8:40, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 a

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10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "Astarte."... ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Solarwind," and "Astarte." ... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Pas des Déesses," and "Viva Vivaldi!" ... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:30: "The Clowns," "Confetti," and "Astarte."... ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 2:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Astarte," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

American Ballet Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Cortege Burlesque," "Games," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:30: "Meadowlark," "Early Songs" (première), and "The Maids."... ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:30: "Early Songs," "Caprichos," "Cortege Burlesque," and "At Midnight."... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Harbinger," "Games," and "Meadowlark." ... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Early Songs," and "Meadowlark." ... ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 2: "Harbinger," "The Maids," and "Meadowlark."... ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 7:30: "Early Songs," "The Maids," "Harbinger," and "At Midnight." ... ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8:30: "Intermezzo," "Meadowlark," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:30: "Intermezzo," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs."... ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 2: "Meadowlark," "Games," and "Intermezzo."... ¶ Sunday, April 12, at 7:30: "Intermezzo," "Meadowlark," and "Early Songs." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Louis Falco—With his dance company, in a program of his own works. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Whatever happened to the old steam calliope? (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, April 1-3, at 2 and 7; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Tuesday through Friday, April 7-10, at 2 and 7:30. The performances on Thursday, April 2, will be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4718, Wednesday through Friday between 9 and 12 and 2 and 4.)

Magic Show—The annual event put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Barely bitter, hardly the end. Through Sunday, April 5, young singer Dion will be onstage. Folk singer John Denver arrives Wednesday, April 8. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Monday, April 6.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Evenings pass at an unhurried pace. From eleven to three, Joe Beck fingers a provocative electric guitar, while another musician assists him on bass. Dinner, from a responsible kitchen, is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Roy Eldridge quartet is on the stand until Tuesday, April 7, when the reliable Zoot Sims quartet will take over. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

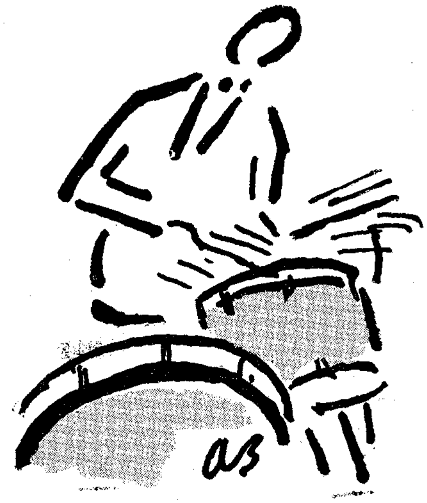
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Hubble, and Oliver Jackson plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Ralph Sutton, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is (not without some huffing and puffing) doing its best to exchange the past for the future tense. The flip side of this record is devoted to Bobby Hackett's new quintet, which involves Vic Dickenson, Jack Lesberg, Dave McKenna, and Cliff Leeman. Seven until two, every night but Sunday and Monday. Food and dancing, and in quantity. Sunday afternoons, from two-thirty to five-thirty, Bill Berry's big band (Dave Frishberg, Sol Gubin, and Bob Dougherty are on the roll call) has the premises to itself.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Charles Mingus quintet. On Tuesday, April 7, an outfit called the Tony Williams Lifetime will move in. On Monday, April 6, from seven-thirty until two-thirty, various jazz artists will participate in a benefit concert for a new vest-pocket park on the lower East Side.



Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Sunday, April 5, from eight to eleven the Julian Dash quintet will do a one-shot session. The personnel: Dickie Harris, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, George Foster, and Mr. Dash on tenor. A jazz band plays Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Chico Hamilton quartet plays for drinking and dining. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, Herbie Mann's flute will set the pace for his quintet. Friday and Saturday, April 10-11, Elvin Jones, all alone with his drums for a change, will alternate with the Freddie Hubbard quintet. (Performances Fridays from ten, and Saturdays from nine-thirty.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—The ebullient Roland Kirk quartet will be here through Sunday, April 5. Thursday through Saturday, April 9-11, the Herbie Hancock sextet will perform. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7-8.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. The service is deft, and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—They move at several speeds in this second-story establishment, whose first story is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which is darkish and arched, stays open from nine until three-thirty every night

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and one can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, and a eight on Fridays and Saturdays. The live sounds of Taos and Chelsea Beige alternat with high-powered recorded sounds. On Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, the Rig will join T. and C.B., and on Wednesday, April 8, other live ones will arrive. Alcohol i banned. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—An established restaurant that has added dancing on its lower level, where red carpets surround a parquet dance floor. A wide assortment of records can be heard from eleven to three Dinner and supper. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu Crowded *on Fridays and* Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—On the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemica Tower, plate-glass windows look out on neo glitter and in on décor that is of no particula time or place. Dancing to live and preserve music Mondays through Fridays from ten until three. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Limited in size but activated wit light and sound. The mood is suave and th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

view is magnificent. Reservations are recommended. Things run until three or four each night.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Tell old Pharaoh that his sphinxes are ensconced in the land of gilded schmaltz. Sphinxlike table companions are frequent, since the records are played at a more than Nilotic volume. Three times nightly, some people who call themselves Hagood Hardy & the Montage entertain. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are false, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with a group called Jim Ground through Saturday, April 4, and after that, with Sarojopi. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) It makes it.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Lester Lanin's first-string (and first-horn) ground forces are billeted in this fine old garrison city, where they produce music from nine until three. The commandant of the establishment is Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Domestic bliss is the idea in the restaurant, and it often works out in that peaceful fashion. Ernie Warren's crew is now and again on the bandstand, usually until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays.... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): This community was not founded upon rock; a more mellifluous music is dispensed. The floor is ample, and so is the sound—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—The real reason for this lodge, transported whole from the shores of Lake Tahoe, is Rodney Dangerfield, who issues nightly bulletins (except on Sunday) that record our citizenry's progress in its war against the encroachments of civilization—often in words of one syllable.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The human comedy, often diverted into humane comedy, is the nub of Shelley Berman, who has the good fortune to know precisely how to express it and his own deep involvement in it. This revelation, as funny as it can possibly be, is made twice every night but Sunday.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire. The Israeli rock band is the one deficiency. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to one every night but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

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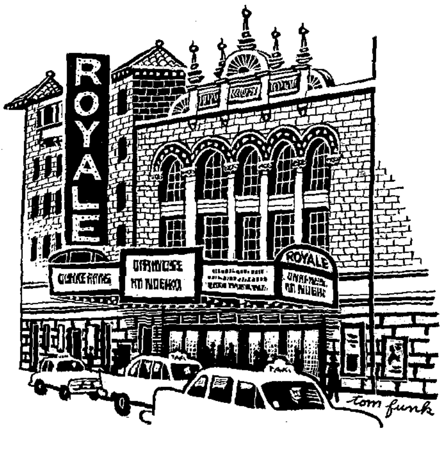
AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Hale the conquering hero comes, and hearty, too; i.e., Sergio Franchi, singing his Roman head off during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The admirable purring sounds before and after are made by the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Spaniards to the south of us (La Lupe, a super-active Latin-American soprano), Spaniards to the east of us (La Morucha and her fellow-Lusitanian flamencans). The jovial uproar may be seen and heard during dinner and supper every single night.... ¶ Pepe Preiego (guitar) and Antonio Maya (voice), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, April 1, Stevie Wonder, boy minstrel, does his farewell displays of that bewitched voice, and (mercifully) the humorist Jerry Shane will stop talking. Next evening, Tom Jones (his voice and his antics bewitched by Welsh trolls) moves vigorously into place. No nights off for anyone.... ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Anita O'Day's high and falutin soprano finishes its good works on Thursday, April 2, and Monty Alexander's triad, hot but not heavy, moves out with her. Next evening's incomer is Sy Oliver's orchestra. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Florence Henderson completes her appointed rounds of dinner and supper song recitals on Tuesday, April 7, so that the Mills Brothers (ah, memory, memory!) can move into the Persian Room one evening later, at ten-fifteen. They'll become twice-a-nighters after that. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on humming not only to themselves but to anyone who still likes to dance. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Tokyo Happy Coats, who are now under observation (these little girls make no *dance* music) in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** take leave on Sunday, April 5, and on Tuesday, April 7, George Shearing's quintet arrives, direct from birdland. The music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive threesome. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. Closed Mondays.... ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty until six-thirty for crumpets and tea, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until one every night but Sunday.... ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays from seven until ten-thirty, in general.



RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Alberto Rochi, purveyor of Southern Comfort (it comes from way down in Argentina), utters his last pear-shaped tones during dinner and supper on Saturday, April 4. On Monday, April 6, a new soprano, Bobbi Martin, reports for duty. The dance music starts at eight, and Sundays are dark.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Earl Wilson, Jr., is now the cricket chirruping on the imperial hearth of the Maisonette at dinnertime through the week and at dinnertime and suppertime on Fridays and Saturdays. Hal Turner's crew, which is the best dance band to arrive in our town for quite some time, and Quintero's ancient Latin retainers do the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—No fault of her own can ever be attributed to Ella Fitzgerald, the dinner and supper festivity in the Empire Room, even when (to the alarm of certain buffs) her voice forsakes jazz and dwells with great affection on balladry. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo functions smoothly the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

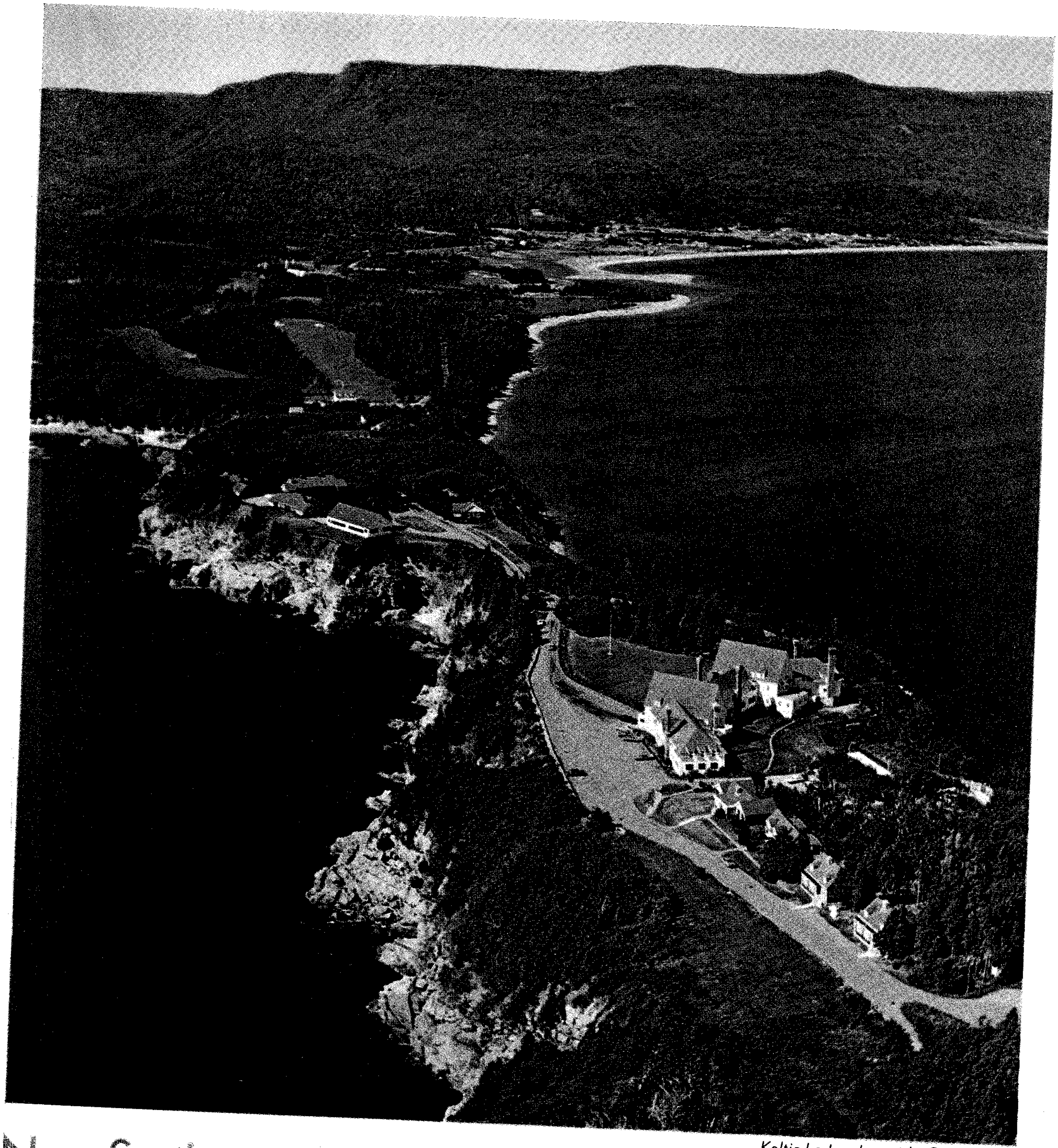
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Almost the only word game in town, which is to say the lyrics sung by Bobby Short, who, along with his right and left bowers, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, keeps the evenings bright, shiny, and sly. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Joel Shulman duo, which stays home Sundays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit sort of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (no Sunday, no Monday). A docile dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773) *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday ... **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** below-decks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. The best of the music in this bar-and-grill comes from Scott Reed, whose love-life piano serves from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. He is also given to bursts of song.... **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, suddenly goes operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la *mode*—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock, though not at all on a Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818) No difficulty about living like kings, for the



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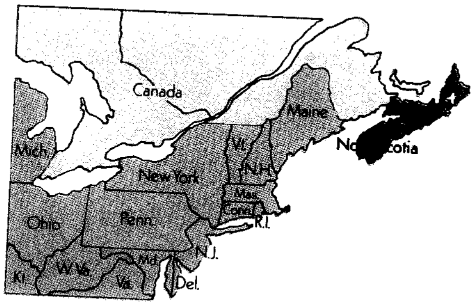

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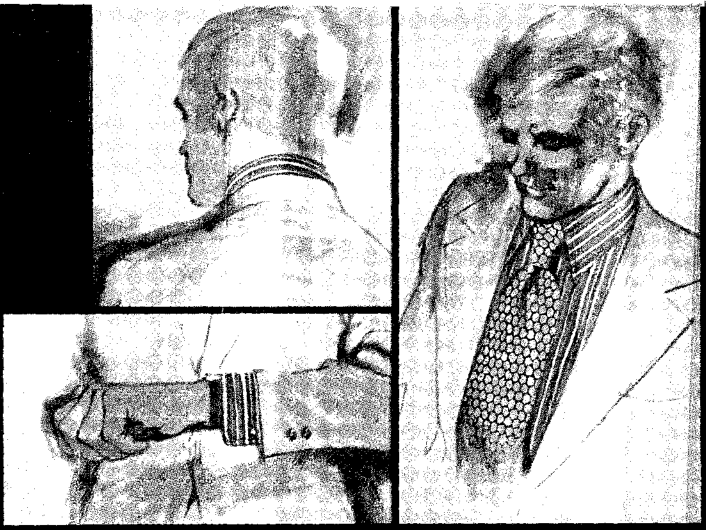

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Herman Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a great Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place, newly upholstered, is open for business (and pleasure) once more. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. No sound on Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is the property of George Feyer. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until after the theatre, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written and still being played as they should be. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **WINE CELLAR,** 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef. Never a dark night. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, for so many years a dispenser of well-thought-out piano at the demised Goldie's New York, is repeating himself from five to ten except on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Stephen Antonakos—One huge neon-light work; through April 16. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

March Avery—Pastoral themes and figures by the daughter of the well-known American painter; through April 19. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

Will Barnet—New works by a veteran New York painter; through May 2. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harold Baumbach—Abstract canvases from 1955 to 1965; through April 25. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Beal—Nudes in interiors, in high-keyed colors; starting Saturday, April 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harry Bertoia—Metal sculptures that move and whisper; through April 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Breder—Geometric sculptures of glass and metal that reflect light; starting Saturday, April 4. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

David Lee Brown—Mechanical constructions in stainless steel and bronze; through April 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—"Man and Machine," a show of fifty-six photographs taken all over the world; through Saturday, April 4. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

Dado—Colorful monsters by a Yugoslav Surrealist; through Saturday, April 11. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Salvador Dali—Paintings and drawings done since 1965, including three mammoth oils; through Saturday, April 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Robert De Niro—Expressionist figures and still-lifes; through April 18. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by this pioneer Abstractionist; through April 25. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Downey—Constructions that affect the viewer by means of sound, light, and/or movement—sometimes audience-activated; through April 25. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Paintings done between 1908 and 1921 by the well-known New York eccentric; through Saturday, April 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jan Gelb—Landscapes with symbolic overtones; starting Tuesday, April 7. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Herbert George—Semi-figurative painted stones; through April 15. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Recent works lampooning the current scene by a foremost American social satirist; through April 18. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors from the Berlin Period, 1913-31; through April 18. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Gussow—Landscapes of Monhegan Island, Maine, and upstate New York; starting Tuesday, April 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

H. N. Han—Seemingly all-white paintings, in which colors come to light; through Friday, April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Oils, collages, and drawings by a prominent second-generation Abstract Expressionist; through April 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Emblematic abstractions in thick pigments; through Saturday, April 11. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Luis Jimenez—Figurative sculptures in fibre glass and epoxy; starting Saturday, April 4. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Craig Kauffman—Suspended sheets of colored Plexiglas; through Wednesday, April 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through April 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Misch Kohn—Graphics in several mediums by this leading American printmaker; starting Saturday, April 4. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Aristide Maillol (1861-1944)—Sixty-two bronzes, plus pastels and drawings; through

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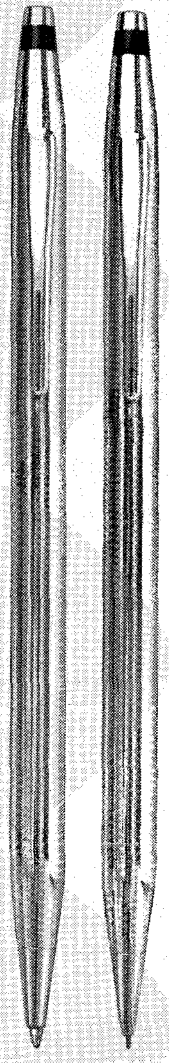

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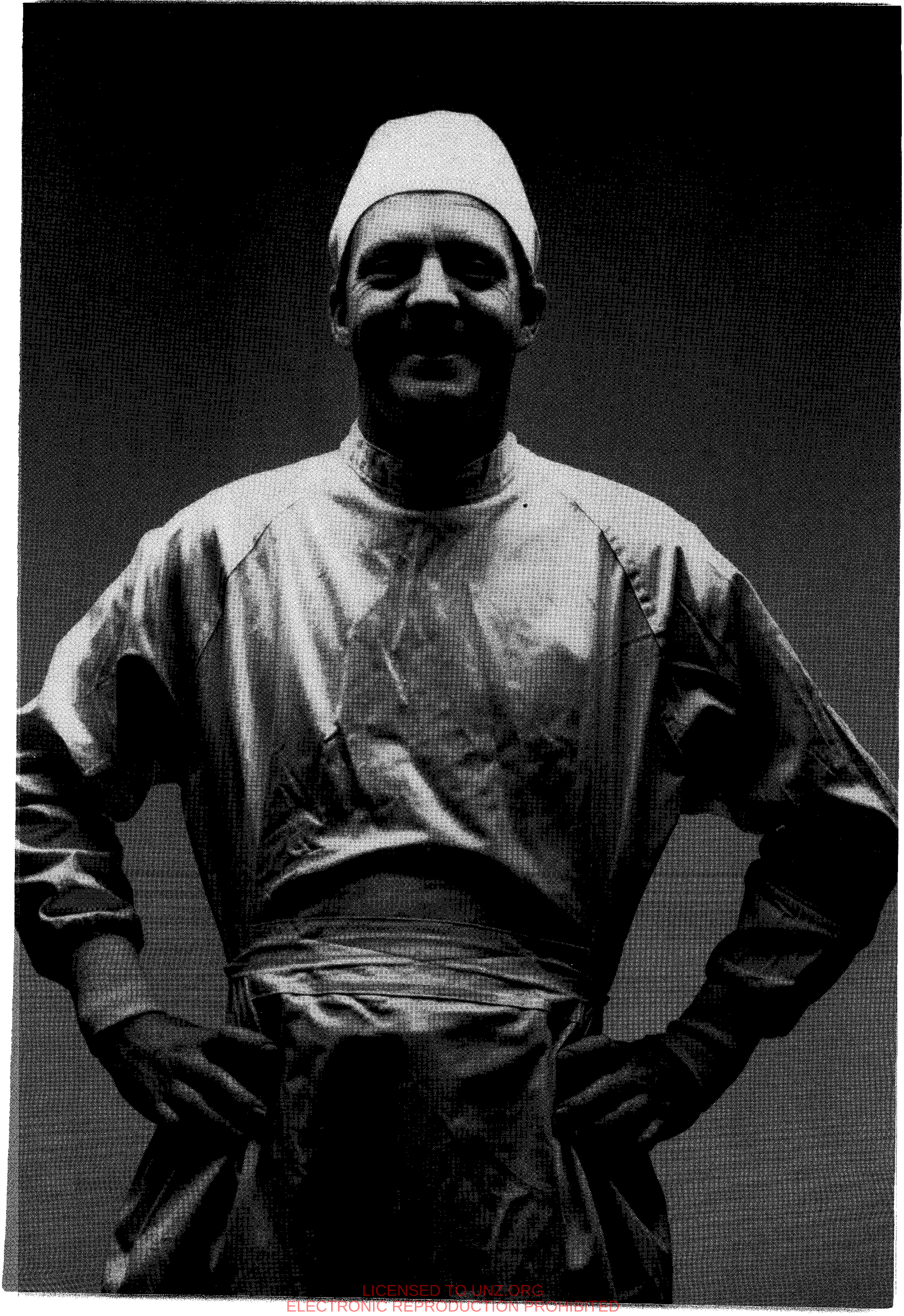

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

April 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irving Marantz—Abstract landscapes, many with figures in masses of bright color; through Friday, April 10. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clement Meadmore—Two huge Abstract steel sculptures painted black; starting Saturday, April 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Howard Mehring—Minimal paintings by a member of the "Washington, D.C., School;" starting Saturday, April 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A comprehensive collection of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs; through Friday, April 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.). . . ¶ Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Chrome-plated geometric forms; through April 22. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes, some with figures; through Saturday, April 4. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Shalom of Safed—Biblical paintings by a widely circulated Israeli primitive; through April 18. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Symbolic juxtapositions in box assemblages and wall pieces; through April 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Landscapes of Maine and European settings; through April 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felix Vallotton (1865-1925)—Fifty-five paintings, plus woodcuts, drawings, and engravings by a Swiss member of the Nabi group; starting Tuesday, April 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Charles White—Paintings and drawings of themes taken from the history of the blacks in America; through April 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd Mefferd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; through April 12. (Daily, noon to 6.). . . **CREATIVE EAST**, 53 E. 10th St.: A memorial exhibition for Oronzo Gasparo, an artist who died last year, of works by ten painters, including such old-timers as Harold Anton, Remo Farruggio, and Alice Neel; starting Sunday, April 5. (Daily, 11 to 7.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; through Saturday, April 11. . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Conventional still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by four young artists; through April 12. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Budd, Baer, Müller, O'Keeffe, and others; through Friday, April 10. (Closed Mondays.). . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Seven Expressionist figurative artists; through April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 4.). . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 W. Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Drawings by John Fawcett, paintings by Ellen Cibula, and sculptures by Richard Kalina; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Pollock, Léger, González, and Salemme; through April 23. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century photographs by Atget, Brassai, and others; starting Saturday, April 4. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans and Americans as Afro, Beckmann, Glasco, Lanyon, and Tchelitchew; through Saturday, April 11. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: One hundred Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; starting Saturday, April 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of approximately one hundred paintings by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas, Cézanne, Gauguin, and Toulouse-Lautrec (to name a few), representing a century of Impressionism; starting Thursday, April 2.

Sculpture—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through April 28. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959 and covering the entire range of his work; through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10. . . . ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26. . . . ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19. . . . ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, April 14, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of music by the late William Flanagan, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Ned Rorem, piano; and others. Edward Albee's short play "The Sand Box," with music by Mr. Flanagan, will be performed in concert form. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; through May 9. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and sculptures by four young New York artists concerned with "beauty;" through April 26. . . . ¶ Fifty examples of Indian Tantric mystical diagrams; through April 26. . . . ¶ Works that incorporate words and images; through April 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of books, manuscripts, letters, and drawings in honor of the centennial of the death of Charles Dickens; through July 31. . . . ¶ William Blake's drawings for the "Book of Job;" through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A charming group of water-

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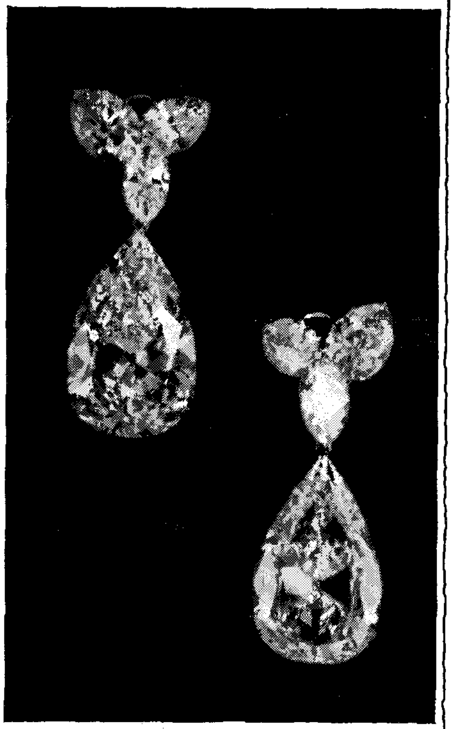

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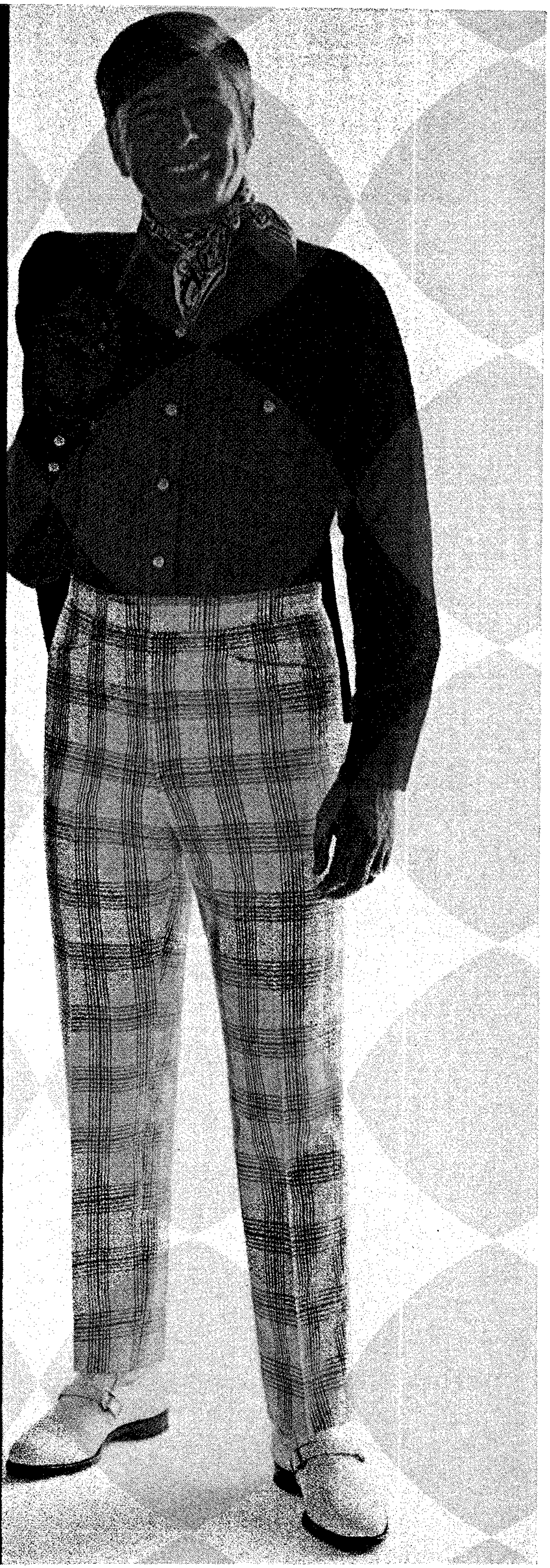

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

colors and sketches, done by Baroness Hyde de Neuville during her stays in the United States from 1807 to 1814 and 1816 to 1822, of landscapes and figures (many of Indians, understandably). (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Rare books and manuscripts drawn from the Library's Lenox Collection; through June 3. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

New York University Library, 19 University Pl.—An exhibition of selections from the Hellman Papers, marking the acquisition by the University of fifty-eight cases full of manuscripts, memoranda, and workaday odds and ends accumulated over the past forty years by Geoffrey Hellman, who has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* all that time; through April 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 4.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, April 1, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8: "Romeo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Raymond Michalski, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mirella Freni, Evelyn Lear, Justino Diaz, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ina Delcampo, Joann Grillo, Franco Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Monday, April 6, at 8: "Tosca," with Gabriella Tucci, Sándor Kónya, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mirella Freni, Evelyn Lear, Cesare Siepi, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ina Delcampo, Joann Grillo, Franco Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Jeannette Pilou, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, and Tom Krause. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:30: A gala performance in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Richard Tucker's Metropolitan Opera début—Act I of "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland and Mr. Tucker. Act II of "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Rosalind Elias, Mr. Tucker, and Cornell MacNeil. Act III of "Aida," with Leontyne Price, Mr. Tucker, and Robert Merrill. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 1, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Sheila Nadler, Arturo Sergi, David Rae Smith, and Edward Pierson; and "Carmina Burana," with Elisabeth Carron, John Darrenkamp, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 1:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 5, at 7:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Sandra Darling, Kenneth Riegel, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 8, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Michael Devlin, and Richard Fredricks. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 9, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Lois Crane, Muriel Greenspon, Richard Stillwell, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Friday, April 10, at 8:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Arturo Sergi, David Clatworthy, and Will Roy; and "Carmina Burana," with Elisabeth Carron, Kenneth Riegel, and John Darrenkamp. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 2:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, Gary Glaze, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 11, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—Thursday, April 2, at 8:30; Friday, April 3, at 2; Saturday, April 4, at 8:30; and Monday, April 6, at 7:30 (all with Claude Frank, piano); Thursday, April 9, at 8:30; Friday, April 10, at 2; and Monday, April 13, at 7:30 (all with Clifford Curzon, piano); and Saturday, April 11, at 8:30 (with Joseph Kalichstein, piano).

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra—Jean Fournet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, April 5, at 2 and 5.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the final concert of the season, with Christopher Parkening, guitar, and Jacqueline Brooks and Dee Victor, narrators. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 8.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins directing Monteverdi's "Vespro della Beata Vergine," with Benita Valente and Neva Pilgrim, sopranos; Charles Bressler, Robert White, and Hugues Cuénod, tenors; Thomas Palmer, baritone; John Ostendorf, bass; and a chorus. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30.)

U.C.L.A. Glee Club—Donn Weiss directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

Washington University Choir and Madrigal Singers—Orland Johnson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Yale University School of Music Concerts—The last in a series of concerts, this one performed by Blake Stern, tenor; Broadus Erle and Syoko Aki, violin; Robert Nagel, trumpet; Aldo Parisot, cello; Yehudi Wyner, piano; and the Yale Wind Ensemble, conducted by Keith Wilson. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Mahmud Mirza—Sitar, with Fayyaz Khan, tabla. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Thursday, April 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall, the final concerts of the season—Friday, April 3, at 8:30: Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Amadeus String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 9: The Messrs. Trampler, de Peyer, and Parnas; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Richard Goode, piano; and the Amadeus String Quartet.

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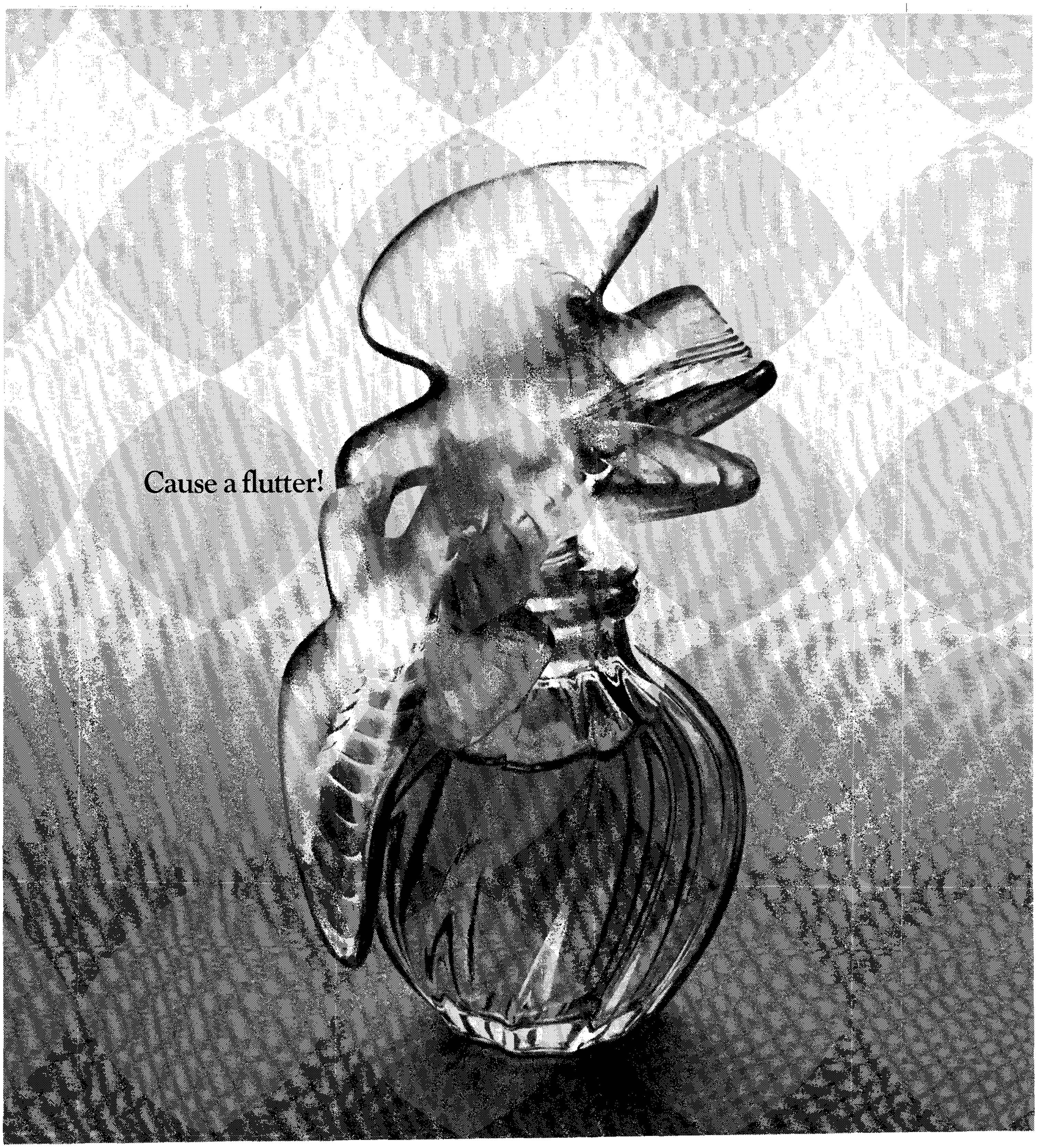

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

posed of members of the Washington National Symphony and acting as keyboard soloist, in two all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 5, and Sunday, April 12, at 3.)

ZINO FRANCESCATTI—Violin, with the Zurich Chamber Orchestra conducted by Edmond de Stoutz. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 3.)

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 8:30, the second of two concerts. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall. Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30, a benefit concert.)

NATHANIEL ROSEN—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The fourth in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 6, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music by Donald Jenni, Peter Lewis, William Hibbard, Patrick Purswell, Jon English, and Franklin Miller, performed by artists from the Center for New Music at the University of Iowa. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

NEVA PILGRIM—Soprano, in a recital postponed from March 9. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 8, at 8:30.)

AMADEUS STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of three all-Mozart programs, this one with Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—The last in a series of concerts, this one a program of music for the Elizabethan Court. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 11, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE, VAN MORRISON, AND BRINSLEY SCHWARZ—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.

FREDDIE HUBBARD QUINTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.

THEODORE BIKEL—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 5, at 8.

TOM PAXTON—Fillmore East. Sunday, April 5, at 8.

DICK SCHORY AND THE PERCUSSION POPS ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30.

PINK FLOYD—Fillmore East. Thursday, April 9, at 8:30.

SANTANA, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY, AND THE AMERICAN DREAM—Fillmore East. Friday through Sunday, April 10-12, at 8 and 11:30.

PENTANGLE—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 10, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston (first American League games here), Tuesday, April 7, at 3, and Thursday, April 9, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland. Saturday, April 11, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 2, at 7:30, and, if necessary, Monday, April 6, at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, April 5, at 2:05.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 4.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 11.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 11.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Gotham, Saturday, April 4, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 11.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 2, through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA AND OPERETTA—By the **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4718, Wednesday through Friday between 9 and 12 and 2 and 4.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 11, at 2:30.)

"BRAVE"—The Robert F. Kennedy Theatre for Children presenting benefit performances of a program of music, dance, and mime, epitomizing the American Indian. Narrated by Frank Converse. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, and Sunday, April 5, at noon and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesday through Sunday, April 1-5, and Saturday, April 11, all at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-0647.) . . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Peter Pan," Saturday, April 4, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, April 11. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Babes in Toyland," Wednesday, April 8, at 10. . . . ¶ "Young Abe Lincoln," Thursday, April 9, at 10. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty." Wednesday through Friday, April 1-3, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Beauty and the Beast," Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Edison Theatre, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Wednesday, April 1, at 11 and 5:30; Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, at 1 and 3:30; and Saturday and Sunday, April 4-5, at 10 and noon.) . . . **SYROTIAK PUPPETS:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Greensleeves," Wednesday, April 1. . . . ¶ "Prince and the Pauper," Thursday, April 2. . . . ¶ "Snow White," Friday, April 3. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Afternoons at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." (Wednesday through Friday, April 1-3, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Thereafter, Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A pond shared by ducks and geese, Noah's Ark (with a colony of skunks inside), and a turreted castle are a few of the attractions in this tiny village, and the other inhabitants include monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

MOVIES—A benefit performance of "Around the World in 80 Days," with David Niven and Cantinflas. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 73rd St. Saturday, April 4, at 10. For tickets, call 751-0550.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Wednesday through Friday, April 1-3, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public

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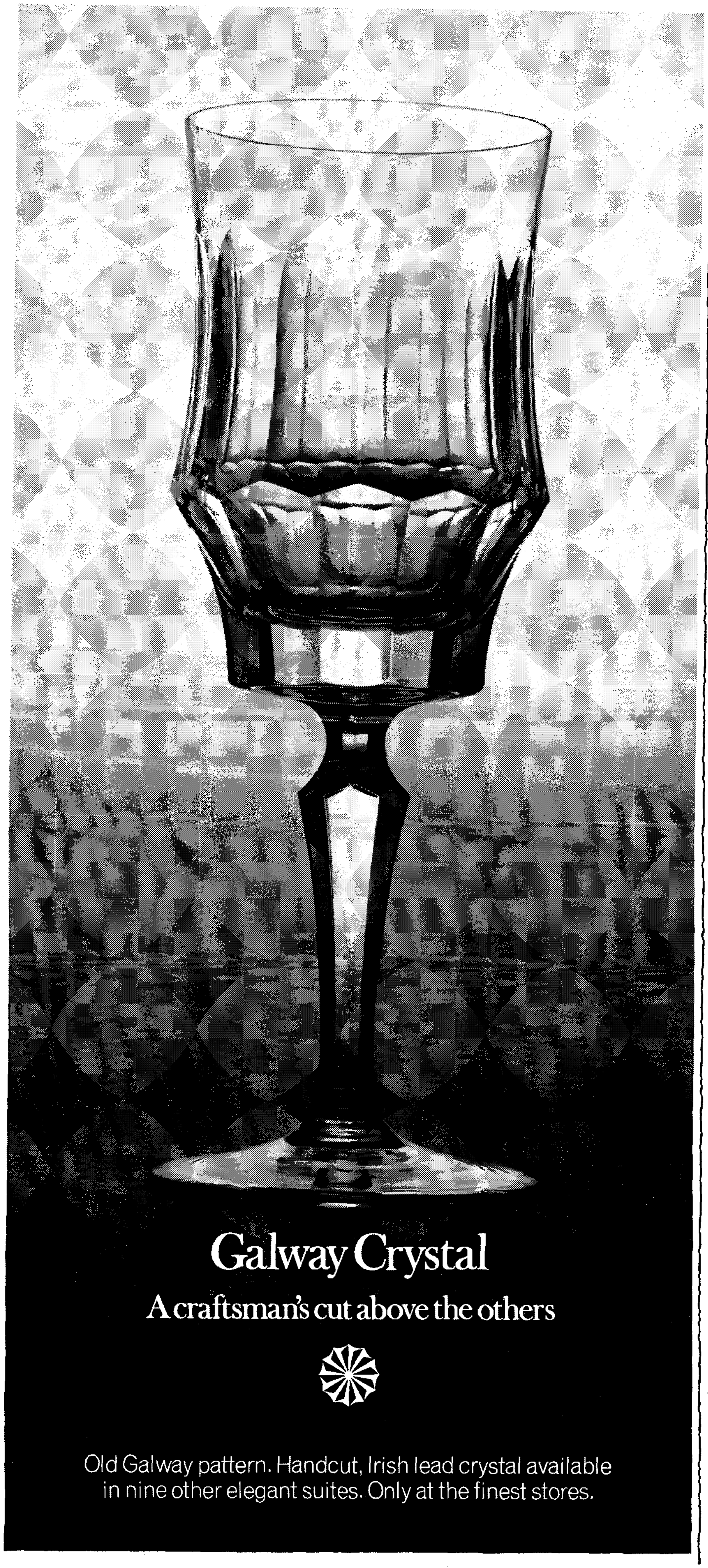
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Old Galway pattern. Handcut, Irish lead crystal available in nine other elegant suites. Only at the finest stores.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

International Automobile Show—Four floors devoted to the display of new cars, representing manufacturers from England, France, West Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 4, through Sunday, April 12. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from various sources.... ¶ Friday, April 3, at 2: Part IV of the Melvin Gutman collection of Renaissance jewelry.... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from many owners.... ¶ Tuesday, April 7, at 2: Americana, including selections from the papers of Gouverneur Morris, and printed books, manuscripts, and autographs; from several collectors.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 8-9, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, by such artists as Utrillo, Dufy, Dali, and Motherwell; from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 2.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seven programs in a series of Hungarian films: April 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Upthrown Stone" (1969); April 3 at 2 and 5:30, "Cold Days" (1966); April 4 at 3 and 5:30, "The Windows of Time" (1969); April 5 at 2 and 5:30, "My Way Home" (1964); April 6 at 8 and April 7 at 2, "Father" (1966); April 8 at 2 and 5:30, "Summer on the Hill" (1967); April 9 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Lady from Constantinople" (1969).... ¶ April 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Five Acres of Land" (1969), a Ceylonese film, directed by Lester James Peries.... ¶ April 4 at 11:30: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich.... ¶ April 6 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Sherlock Holmes" (1937), a German film, with French and Flemish titles.... ¶ April 7 at 5:30: A program of short films by Bruce Baillie. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. *Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.*)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—April 1 at 1, 2, 3, and 4: A program of Soviet travel films.... ¶ April 4 at 4 and 6: "The Invisible Man" (1933), with Claude Rains.... ¶ April 5 at 4 and 6: "The Mole People" (1956), with John Agar.... ¶ April 8 at 4 and 6: "Black Friday" (1940), with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.... ¶ April 9 at 4 and 6: "Island of Lost Souls" (1933), with Charles Laughton. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: April 12, April 24-26, April 28-May 3, and May 15.... **SHEA STADIUM**: April 14 (first National League game here), April 16-19, April 21-22, and May 5-12.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 18.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (New York. April 25.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 25.)... ¶ Geiger Cup Regatta: Columbia, Cornell, and M.I.T. (New York. April 25.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. April 25.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge, May 2.)...

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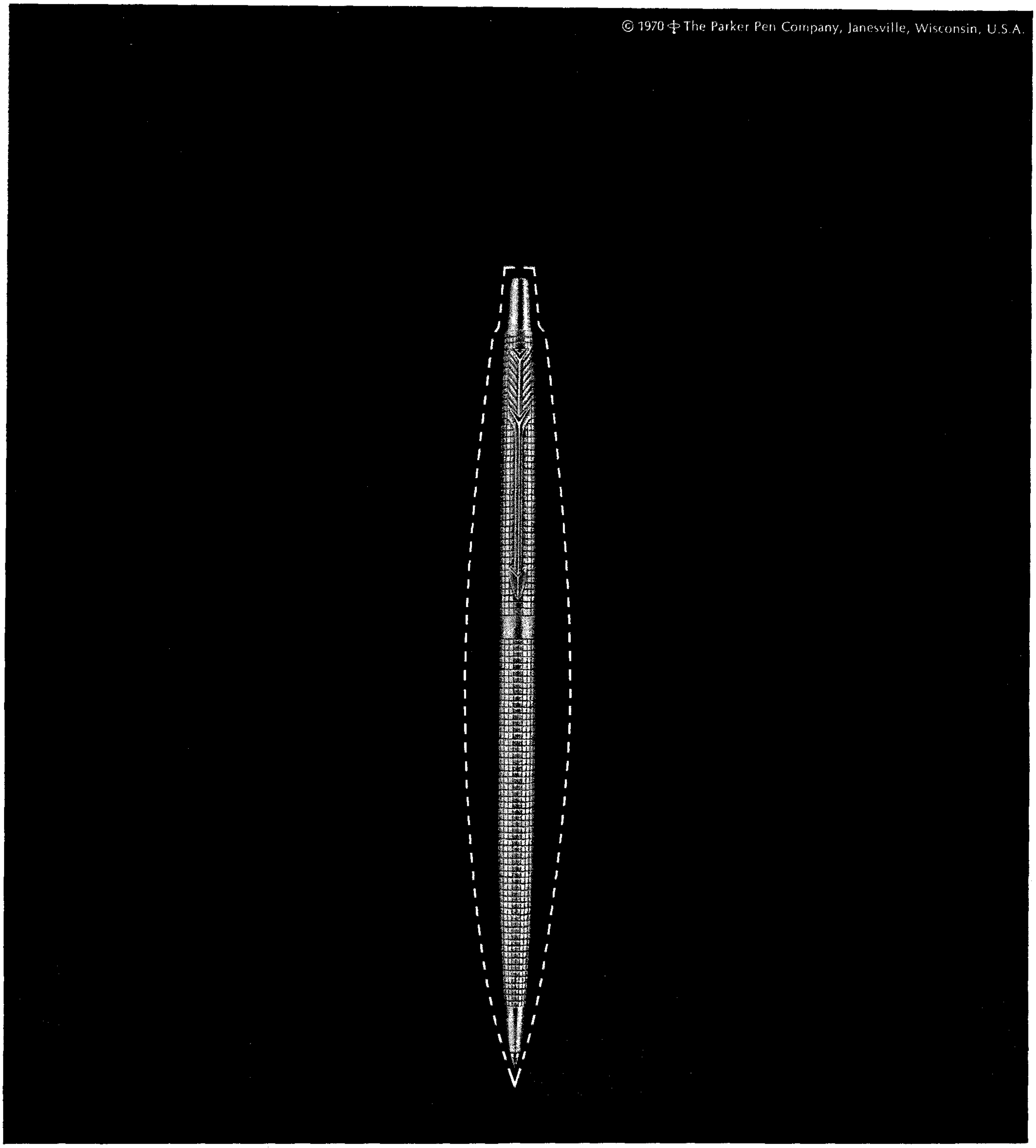

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. May 2.)...¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 9.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 25-26.)... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Rosemont, Pa. May 2-3.)...¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 8-10.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 18.)...¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 18.)...¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 25.)...¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 2.)...¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 9.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 20-May 30.... CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 2.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: May 9.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 20.)...¶ Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 24-25.)

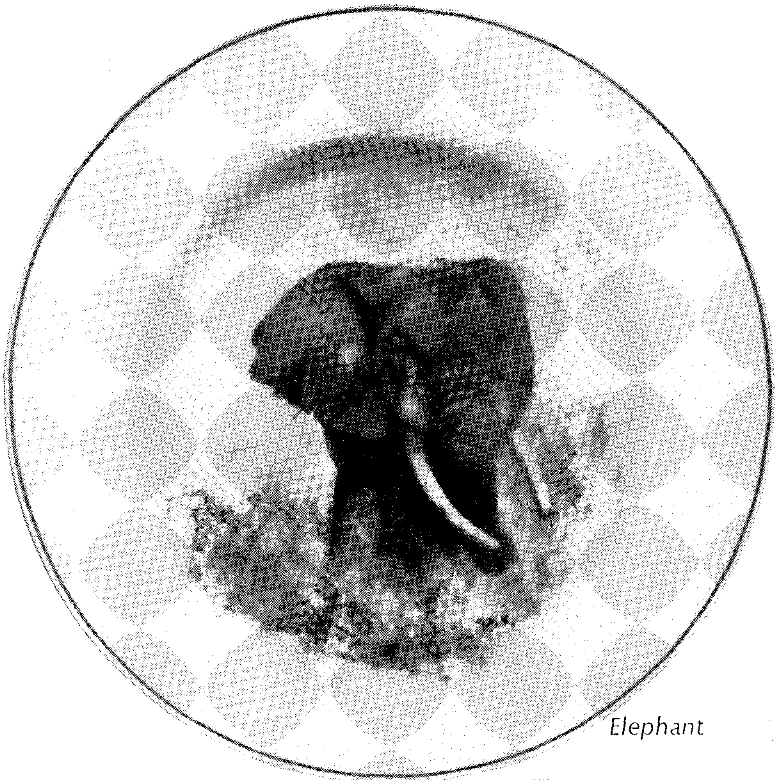
Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 17-19.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 18.... PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23....¶ Symphony of the New World, April 14....¶ American Symphony, April 15....¶ Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, April 17....¶ Master Virtuosi of New York, April 19....¶ Houston Symphony Orchestra, April 22....¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, April 24.... ¶ Camerata Singers and Symphony Orchestra, April 26....¶ New York Choral Society, May 1....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 5. ...¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, May 9.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): American Symphony, April 12-13 and 26-27 and May 3-4.... ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, April 14....¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, April 15.... ¶ American Opera Society, April 22.... ¶ London Philharmonic Orchestra, April 23-25.... ALICE TULLY HALL, Lincoln Center (362-1911): Gina Bachauer, piano, April 16.... ¶ Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, April 19.... ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, May 2.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 17.... ¶ Earl Wild, piano, April 26.... HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Peter Serkin, piano, April 25....¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, May 1.

Ballet—New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 21-June 14.... ¶ Royal Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 21-May 31.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of "The Boy Friend," Sandy Wilson's 1954 musical, starring Judy Carne....¶ Marian Mercer in a comedy, "A Place for Polly," by Lonnie Coleman....¶ Paul Cherry has written the book and lyrics and Lance Mulcahy the music for "Park," a musical in which Joan Hackett, Julie Wilson, and David Brooks will appear....¶ "Inquest," a play by Donald Freed, based on a book about the trial of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, by Walter and Miriam Schneir. The cast is headed by Larry Blyden, George Grizzard, Anne Jackson, and James Whitmore....¶ A musical, "Company," with score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Dean Jones, Elaine Stritch, and Barbara Barrie....¶ Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," presented by the John Fernald Company of the Meadow Brook Theatre, in Rochester, Michigan....¶ A revival of the 1924 George S. Kaufman-Marc Connelly comedy, "Beggar on Horseback," will be the final production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

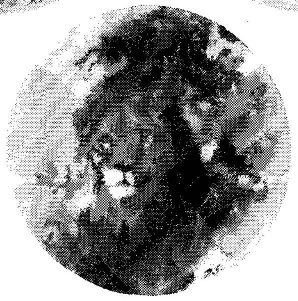
Other Dates—Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1969 and estimates for 1970 are due Wednesday, April 15....¶ April Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, April 15....¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 26.


Elephant

Cheetah

Impala

Rhinoceros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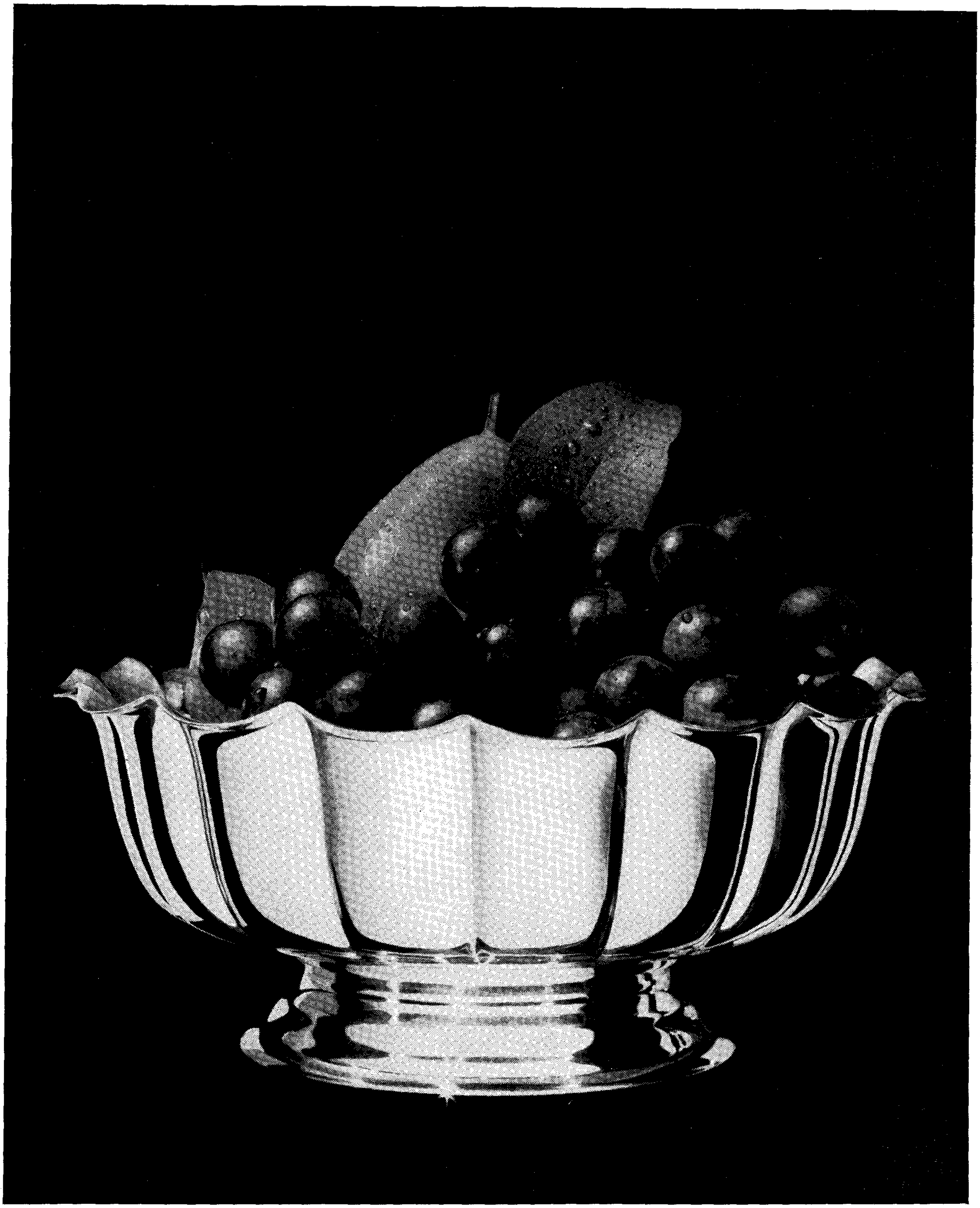

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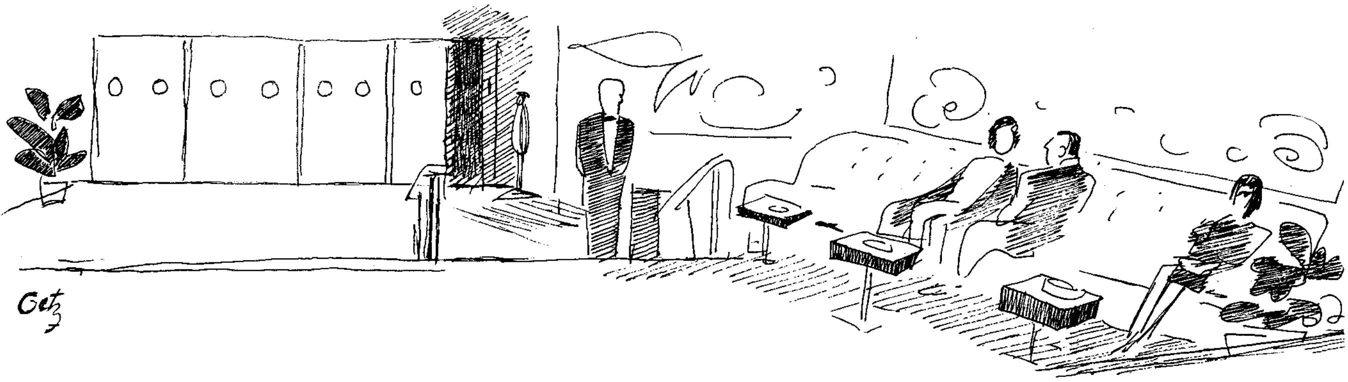
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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5	6	7	8	9		

The Adventurers—A cloddish, repulsive epic. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through April 7.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as Henry VIII and Genevieve Bujold as Anne Boleyn, in a well-acted but peculiarly unconvincing account of their thousand-day marriage. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a butch faggot, a nellie faggot, a hustler, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 2-8.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Adventurer" and "The Count," both mementos from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—Ernst Lubitsch directed this charming, light satire on English social conventions, with Jennifer Jones in a rare comic performance that's a delight and with Charles Boyer as a debonair scrounger. The cast includes Richard Haydn and Una O'Connor as his mother. From a novel by Margery Sharp. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 2-5.)

The Damned—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Fellini Satyricon—Man without God running photogenically amok. Gawd. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Funny Girl—A great star with a gift for comedy, and some good songs. Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; starting April 8.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 9.)

Hello, Dolly!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-rousing musical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday through Sunday, April 1-5, at 1:30 and 5, and Wednesday, April 8, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 3-6.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 7.)

Intimate Lighting—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the husband's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 1.)

John and Mary—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through April 7.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 2-8.)

The Liberation of L. B. Jones—Roscoe Lee Browne is the black businessman who wants a divorce because his young wife (Lola Falana) is adulterous; he can't get the divorce because his wife's lover (Anthony Zerbe) is white and a cop. With a quiet, fine performer named Lauren Jones; Yaphet Kotto, and Brenda Sykes, who has the kind of beauty you read about in mythology and just don't believe. William Wyler directed. (Pacific East, 220 E. 59th, 688-0750.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 7.)

Loving—A beautifully sustained piece of moviemaking by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusions that he can be an artist. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

M*A*S*H—The comedy that the Army and Air Force Motion Picture Service banned from service installations because it "reflected unfavorably" on the military. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040. . . . ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 8.)

The Milky Way—Luis Buñuel temporarily abandons Surreal violence and makes a genial, relaxed parody of religious doctrines and heresies. The jokes are a bit recondite, and sometimes impenetrably private. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Nothing but a Man (1064)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 2.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 7.)

Oliver! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through April 7.)

Patton—George C. Scott in an epic that can be taken as the story of a maniac or of a great hero, depending on your point of view. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday through Sunday, April 1-5, and Wednesday, April 8, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through April 2.)

Popi (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 7.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's obstreperous film about a black who gets heaved into the chairman's seat of an advertising agency. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through April 7.)

Quick Millions (1931)—An early gangster film, with Spencer Tracy as the man who says he is too nervous to steal and too lazy to work. He compromises by applying business methods to crime. Directed by Rowland Brown. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 6.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 2-5.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 1.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Heavy-handed but compelling version of Horace McCoy's novel about the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630. . . . ¶ U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; through April 7.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; April 1.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. First showing at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 7.)

Women in Love—D. H. Lawrence said this novel was his best, and he was probably right. You won't get a clear idea of what it's about from the movie, because Ken Russell attempts to make an extravagant, sensuous experience out of it and doesn't bother much about the characters or themes. Read the book first; then go to the film for the virtuoso tableaux and for Glenda Jackson's bold, tense performance. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie—a disaster. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Zoo in Budapest (1933)—People who saw this film talked of it for years afterward. It has a special romantic charm that may be touching. Loretta Young and Gene Raymond are the lovers. Rowland V. Lee directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 6.)

Note—A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films is being shown at Town Hall (113 W. 43rd, JU 2-4536). April 1-2, at 2:30: "Swiss Miss" (1938), "Busy Bodies" (1933), and "Brats" (1930). . . . ¶ April 1 and 3, at 5:30: "Blockheads" (1938), "The Music Box" (1932), and "The Live Ghost" (1934). . . . ¶ April 6-8 and 10, all at 5:30: "Way Out West" (1937), "The Midnight Patrol" (1933), and "Them Thar Hills" (1934).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE DAMNED.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
April 1: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
April 2-5: "Mandabi" (in Wolof).
From April 6: "Destroy, She Said" (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 8: "Mister Freedom," Donald Pleasence, Delphine Seyrig.
From April 9: "Boy" (in Japanese).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 7: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and "A Degree of Murder" (in German).
From April 8: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden; and "Joanna" (1968), Genevieve Waite.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dionysus in 69," a filmed performance of the Off Broadway play.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Sicilian Clan" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Woodstock," a documentary film on the 1969 pop festival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
WOMEN IN LOVE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
THE LIBERATION OF L. B. JONES.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MY NIGHT AT MAUD'S (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French); and "Medium Cool," Robert Forster.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 7: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 8: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
LOVING.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 7: "The Alamo" (1960), John Wayne, Richard Widmark.
From April 8: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
April 1: "Mandabi" (in Wolof).
From April 2: "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 7: **THE LION IN WINTER**; and **POPI.**
From April 8: **MIDNIGHT COWBOY.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 7: **JOHN AND MARY.**
From April 8: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
April 1: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**; and **TWENTIETH CENTURY.**
April 2-8: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** and **THE LAST LAUGH** (both silent films).
From April 9: **GUNGA DIN**; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943), Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 7: **THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?**
From April 8: To be announced.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 7: **OLIVER!**
From April 8: **FUNNY GIRL.**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.
Saturday and Sunday, April 4-5, at noon and 2: Kenneth Clark's series of films, "Civilisation." This week, "The Hero as Artist" and "Leonardo Da Vinci."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 7: **PUTNEY SWOPE**; and **ALFIE.**
From April 8: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 1: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
April 2-5: **SEVENTH HEAVEN** (silent); and **CLUNY BROWN.**
From April 6: **QUICK MILLIONS**; and **ZOO IN BUDAPEST.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 7: **WEST SIDE STORY**; and **IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT.**
From April 8: "The Brain," David Niven, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Assassination Bureau" (1969), Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 2: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**
April 3-6: **HENRY V**; and "The Private Life of Don Juan" (1934), Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.
April 7-9: "Arch of Triumph" (1948), Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer; and "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" (1944), Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE DAMNED.

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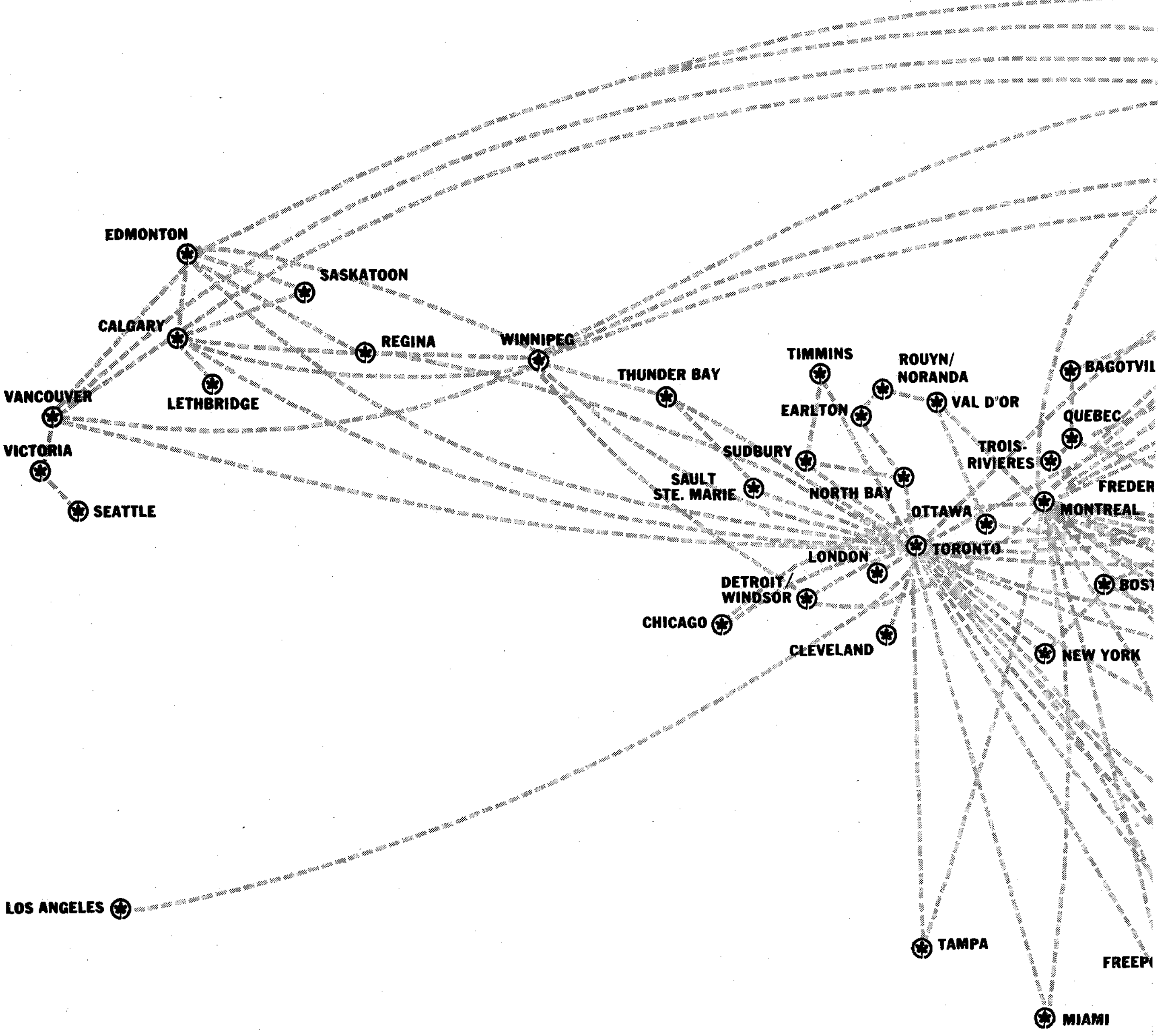
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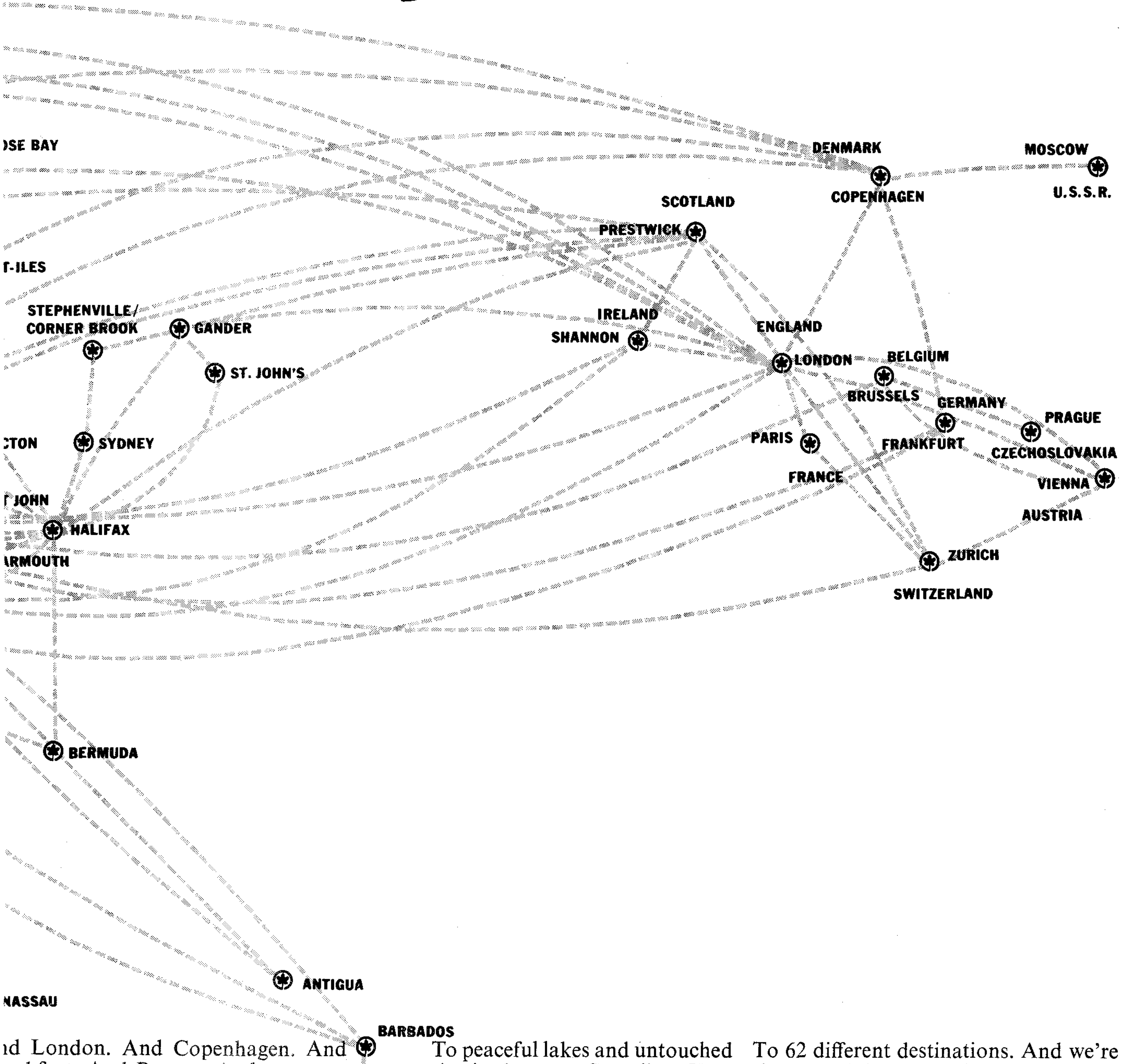
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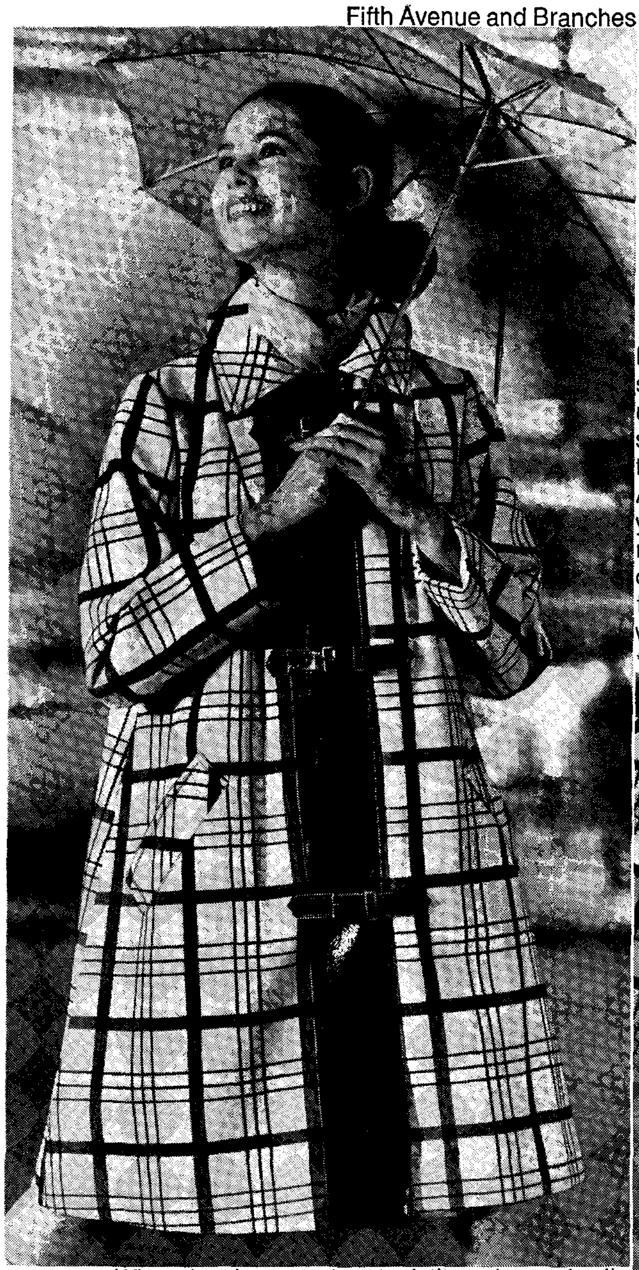


Is it the turn fashion takes toward the sun? The way you seem to drop in to see us more often than ever? The sudden soft way of showers? Whatever it is, there's something quite special about April. So we're making it our salute-to-you month. To start it off right—a marvelous cotton canvas raincoat with crinkle vinyl trim, buckle closings and a free-swinging silhouette. Black and white plaid, 6 to 14, 50.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

When the showers stop, tuck the nylon umbrella in its cotton canvas carrier and sling it over your shoulder for chic safekeeping (strap adjusts). Black or beige, 9.00

Peck & Peck salutes April showers. And a certain kind of woman.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

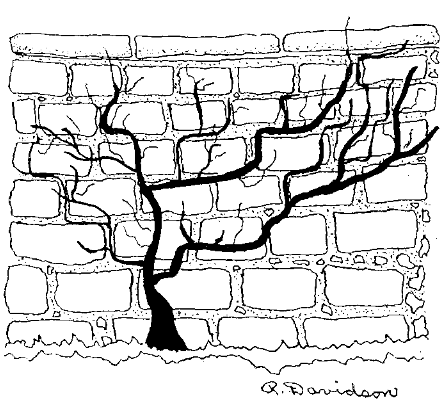
Notes and Comment

A WORD about judicial mediocrity versus judicial excellence. A week or so ago, Senator Roman L. Hruska, of Nebraska, felt compelled to answer the charges of mediocrity brought against Judge G. Harrold Carswell, President Nixon's nominee to the Supreme Court of the United States, by remarking, "Even if he were mediocre, there are a lot of mediocre judges and people and lawyers, and they are entitled to a little representation, aren't they? We can't have all Brandeises, Frankfurters, and Cardozos." This reminded us of some words written by Judge Learned Hand, himself one of the supreme jurists of our time (and a man who did not suffer mediocrities gladly), in appreciation of Benjamin Cardozo, shortly after Justice Cardozo's death, in 1938. We would like to share those words in these strange times:

> In all this I have not told you what qualities made it possible for him to find just that compromise between the letter and the spirit that so constantly guided him to safety. I have not told you, because I do not know. It was wisdom: and like most wisdom, his ran beyond the reasons which he gave for it. And what is wisdom—that gift of God which the great prophets of his race exalted? I do not know; like you, I know it when I see it, but I cannot tell of what it is composed. One ingredient I think I do know: the wise man is the detached man. By that I mean more than detached from his grosser interests—his advancement and his gain. Many of us can be that—I dare to believe that most judges can be, and are. I am thinking of something far more subtly interfused. Our convictions, our outlook, the whole makeup of our thinking, which we cannot help bringing to the decision of every question, is the creature of our past; and into our past have been woven all sorts of frustrated ambitions with their envies, and of hopes of preferment with their corruptions, which, long since forgotten, still determine our conclusions. A wise man is one exempt from the handicap of such a past; he is a runner stripped for the race; he can weigh the conflicting factors of his problem without always finding himself in one scale or the other. Cardozo was such a man; his gentle nature had in it no acquisitiveness; he did not use himself as a measure of value; the secret of his humor—a precious gift that he did not wear upon his sleeve—lay in his ability to get outside of himself, and look back. Yet from this self-effacement came a power greater than the power of him who ruleth a city. He was wise because his spirit was uncontaminated, because he knew no violence, or hatred, or envy, or jealousy, or ill will. I believe that it was this purity that chiefly made him the judge we so much revere; more than his learning, his acuteness, and his fabulous industry. In this America of ours where the passion for publicity is a disease, and where swarms of foolish, tawdry moths dash with rapture into its consuming fire, it was a rare good fortune that brought to such eminence a man so reserved, so unassuming, so retiring, so gracious to high and low, and so serene. He is gone, and while the west is still lighted with his radiance, it is well for us to pause and take count of our own coarser selves. He has a lesson to teach us if we care to stop and learn; a lesson quite at variance with most that we practice, and much that we profess.

One Cent

THE British Guiana one-cent magenta, the world's most valuable stamp, is a small piece of dark-purple paper, roughly an inch square, with smudges on it. The smudges are in fact printing, but they look like smudges. One evening last week, while the mail strike was still on, this stamp was sold at auction for two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. The auction took place in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf, and it was attended by about eight hundred dealers and collectors. The one-cent magenta was listed in the catalogue as Lot No. 279, and we got there in time to see Lot No. 86, a thirty-cent American stamp with the flag inadvertently printed upside down, sold for thirty-two thousand dollars to Irwin Weinberg, of Wilkes-Barre. Later in the evening, Mr. Weinberg bought an airmail stamp with an upside-down airplane for thirty-four thousand dollars, and, eventually, the one-cent magenta itself. Mr. Weinberg is a dealer, and he made his purchases as the representative of a syndicate of eight Pennsylvania lawyers and businessmen who have decided to put their money into stamps. This is a decision that a number of lawyers and businessmen have been making of late.



We introduced ourself to Mr. Weinberg shortly after he had acquired the thirty-two-thousand-dollar lot—he was feeling quite buoyant at that point—and we kept our eye on him for the rest of the evening. A Princeton senior named Joe Lincoln, who has written a stamp column for the Philadelphia *Bulletin* since he was a sophomore in high school, told us it was his guess that Mr. Weinberg would go for the big one but would be opposed by the Weill brothers, a formidable pair of dealers from New Orleans. We kept our eye on them, too, and as Lot No. 279 drew nearer and nearer, the Weills looked calmer and calmer, but Mr. Weinberg looked more and more nervous, and kept ducking behind some curtains at the back of the ballroom. We figured this meant that the Weills weren't going to go for it and Weinberg was. To our gratification, our hunch proved correct. The Weills didn't bid at all, whereas Mr. Weinberg simply stuck his hand in the air and kept it there until all other hands were down. The bidding opened at a hundred thousand dollars and went up in jumps of twenty thousand dollars.

A lot of people, including Mr. Weinberg, thought that Mr. Weinberg had acquired a bargain. Robert Price, the former Deputy Mayor of New York, who is a collector, said he had heard a rumor that a band of Englishmen were planning a bid in order to buy the stamp for the Queen and that this scared off some of the competition. The one-cent magenta is the only British adhesive stamp that the Queen doesn't have. Martin L. Apfelbaum, a dealer from Philadelphia, said that he thought tight money had lopped at least a hundred thousand dollars off the final price.

Later, Mr. Weinberg gave a champagne victory party in a suite upstairs. We told him we had been able to tell that he was planning to bid, and he said, "I've never been an actor. But I was going to buy that stamp. Think how many of the world's treasures are *not* for sale. The 'Mona Lisa.' The Sistine Chapel."

Nonagenarian

FIVE years ago, we were asked to the ninetieth-birthday party of Samuel H. Gottscho, a man who since 1925 has been making a living as a photographer—first primarily of the stately homes of the rich and then, as the stately homes of the rich tended to diminish, primarily of horticulture and nature, which are less affected by the economic climate. We couldn't be at the party, but we did get to his ninety-fifth-anniversary celebration—a lunch at the Algonquin, attended by more than thirty of his friends and admirers. Mr. Gottscho, a stocky, clean-shaven man with a powerful voice, is as busy as ever. In recent years, his pictures of wild flowers have been on the cover of *Audubon Magazine;* last year he made up a book of a hundred color transparencies for Mrs. Flagler Matthews, whose Westchester gardens he has photographed for twenty-seven years; in 1967 the New York Botanical Garden gave him its Distinguished Service Medal for outstanding botanical photography. "I have seen thousands of horticultural photographs, and of them all I would pick Sam's as the most beautiful," said one of the luncheon guests—Dr. Harold W. Rickett, the Garden's senior curator of botany, whose monumental work on the wild flowers of the United States, now partly published (six books so far), contains scores of Gottscho pictures. "I'd like to emphasize his artistry."

"His strong point has always been composition, but he has changed with the times," a man at our left said. "He has discovered crosslighting and backlighting. I think that's pretty good. A lot of people in photography have never changed. Sam has managed to really swing around."

Later that week, we called on this flexible paragon at his house, in Jamaica, Queens, where he has a file of more than forty thousand negatives. (He has given as many more to the Museum of the City of New York and the Avery Library of Columbia University.) He gave us a glimpse of his darkroom, which is in the cellar, and then took us up two flights of stairs to his office and opened an album to his first picture—a snapshot of the ocean at Coney Island. "August 1, 1896," he said, in a carrying voice. "I continued as an amateur photographer for many years. I was born in Brooklyn, where my father was in wholesale notions and fancy goods. Two of my three sisters are still living; one is ninety-three and the other is eighty-three. The third died at eighty-nine. I was a travelling salesman—laces and fabrics—until I was fifty, when I switched careers. I travelled Pennsylvania and was never without my camera. I married in 1910, and bought this house in 1918. I began to sell a few pictures on the side in 1916, and got a hundred dollars from a calendar concern for a photograph of my daughter. After that, I did about twenty calendars. In 1920, a landscape contractor had me photograph the plantings of fifty houses in Queens. He paid me three dollars apiece. I wanted to get out of laces and fabrics into professional photography, full-time. I began to photograph houses. I realized you had to interest the architects; you had to make yourself good enough for the architects. Early in 1925, I went to an Architectural League photographic exhibition and decided that I could do work as good as what was on the wall. I re-resigned from my company, Voss & Stern, in May. They gave me a farewell luncheon and a pair of cufflinks. I went to the Hamptons that summer; I knew how to handle the aristocratic people. One of my first jobs was the H. H. Rogers estate, in Southhampton, which I photographed for the first Mrs. Rogers."

We pored over some 1925-to-1940 albums, and gazed at the country homes and gardens of bearers of well-publicized names in Long Island, Morristown, Pittsburgh, Palm Beach, Sarasota, Nassau, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. "I spent eight winters in Palm Beach," Mr. G. said. "Hard work. I was lonesome but happy. All in all, I did two hundred grand estates. My employers were mostly architects—John Russell Pope, Harrie T. Lindeberg, and so on. I never let anyone develop my negatives for me. For years, I worked fourteen hours a day, including Saturdays and Sundays. It's been a happy life. During the Depression, to keep busy I travelled five thousand miles by car in Manhattan and Queens, taking pictures of skyscrapers. I got into institutional horticulture in 1940, with the African Plains of the Bronx Zoo."

Since then, it has been flowers, flowers all the way, from the du Ponts' Winterthur Gardens, in Delaware, to the wild flowers around a summer house that Mr. Gottscho rents in Southhold, Long Island, where he goes each year with a widowed daughter and a fifteen-year-old grandson. (Mrs. Gottscho died in 1961.) "All that matters there is the weather," he said. " 'Can we photograph this today?' All those lovely patches in that part of Long Island! You never know when the bulldozer will come in, but so far we've been lucky. Sometimes I do a butterfly—on a flower, of course. I once waited forty minutes for a black swallowtail to settle on a thistle."

Trouble

A FOURTH-GRADE teacher of our acquaintance glanced down at the floor of her classroom the other morning and picked up the following pencilled message:

REVOLT!

DEAR ERIC:

Either we corprals are 4 star genrals or else.

Truly yours,
BARRY

Shirt

A GIRL we know who makes movies escorted us last week to a party thrown by Grove Press in honor of a film festival it is sponsoring. The films are a potpourri of imports that have not yet obtained commercial release. The party took place on the ground floor and in the basement of the Village Gate, and when we got there both floors were crowded. David Amram and his quartet were making music on the ground floor, and there was a rock band in the basement. We spent most of the evening on the ground floor, at the request of our escort, whose name is Helen. Helen said, "I really love parties like this, because they are so enormous that you never get a chance to see everyone. Do you know what I mean?"

Helen introduced us to a boy and a girl who had just spent six months shooting a movie about Henri Langlois, who is the founder and director of the Cinémathèque, the most magnificent film collection in the world. The boy and the girl said they had enjoyed every minute of the six months. "One day, he took us all over Paris to all the apartments he had ever lived in and to all the places where he hid films from the Germans during the war," the boy said. "Would you like to meet him?" Helen said she would, and the boy and the girl took us over to a very large man with a very large mustache. M. Langlois and Helen took a liking to each other, and chatted for quite a while.

Then Helen spotted another friend and broke off to say hello. "Hello," said Helen. "You're the lady who wrote the dirty book."

The lady smiled dimly. "I'm touched that you remembered, Helen," she said. "It never did very well, you know." Then she brightened. "But I've just sold the rights to Mexico and Norway."

Another of Helen's friends was Richard Schechner, whose Performance Group was responsible for "Dionysus in 69" and "Makbeth." Mr. Schechner was wearing an elegant Indian shirt, and was an object of envy. A man came up to him and said, "I bought shirts all over India, and I never found one as nice as that."

"Ah," said Mr. Schechner. "It's obvious you weren't a colonialist."

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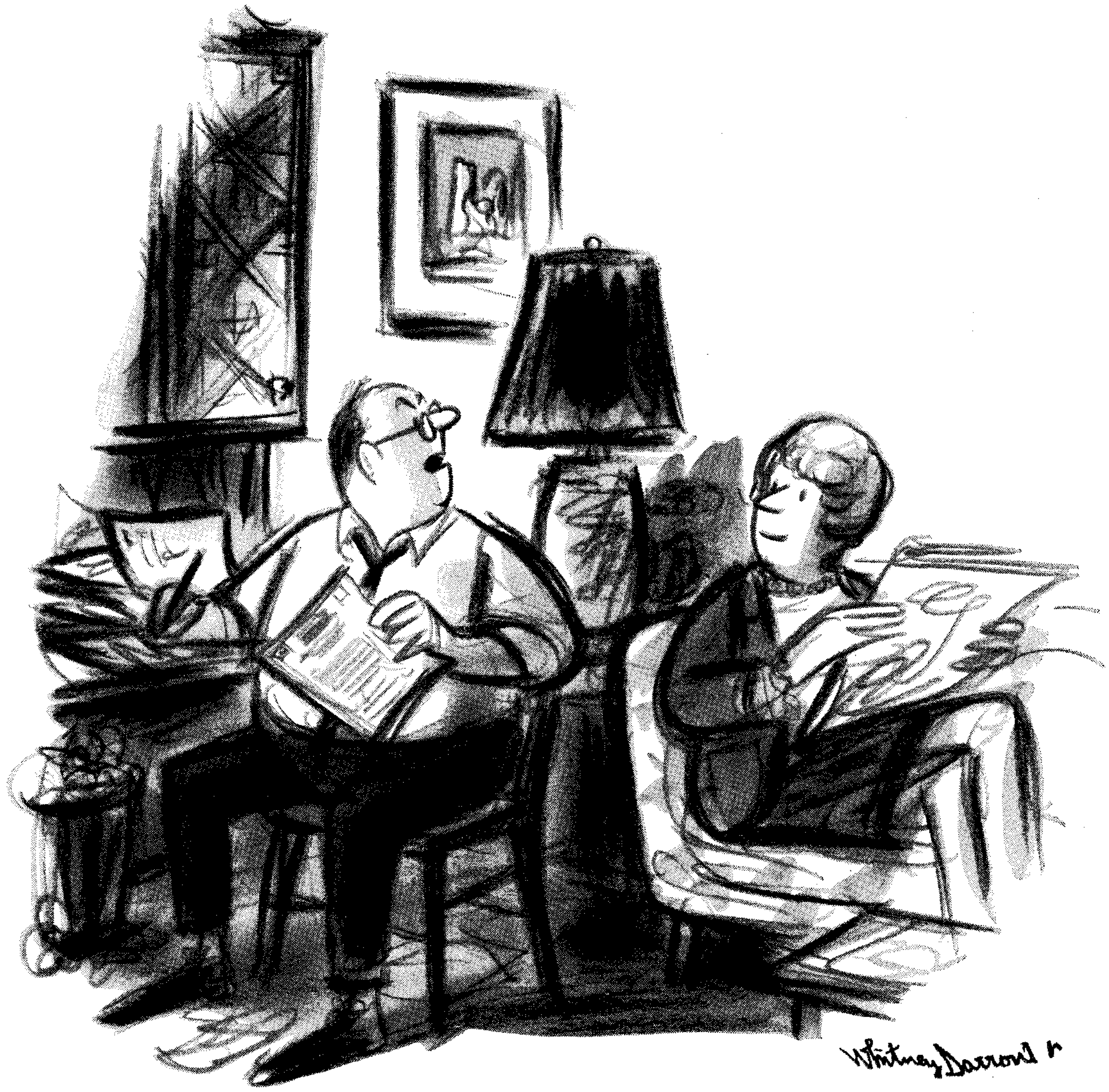
STEVIE SMITH's notable poem "Not Waving But Drowning" came to mind the other day when we learned that the Santa Cruz, California, Coast Guard Auxiliary operates a rescue boat named So Long, Darling.

President

C. DOUGLAS DILLON, the new president of the Metropolitan Museum of Art—he does not use his full first name, Clarence, which is the fruit of his filial connection with the Dillon of the Wall Street firm of Dillon, Read & Co.—was born in Geneva in 1909, a year that his parents were spending abroad. He came here at the age of three months, and was brought up in New York and New Jersey. We met him, by appointment, in the General Motors Building office of the United States & Foreign Securities Corporation, an investment company in which he has a large interest and of which he is board chairman. He is a tall, blue-eyed, strong-chinned, rather shy man with a high forehead, a receding hairline, and an air of deliberation.

"I've been interested in the Museum since I became a trustee, in 1951," he said. "I think I was the youngest fella on the board. I was greatly impressed. I'd always liked beautiful things, but you couldn't say that I was a collector then, though my wife was interested in furniture. I went to Paris as ambassador a couple of years later, and we bought a few pictures and some very good French furniture for the Embassy. We visited Versailles and the Louvre, and I got to know the director of the Louvre, Georges Salles. We gave some cabinets to Versailles. I became very much interested in the whole problem of cultural relations and developed that side of the Embassy work. I helped publicize French art in American collections, and arranged for a show of it at the Orangerie. When we came back to



"Ethan Allen! Patrick Henry! Nathan Hale! Davy Crockett! Can you imagine one of those guys patient enough to sit here half the night trying to make sense out of Section 1245 (b) to complete Schedule D, Form 1040?"

Washington, that interest continued." Mr. Dillon was appointed Deputy Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in 1957. "We brought a lot of French things back. We have ten or a dozen Impressionist paintings, some of which I think are quite good, and quite a bit of porcelain. My wife likes porcelain. She's a trustee of the Museum of Modern Art. She is a conservative modern. I had been made an honorary trustee of the Met when I went to Paris, but when I returned to private life, in 1965, I was asked to come back to the Museum as a regular trustee." Mr. Dillon had become Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs in 1958, and in 1961 had been named Secretary of the Treasury. "I became chairman of its Purchasing Committee, which we changed to the Acquisitions Committee. I felt that it should concern itself not only with purchases but also with gifts of objects. These had been handled separately. I felt that the committee should stimulate gifts. As president, I'm especially interested in our expansion-and-building program. In recent years, we've pretty well taken care of the *indoors*—we've put in air-conditioning, and we've strengthened the ceilings and walls—but now we'll have the Lehman Wing, for Bobby Lehman's collection, and another new wing, for Nelson Rockefeller's primitive art, and we need more galleries for the American collections. Our great problem is operating expenses. Costs of employees have increased rapidly, and the city's financial position has made it difficult for it to increase the appropriation for these. We had a deficit in 1968, for the first time in twenty-five years. We may need to increase the endowment. The management-consultant firm of Cresap, McCormick & Paget is making a study of our operations for us. One thing loomin' over the horizon is an admission charge." Mr. Dillon, the chief of whose several homes is in Far Hills foxhunting country, has a sporting tendency to drop his "g"s. "All museums in the city may have to come to it. In this case, we'll have some free days, and schoolchildren will continue to get in free. Real financial problems are ahead. We may publish more learned books than we have in the past."

The new president is a graduate of Groton and of Harvard, where he was manager of the football team, treasurer of his class (a permanent post), and a magna-cum-laude major in American history and literature. He was married to his wife, a Boston girl, in March of his senior year. "I had finished my thesis, so I had time to get married," he told us. The Dillons have two daughters; one is married to Prince Charles of Luxembourg, and the other is married to Mark Collins, a Dillon, Read partner, and lives in Far Hills. Their father went into *his* father's firm after college, and in 1934 he became active in politics, as acting chairman of the Republican County Committee in New Jersey. "I got the job when the chairman, a house painter, fell off a roof and broke his leg," he said. He joined the Navy in the Second World War, during which he served in the Pacific for two years, moved from ensign to lieutenant commander, and was awarded the Air Medal and the Legion of Merit. In 1952, he headed the Draft Eisenhower movement in New Jersey and attended the Republican Convention as an alternate delegate-at-large; eight years later, he worked for Nixon. "Despite Dillon's support of the Republican Presidential candidate in 1960, President Kennedy chose him for Secretary of the Treasury," the Columbia Encyclopedia says. "Dillon's policies included a thorough tax reform and a complete overhaul of U.S. foreign-trade policy in accord with the goals of the Common Market."

"I was really on the firing line," Mr. Dillon said to us. "I put two big tax programs through Congress. Eight years in Washington is enough. I'm very happy today. Outside of business—the United States & Foreign Securities Corporation, which was formed by my father in 1924, is tied with the State Street Investment Corporation, of Boston, as the oldest investment company in existence—my chief interests are the Museum and Harvard, where I'm president of the Board of Overseers. Eight meetings a year, plus a couple of committee meetings. I think the students there, and elsewhere, have quieted down, very definitely. That doesn't mean you can't have trouble tomorrow, but the situation is better."

One controversy leads to another, and we asked him what he thought of the Museum's recent "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970" show.

"I think it was excellent," he said. "We were able to show abstract paintings on a scale that has never been possible in this town before, because we have the space. And I think that our current 'The Year 1200' show, a very different kind of show—medieval art between 1180 and 1220—is going to turn out to be a sleeper."

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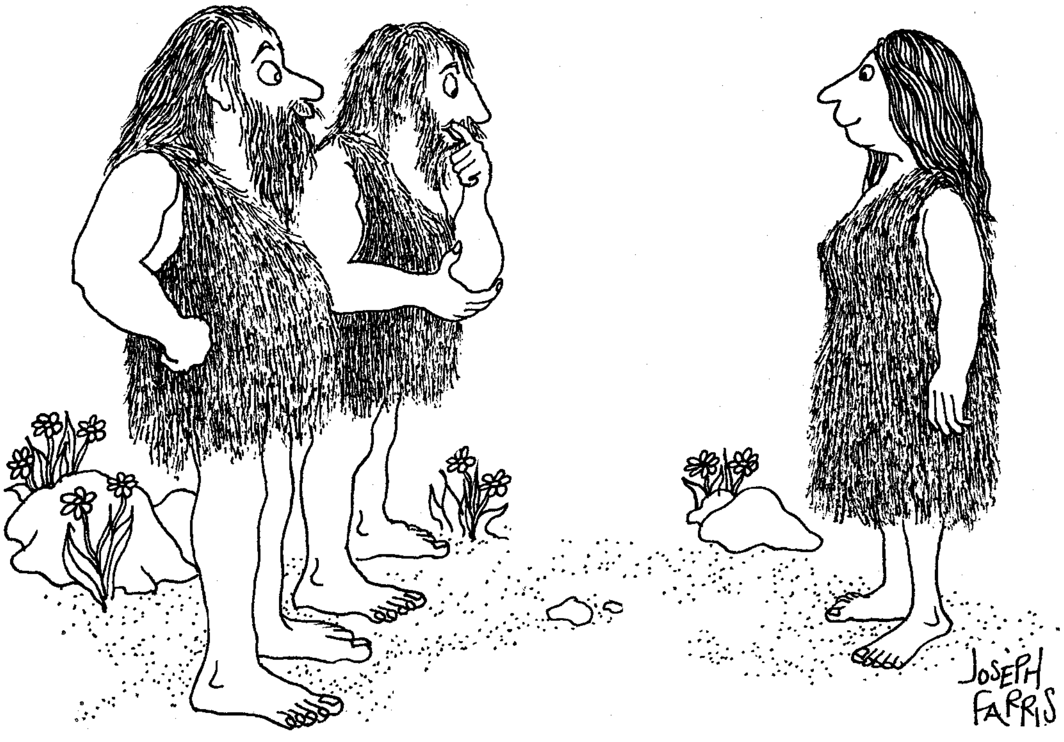
OVERHEARD in a Madison Avenue elevator, one close-cropped to another: "I thought the lunch date was for Thursday, but when his secre-

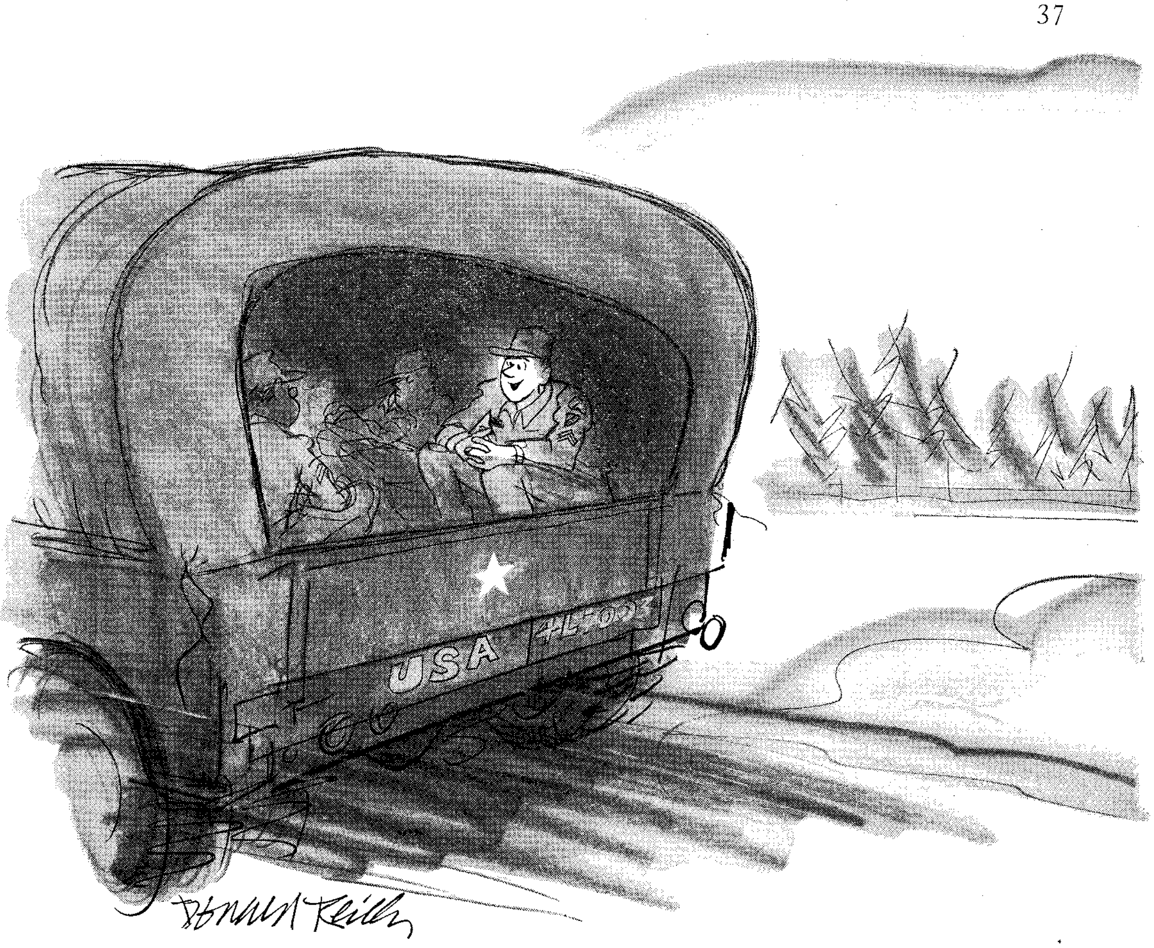


"*I think I like the length. It adds mystery to romance.*"

tary looked up the calendrical reference . . ."

The Fifties

MAJOR CULTURAL EVENT No. 1: Gene Vincent, the Five Satins, Bo Diddley, and the Drifters, major cultural figures of the nineteen-fifties, were at the Felt Forum a few days ago. Little Richard, who may have been *the* cultural figure of the nineteen-fifties (Elvis Presley and Faye Emerson aside), was there as well, in a red tunic and a pompadour. Bo Diddley handled his guitar as if it were a woman, and the Five Satins (in blue dinner jackets with black piping) did intricate group convolutions as they sang, and Little Richard threw rings and the better part of his costume to the audience while standing on his piano, and they all celebrated the nineteen-fifties style, which was *bad* and *wicked* and *low-down* and sometimes *smooth* but never freaked out or baroque. It was a splendid celebration.



"The part I liked best was reading all those postcards from here, there, and everywhere."

• •

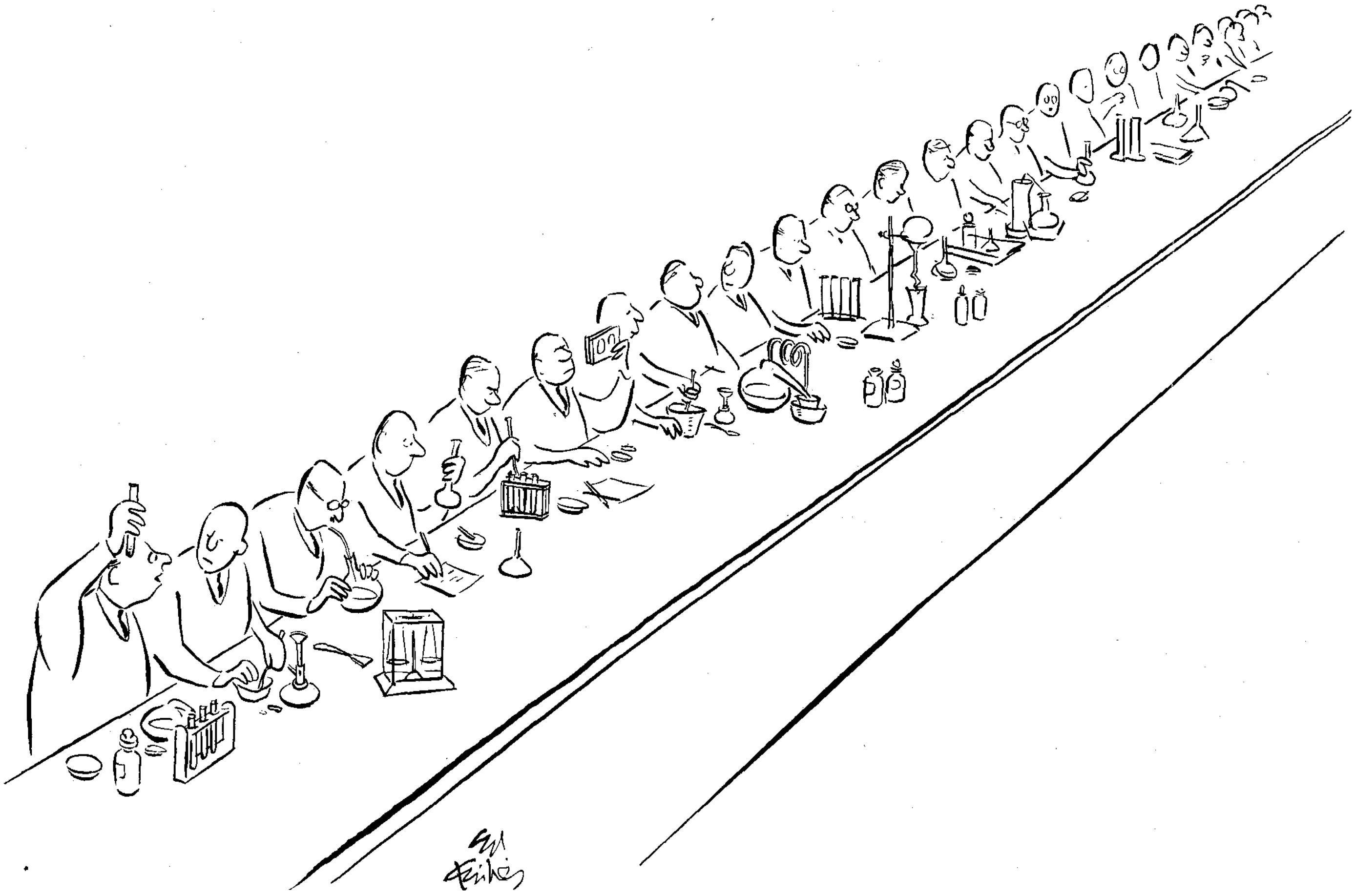
Gene Vincent sang his great song "Be-Bop-a-Lula." When he sang it in the fifties, he was thought to be very evil, but most white men don't seem evil after they reach thirty, and there was something almost wistful about his performance. He didn't sing "Woman Love"—which was a shame. Bo Diddley, a big black man who is well over thirty, sang *all* his songs, and they all sounded just as evil as they ever had. "I'm a *man*, m-a-n, and that represent MAN," he sang. People began to dance in the aisles to Bo Diddley. "I'm really *into* Bo Diddley," said a young man sitting near us who was too young to have known him the first time around. Four or five guys who were old enough to have known him the first time around and who had nicely maintained, unself-conscious pompadours ran from the back of the hall to the front of the stage and yelled "Yea, Bo Diddley!" and were much pleased when a security guard, who was about their age, pushed them back.

Security guards are a badge of a performer's status, and, of course, of his wickedness. Little Richard had many more security guards than anyone else. He also had two personal bodyguards, who came onstage with him. He played "Lucille" and then "Jenny, Jenny"—wild, shouting, marvellous songs—and during "Jenny, Jenny" Little Richard's own twelve-piece band (which included real nineteen-fifties rhythm-and-blues saxophones) came down from the stage and moved through the audience. At the end of each song, he asked the audience, "Did you like it? Did you *really* like it? Did you really, *really* like it?" Sometimes the question was asked almost desperately—a flamboyant vulnerability is a part of the nineteen-fifties style—but he was always reassured. Sometimes, after being reassured, Little Richard said "Mercy!" Once he said, "Right on. Mercy!" And then, with the help of his two bodyguards, he got up on the piano and took off one of his many rings and waved it, and the audience, picking up the cue, rushed down to the stage, and at last the security guards had something to do. Little Richard threw the ring and shouted "Mercy!" Then he threw other rings, and then most of his costume.

After the performance ended, we asked a man who had worked on getting the show together if there was a chance of seeing Little Richard backstage. "I don't think so," he said. "Richard always feels very spooky after a show."

MAJOR CULTURAL EVENT No. 2: The next night, the Roller Derby played the Garden. It drew a Palm Sunday crowd of 15,874—a new single-game world attendance record. The Roller Derby is an intricate sport, so we went with an expert, who has been a fan since the age of fourteen. "The Roller Derby was devised for maximum artistry without the sacrifice of any essential violence," he said to us as we went in. "It is based on the venerable maxim 'Kill or be killed.' It is a very American sport."

Our seats, good ones, were flanked by two notable fans. On our left was a tall young man with a small black mustache and sideburns, who proved to be a reporter for the *Daily World*. He told us, "Man, in the fifties I loved the Roller Derby." On our right was a vivacious black woman who was wearing a Rangers Fan Club button. The Rangers had played at the Garden that



"Eureka! Pass it on!"

afternoon, and she had just stayed put. She was equipped with a pair of binoculars, an air horn, and a glass. During the game, she bought paper cups of beer and poured them into the glass and drank from the glass. There was also, behind us, Mike, a vehement fan from Queens, who wore a red-and-black striped jersey. Mike yelled "Charge!" whenever the organist played a riff, and after the game he said, "Aw, it's phony baloney. I just get excited."

Our friend explained the rules of the Roller Derby. "The game is played on an oval-shaped track by two teams; in this case, the San Francisco Bombers and the Midwest Pioneers," he said. "Each team consists of five men and five women. The women skate against the women, and the men against the men, in alternate heats. Naturally, there is more violence in the women. Here are the official rules of the International Roller Derby League." He handed us a pamphlet, and we read:

> GAME STARTS when the referee signals by blowing his whistle that the two teams are equally in position. This group is called the pack. In this pack are two BLOCKERS (white helmets) and two JAMMERS (striped helmets) and a PIVOT MAN (black helmet).
>
> A JAM (scoring play) occurs when one or more jammers have pulled away from the pack. The jammers have 60 seconds to score.... A jammer receives one point for every member of the opposing team he or she passes, every time he or she laps the field within 60 seconds.
>
> There are PENALTIES consisting of one and two minutes that may force a team to skate shorthanded.

We asked our friend to tell us who got penalized for what.

"Keep your eye on Ann Calvello," he said. "She is the pivot woman for the Pioneers, and she has green hair."

The lady on our right cackled, and said, "She dyes her hair a different color for every game."

We kept our eye on Ann Calvello, and pretty soon she got into a fight with Margie Laszlo, the Bombers' pivot woman. Calvello slugged Laszlo twice, knocked her down, and then stomped her with her roller skates. This action drew a one-minute penalty.

Our friend didn't talk much during the game, but in the intermission he said, "This game is the perfect game for a guy who is the wrong size for any other major sport. I want to use two examples. Firstly, the League's high scorer, Mike Gamon, who is five feet nine and a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Secondly, Charlie O'Connell, Hall of Famer and eight times Most Valuable Player. He's six feet two, a hundred and ninety pounds. People his size are usually too slow for basketball, too clumsy for football, and too heavy for swimming, so if they can't hit a baseball, they're out of it. This is just the sport for the neighborhood bully, who is usually about that size. The Bombers drew close to a million last year. That's because the Roller Derby plays places no other major sport can get to. All you need is an arena about two-thirds the size of a basketball court. The overhead is low, and so are the salaries. In terms of net profit per performance, the Roller Derby would seem to be the most popular spectator sport."

In the second half of the game, the Bombers, who were heavy favorites, fell behind, but in the last minute they came back strongly and won by three points. "They played like the true champions they are," said our friend. "The grand old lady of the sport, the immortal Ma Bogash, who teamed with her son Billy as one of the Derby's top early boy-girl teams, would have been proud of their performance."

The lady on our right was pleased, too. She beamed at us and said, "Have a cigar."

THE MAN ON THE THRESHOLD

Bioy Casares brought back with him from London to Buenos Aires a strange dagger with a triangular blade and a hilt in the shape of an H; a friend of ours, Christopher Dewey of the British Council, told us that such weapons were commonly used in India. This statement prompted him to mention that he had held a job in that country between the two wars. ("*Ultra Auroram et Gangen*," I recall his saying in Latin, misquoting a line from Juvenal.) Of the stories he entertained us with that night, I venture to set down the one that follows. My account will be faithful; may Allah deliver me from the temptation of adding any circumstantial details or of weighing down with interpolations from Kipling the tale's Oriental character. It should be remarked that the story has a certain ancient simplicity that it would be a pity to lose—something perhaps straight out of the Arabian Nights.

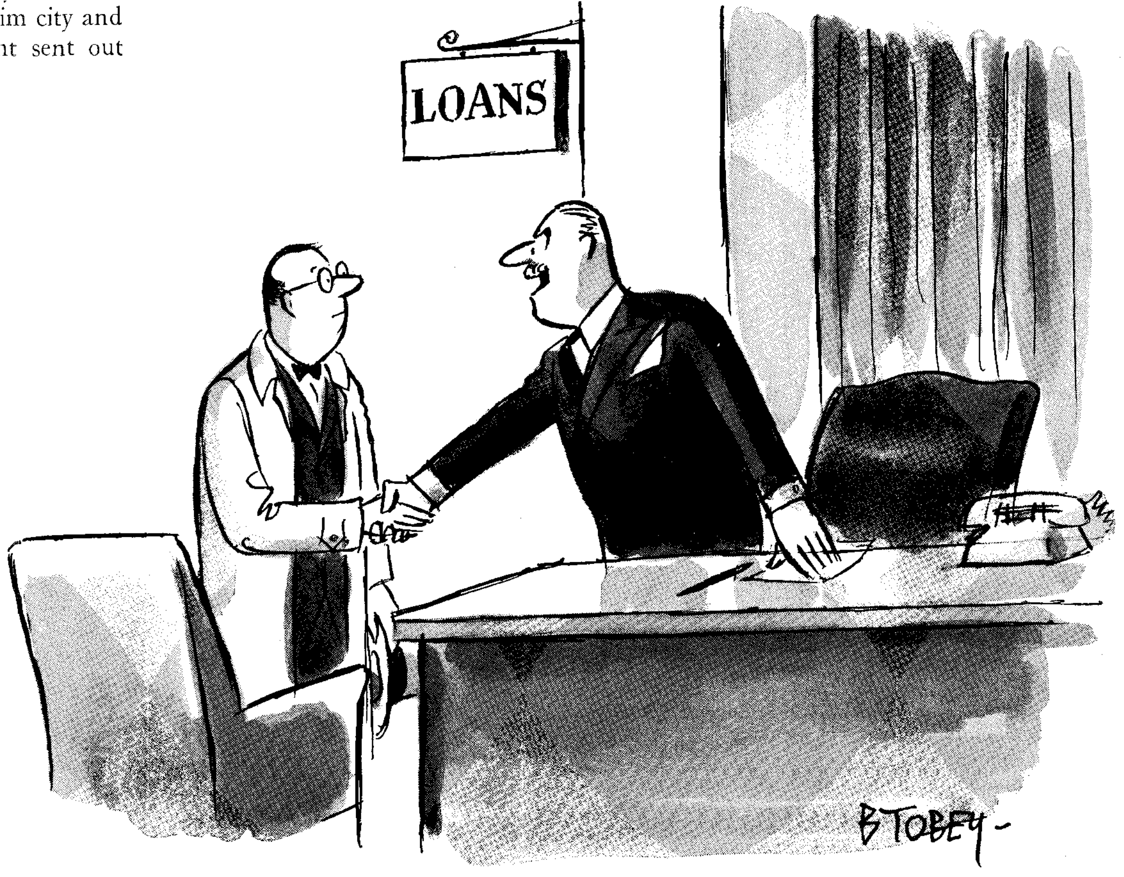
The precise geography [Dewey said] of the events I am going to relate is of little importance. Besides, what would the names of Amritsar or Oudh mean in Buenos Aires? Let me only say, then, that in those years there were disturbances in a Muslim city and that the central government sent out one of their best people to restore order. He was a Scotsman from an illustrious clan of warriors, and in his blood he bore a tradition of violence. Only once did I lay eyes on him, but I shall not forget his deep black hair, the prominent cheekbones, the somehow avid nose and mouth, the broad shoulders, the powerful set of a Viking. David Alexander Glencairn is what he'll be called in my story tonight; the names are fitting, since they belonged to kings who ruled with an iron sceptre. David Alexander Glencairn (as I shall have to get used to calling him) was, I suspect, a man who was feared; the mere news of his coming was enough to quell the city. This did not deter him from putting into effect a number of forceful measures. A few years passed. The city and the outlying district were at peace; Sikhs and Muslims had laid aside their ancient enmities, and suddenly Glencairn disappeared. Naturally enough, there was no lack of rumors that he had been kidnapped or murdered.

These things I learned from my superior, for the censorship was strict and the newspapers made no comment on (nor did they even record, for all I recall) Glencairn's disappearance. There's a saying that India is larger than the world; Glencairn, who may have been all-powerful in the city to which he was destined by a signature scrawled across the bottom of some document, was no more than a cog in the administration of Empire. The inquiries of the local police turned up nothing; my superior felt that a civilian might rouse less suspicion and achieve greater results. Three or four days later (distances in India are generous), I was appointed to my mission and was working my way without hope of success through the streets of the commonplace city that had somehow whisked away a man.

I felt, almost at once, the invisible presence of a conspiracy to keep Glencairn's fate hidden. *There's not a soul in this city* (I suspected) *who is not in on the secret and who is not sworn to keep it.* Most people upon questioning professed an unbounded ignorance; they did not know who Glencairn was, had never seen him, had never heard anyone speak of him. Others, instead, had caught a glimpse of him only a quarter of an hour before talking to So-and-So, and they even accompanied me to the house the two had entered and in which nothing was known of them, or which they had just that moment left. Some of those meticulous liars I went so far as to knock down. Witnesses approved my outbursts, and made up other lies. I did not believe them, but neither did I dare ignore them. One afternoon, I was handed an envelope containing a slip of paper on which there was an address.

The sun had gone down when I got there. The quarter was poor but not rowdy; the house was quite low; from the street I caught a glimpse of a succession of unpaved inner courtyards, and somewhere at the far end an opening. There, some kind of Muslim ceremony was being held; a blind man entered with a lute made of a reddish wood.

At my feet, motionless as an object, an old, old man squatted on the threshold. I'll tell what he was like, for he



"It's people like you, Mr. Evers, constantly living beyond your means, getting hopelessly deeper and deeper in debt, to whom our industry owes eternal gratitude."

is an essential part of the story. His many years had worn him down and polished him as smooth as water polishes a stone, or as the generations of men polish a sentence. Long rags covered him, or so it seemed to me, and the cloth he wore wound around his head was one rag more. In the dusk, he lifted a dark face and a white beard. I began speaking to him without preamble, for by now I had given up all hope of ever finding David Alexander Glencairn. The old man did not understand me (perhaps he did not hear me), and I had to explain that Glencairn was a judge and that I was looking for him. I felt, on speaking these words, the pointlessness of questioning this old man for whom the present was hardly more than a dim rumor. *This man might give me news of the Mutiny or of Akbar* (I thought) *but not of Glencairn.* What he told me confirmed this suspicion.

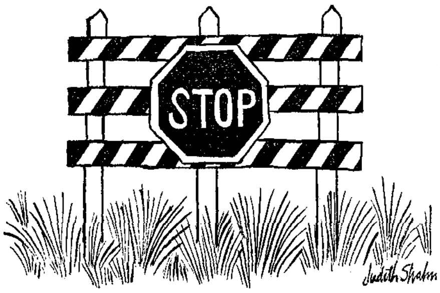
COOKING AN OMELETTE

Break
two eggs
into a large bowl,
preferably a blue one.
Look down and see
them staring back at you,
their innocent embrace affirming
what must happen.
Now add salt (kosher salt is best,
being saltiest),
pepper, parsley (fresh,
snipped with scissors) to
remind you of the woods you'd like
to be in, a few flakes
of oregano, and
a backhand pinch of garlic powder,
which tells you you are cooking.
Sometimes onions.
Tilt the bowl to favor gravity,
and, with a fork, whip
it all into a froth, a midget
ecosystem of delight.
You may here wish to remember
the perfect symmetry of childhood
mornings. Set
your dented, seasoned frying pan
with a light clang
over a high flame.
Wait until the pan is shining
with dark heat, then lower the flame.
Pour your brew into the pan, and listen.
The hiss is a reward.
Jog the pan in brief, determined arcs
above the flame to send your bubbly mass
in waves against the hot wall of the pan.
When little's left to riffle outward from
the center, strike the pan at the handle's base
with the butt end of a spatula or knife
to loosen what you've made from clinging metal.
Fold the settled, slightly moistened roundness gently
over, once from each side toward the middle, to create
a *lozenge-of-egg*.
Flop it freely from the canted pan onto
a white plate.
Now you've finished.
If you've cooked it for your sweetie—
she having just arrived and there being nothing
in the house—you might want to please her
further by tossing on some parsley sprigs for color.
If it's for yourself, forgo
such niceties, which only measure solitude.
Pick it up with both hands and begin.

—JONATHAN AARON

• •

“A JUDGE!” he cried with weak surprise. “A judge who has got himself lost and is being searched for. That happened when I was a boy. I have no memory for dates, but Nikal Seyn (Nicholson) had not yet been killed before the wall of Delhi. Time that has passed stays on in memory; I may be able to summon back what happened then. God, in his wrath, had allowed people to fall into corruption; the mouths of men were full of blasphemy and of deceit and of fraud. Yet not all were evil, and when it was known that the queen was about to send a man who would carry out in this land the law of England, those who were less evil were cheered, for they felt that law is better than disorder. The Christian came to us but it was not long before he too began deceiving and oppressing us, in concealing abominable crimes, and in selling decisions. We did not blame him in the beginning; the English justice he administered was not familiar to anyone, and the apparent excesses of the new judge may have obeyed certain valid arcane reasoning. Everything must have a justification in his book, we wished to think, but his kinship with all evil judges the world over was too obvious to be overlooked, and at last we were forced to admit that he was simply a wicked man. He turned out to be a tyrant, and the unfortunate people (in order to avenge themselves for the false hopes they had once placed in him) began to toy with the idea of kidnapping him and submitting him to judgment. To talk was not enough; from plans they had to move to action. Nobody, perhaps, save the very foolish or the very young, believed that that rash scheme could be carried out, but thousands of Sikhs and Muslims kept their word and one day they executed—incredulous—what to each of them had seemed impossible. They sequestered the judge and held him prisoner in a farmhouse beyond the outskirts of the town. Then they called together all those who had been wronged by him, or, in some cases, orphans and widows, for during those years the executioner's sword had not rested. In the end—this was perhaps the most difficult—they sought and named a judge to judge the judge.”



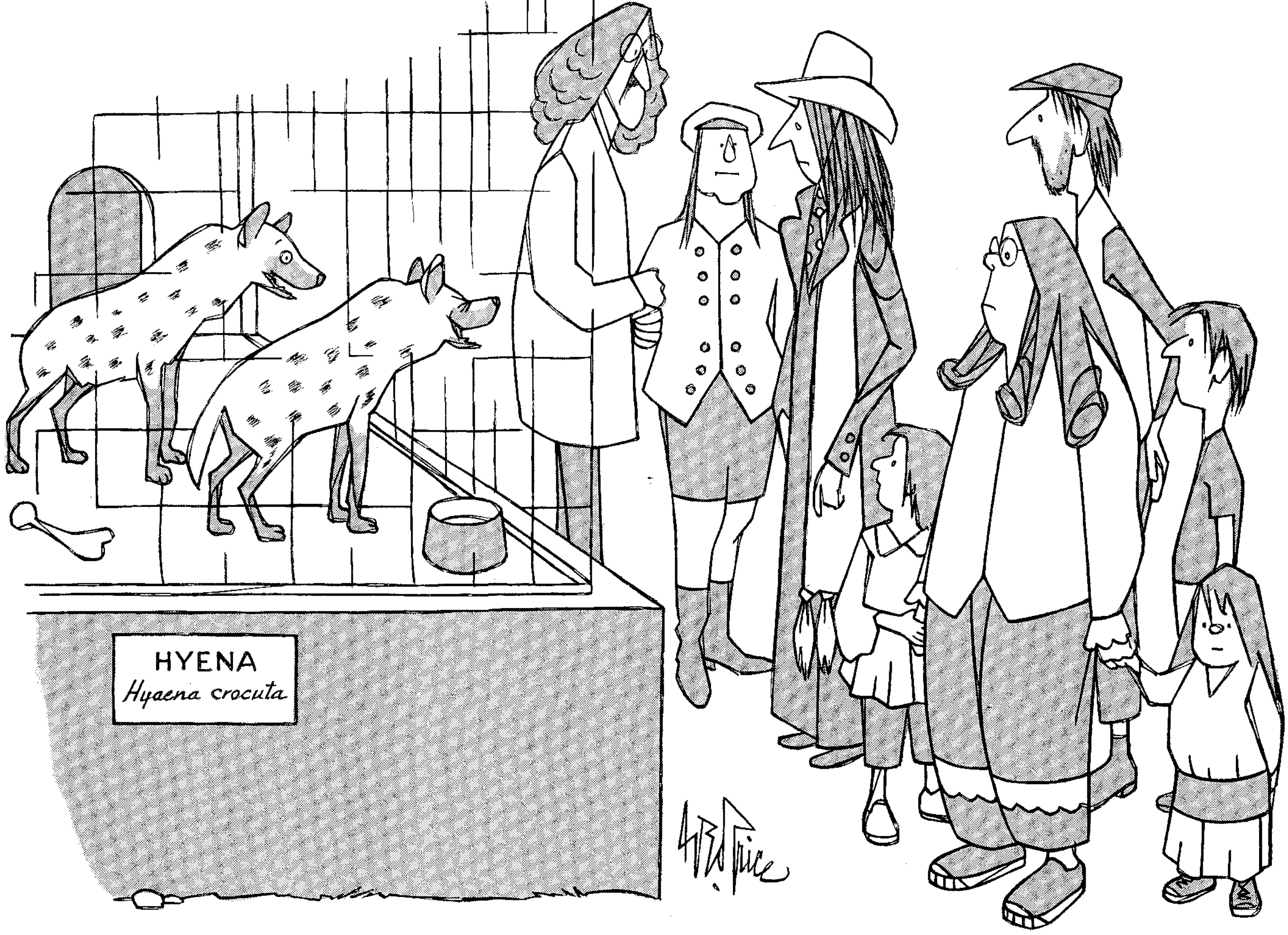
At this point, the old man was interrupted by some women who were entering the house. Then he went on, slowly.

“It is well known that there is no generation that does not include in it four upright men who are the secret pillars of the world and who justify it before the Lord: one of these men would have made the perfect judge. But where are they to be found if they themselves wander the world lost and nameless, and do not know each other when they meet, and are unaware of the high destiny that is theirs? Someone then reasoned that if fate forbade us wise men we should seek out the witless. This opinion prevailed. Students of the Koran, doctors of law, Sikhs who bear the name of lions and who worship one God, Hindus who worship a multitude of gods, Mahavira monks who teach that the shape of the universe is that of a man with his legs spread apart, worshippers of fire, and black Jews made up the court, but the final ruling was entrusted to a madman.”

Here he was interrupted by people who were leaving the ceremony.

“To a madman,” he repeated, “so that God's wisdom might speak through

"It's good to hear you laugh again."



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his mouth and shame human pride. His name has been forgotten, or was never known, but he went naked through the streets, or was clothed in rags, counting his fingers with a thumb and mocking at the trees."

My common sense rebelled. I said that to hand over the verdict to a madman was to nullify the trial.

"The defendant accepted the judge," was his answer, "seeing, perhaps, that because of the risk the conspirators would run if they set him free, only from a man who was mad might he not expect a sentence of death. I heard that he laughed when he was told who the judge was. The trial lasted many days and nights, drawn out by the swelling of the number of witnesses."

The old man stopped. Something was troubling him. In order to bridge the lapse, I asked him how many days.

"At least nineteen," he replied.

People who were leaving the ceremony interrupted him again; wine is forbidden to Muslims, but the faces and voices were those of drunkards. One, on passing, shouted something to the old man.

"Nineteen days—exactly," he said, setting matters straight. "The faithless dog heard sentence passed, and the knife feasted on his throat."

He had spoken fiercely, joyfully. With a different voice now he brought the story to an end. "He died without fear; in the most vile of men there is some virtue."

"Where did all this happen?" I asked him. "In a farmhouse?"

For the first time, he looked into my eyes. Then he made things clear, slowly, measuring his words. "I said that he had been confined in a farmhouse, not that he was tried there. He was tried in this city, in a house like any other, like this one. One house differs little from another; what is important to know is whether the house is built in Hell or in Heaven."

I asked him about the fate of the conspirators.

"I don't know," he told me patiently. "These things took place and were forgotten many years ago now. Maybe what they did was condemned by men, but not by the Lord."

Having said this, he got up. I felt his words as a dismissal, and from that moment I no longer existed for him. Men and women from all the corners of the Punjab swarmed over us, praying and intoning, and nearly swept us away. I wondered how, from courtyards so narrow they were little more than long passageways, so many persons could be pouring out. Others were coming from the neighboring houses; it seems they had leaped over the walls. By shoving and cursing, I forced my way inside. At the heart of the innermost courtyard, I came upon a naked man, crowned with yellow flowers, whom everyone kissed and caressed, with a sword in his hand. The sword was stained, for it had dealt Glencairn his death. I found his mutilated body in the stables out back.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni, in collaboration with the author.*)

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VIRGINIA

Partly cloudy and warmer Sunday, high 45 to 55. Mostly cloudy and milk Monday with a change of showers.

—*Roanoke Times.*

From milk to water?

AN ANTIQUE LOVE STORY

"THE walls aren't vulnerable to dents," said the head of the office, leading a guided tour in a beautiful summer dusk. "What we have here is reinforced concrete." He led these tours each Thursday, after working hours.

Amy and I are a bit alike, thought a messenger boy called Ed. (His major work was the turning on and off of the lights every Thursday evening.) He looked at the people being shown round the modern office. The likeness may lie mostly in shutting up, he thought. What if she overrates me? I'm not in love with her. I never miss her when I'm not with her. (Though then he daydreamed of her in bed.)

"We think we have something quite new here in walls," said the head of the office, who had been talking all the while. He made a flourish at the concrete.

A visiting lady mayoress from England—Ed's country, and Amy's—found a nail file in her bag and tried to scratch the wall, and then took off her shoe and banged gaily with the heel. "Such a lot of walls now are pasteboard," she said to the office head. "These are concrete."

"Yes, these are reinforced concrete," the head of the office said. "We have something here that's not vulnerable to dents. And this"—moving on—"is the main work area." Ed spent the day in the work area. He was twenty-four. There was cork on the floor and the ceiling. Everything—walls, floor, ceiling, desks—was in filing-cabinet gray. The machine that sold soft drinks and cakes was in filing-cabinet gray, with mushroom-beige panels and a design of stylized doughnuts.

"This *city*," said a businessman on the tour, slumping into a desk chair and talking to no one in particular. "I like living in New York, I tell you. Culture-wise, there's no city with half as much. Is there? Theatre-wise. Transportation-wise. Buildings. Restaurants. You can't do better any place in the world. Limousines. Who *cares* about the dirt?" But here he rubbed his hand through his hair and then looked at his fingers, which were filthy; and he shuddered at the three-day deposit of New York smog, and looked resentful.

A tired section manager stared out of the window and bit his fingernails. "Yuh, it's the energy," he said. "On the go. I tell you, this office is like Grand Central Station when it's on the go." He gazed round the office, not savoring its emptiness after hours. There was a second-hand copy of Webster's International Dictionary open on a lectern. The architect had put it there as a last touch. Nobody ever looked anything up in it. It was the only old thing in the place. The secretaries had secretarial dictionaries to use if they ever needed them, but most of the girls were on computers. "I guess this place is beautiful when it's on the go," the section manager said.

"Well, it's a beautiful building," said the lady mayoress.

"Lived-in," said the section manager. He patted a counter gratefully. "These are a wonderful height. These counters."

"Insofar as our thinking is concerned," the head of the office said, "I believe I can say that our motivation, part of our motivation, is in the area of providing the work force with a work, er, area, that will meet their human needs."

A distinguished European visitor, a woman, mustered herself against him.

"We're watching now for results," the office head went on. "We've put a lot of thought into this. I'll be very interested to see how the work force responds."

Ed slipped away to his own desk and took a Kleenex out of the drawer. If I get rich, he thought, one of the first things I'll do will be to go back to linen handkerchiefs. It's the only thing I miss about the past, he thought firmly, although he was in the midst of peering around the office and hating it.

"The place we used to be in was pretty run-down, I'll tell you that," the head of the office said. "Now we've made this effort and we're beginning to see results. It was an effort, all right, but I'm happy to say it's paying off."

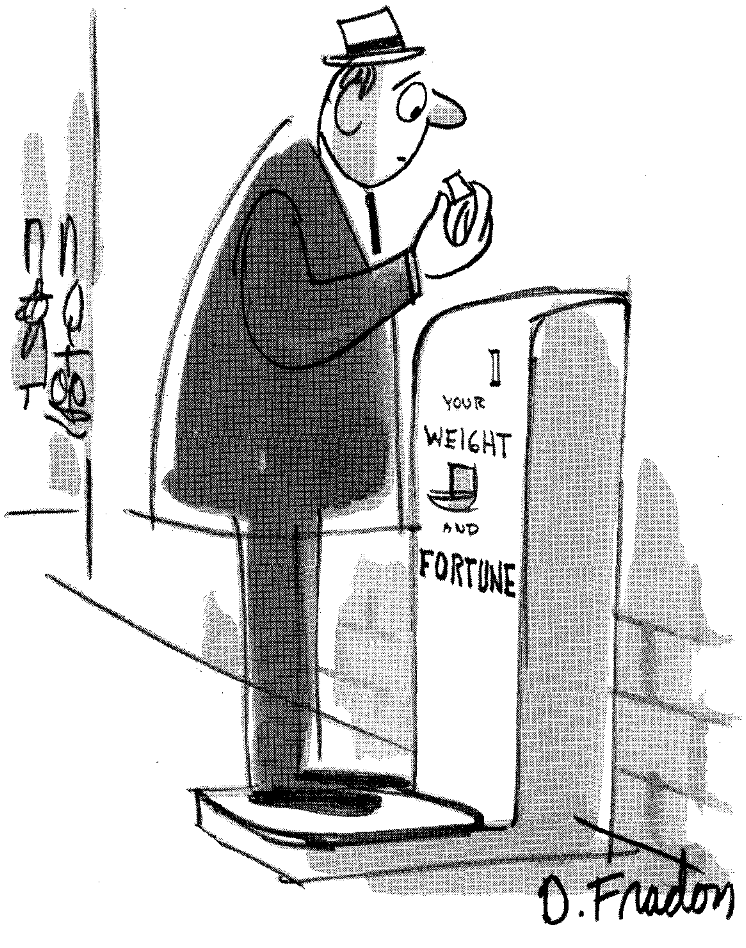
The troupe moved on. Ed turned on a farther set of lights and put out the ones behind.

"There's a gathering of strength," the office head went on to the visitors. The section manager, pleased, stopped biting his fingernails and then slouched exhaustedly into someone's desk chair.

"There's a new vigor," said the office head.

"You'd have got the same effect if you'd cleaned up the old cloakrooms," the distinguished European woman muttered. Ed heard her; he generally caught remarks that went by other people. A sort of fatuous cheerfulness seemed to him to govern most talkers, and he had an ear for the softly mutinous.

He wandered off, feeling underpaid and acutely hungry. He spent most of his wages on rent and wine and books. He often found and ate whole delicatessen meals thrown away in the office rubbish baskets. The amount of usable garbage in New York astonished him. Later this evening, for instance, when the tour party had left, he salvaged a perfectly good cold hamburger out of the wastebasket of a



"You are no different from anyone else."

secretary he liked. The act quite cheered him, though the food was a little disgusting.

He rang Amy up. They began with their own silence. After some time, Amy said, "Hang on while I get a cigarette."

Wait until she comes back. There she is. Warm pause—what else? Wait again. What are we? Fond. Yes.

"It's nice you rang up," Amy said.

"Yes."

Pause.

"I don't want to talk about my life and I don't want to make small talk," he said. Pause. "Any more than you do." Pause. "As you know."

Pause.

"Is it hard on you?" he said.

Pause.

"What?" said Amy.

"Me not talking?"

After a longer pause, she laughed and said, "What are you blathering about?"

WHEN he got home he found her washing her hair. It hung usually in a plait that was long enough to sit on. They tried to go to sleep later among the damp strands, which spread everywhere. She woke in the middle of the night several times, spluttering because she had hair in her mouth. At four o'clock she got up. "It's like the Sargasso Sea," she said, plaiting. "It's like going to sleep in weeds." Ed watched her. She came back to bed and hung the damp plait carefully over the side of the bed. "I should have done that before," she said.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I like your plait."

"What about some cold toad-in-the-hole?" she said.

"It's nice now," he said half an hour later. "It wasn't a good evening early on."

They had their silence, and then she said, "I think happy may really mean interested."

"People mostly seem to keep *pretending* to be interested," he said.

"That's what's been bothering you."

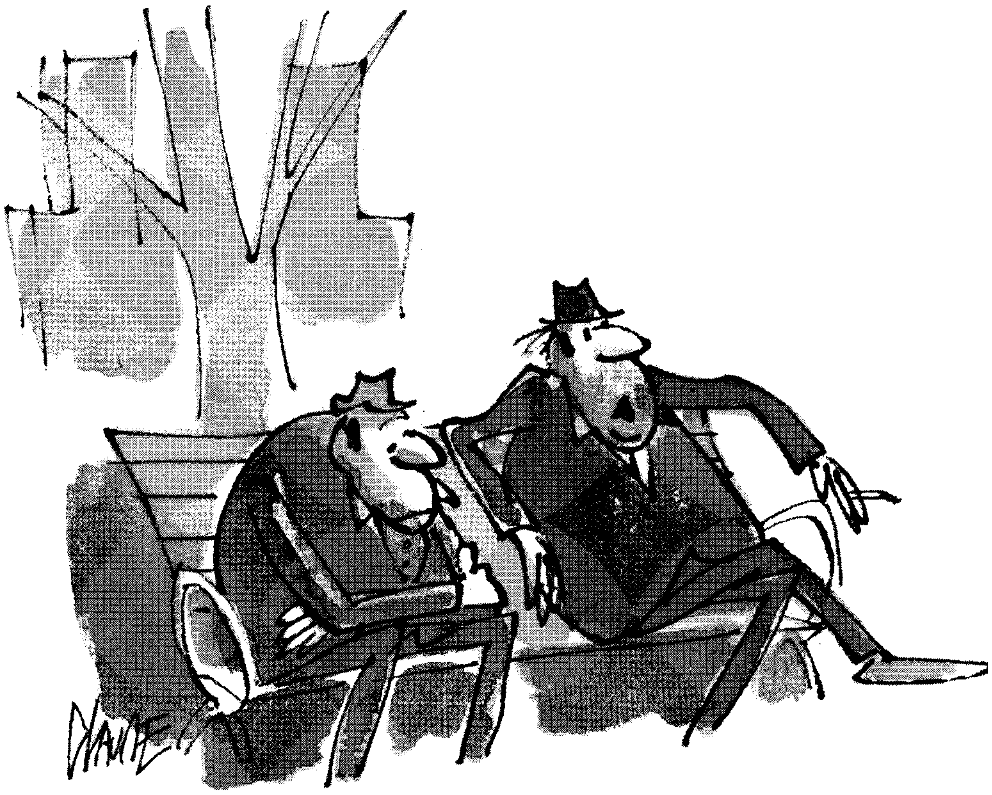
"Or else there's nothing there at all and they have to invent something," he said. "Everyone's talking to himself. Was it ever like this before? What are you thinking about?"

"That. Oh, and also not being keen on what I look like. I can see myself from here. It doesn't matter."

"You're beautiful."

"Perhaps I should try a fringe. Would you mind?"

"Up to you. Don't spoil your face, that's all."



"I rue the day I learned to delegate authority."

She looked at him curiously. "What does my face consist of?"

THEY lived in a poor part of New York. Politicians called it "disadvantaged." They had two rooms. A child named Izolska lived down the hall. She had a Polish-Jewish father, recently widowed, who drove a taxi. The child spent most of every day on the floor above, with a retired old actress named Mrs. Green, because there was no school in the neighborhood for her to go to. She took lessons over the push-button telephone in Ed's and Amy's flat while they were at work. The scheme was called Touch-Tone-Tuition. It made the child fly back upstairs for company once a lesson was over. So long as Mrs. Green was alone with Izolska, she would watch her intimately and now and then give her dried pieces of fruitcake out of a big tin with Roosevelt's portrait on it, though anyone else's presence would often make her take cover in senile imaginings and refer to herself in the third person as Astrid-Agnes, after two sisters in a story she had read long ago. At other moments of threat she would say that she was God, knitting angrily and fending off questions.

On Friday, when Amy had left for work, Ed thought of throwing in his job to get on with something better. He looked at the telephone, and at the papers and library books on his desk (three planks on two trestles), and contemplated ringing up to offer himself full time to an amnesty movement he had once helped. And then he sheered away from commitment, and went to see Mrs. Green instead. Her knitting lay beside her, and she was talking to Izolska.

"Why aren't you at work?" Izolska said to Ed.

"Isn't it time for your arithmetic lesson?" Ed countered.

"Lessons on the telephone! They call that modern!" Mrs. Green shouted, reaching out to get her knitting for fear she would need it, but holding the child by the skirt with her other hand.

"I just thought I wouldn't go to work today," Ed said.

"You'll be fired," said Izolska.

"Well," said Ed, "yes." He looked at Mrs. Green, whose hand was still clutching Izolska's skirt. "Would you like her to have the lesson here?" he said to the old lady, seeing her dread of departures.

"She doesn't have a *telephone*, Ed," the child said. She contemplated adult blunders. "You two have the only one in the house, except Louie's, and his place smells."

"I forgot. Hadn't we better be going? Isn't it time?" Ed said to Izolska.

Mrs. Green started knitting.

"Not till eleven. You know, you don't have to sit with me," Izolska said. "I can use the door key fine on my own. I've done it lots of times."

"I'd like to hear the lesson. I never have," Ed said. Izolska looked at her Pop Art watch, which her father had given her last year on her eighth birthday. Mrs. Green knitted more intensely.

"What are you knitting, Mrs. Green?" Ed said.

Mrs. Green lifted the needles, working the while, and made the sign of the cross over him with them.

"What are you knitting, Lord?" he said.

"Human organs. Essential organs."

"I should think Izolska will come back here after the lesson," Ed said.

"Hearts, lungs, wombs," she said, keeping her eyes on the needles and not raising them as Izolska left.

YET

at my direst,
stalled on Fish Ranch Road—
and it wasn't the first time
kindness came out of the dark—
as I chugged and chugged
the car to get it to start

(the fifth time that month,
though doctored, it stopped
like a heart),
my wife in the sad ward again,
my nerves on the verge,
the Zodiac killer killing people dead,
victims, on dark lanes like this,
shot in the head,

a voice said, nevertheless,
"Are you in trouble?"—
and I glanced at a beat-up Chevy,
wary at first;
what else to expect, nearly at nadir,
but more of the worst?

"Can I help? Do you want help?"—
a woman in curlers
leaned in the light of the dials
from her wheel toward my need,
and I said, as I tried and cursed,
"Yes—it's dead."

Tried again, then got out and left it—
she'd pulled up ahead—
and I told, as she drove us on over,
the least of my troubles.

Not fearing my beard or my clothes
(not dressed in my best)
she chatted of mishaps she'd had,
a ten-minute friend,

who couldn't have known what she'd done,
how much it meant
that instead of the tail-lights of sleekness
that might have sped past,
careless of curlers or killers,
not flagged down or asked,

housewife, Samaritan, barfly, whatever she was,
she'd stopped at that edge where I slipped
and, without mistrust,
opened the door of her help
as simply as love.

—Harold Witt

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Ed offered the little girl a Coke in his apartment, but she refused it and sat beside the telephone in a way that made him feel he should go into the other room. He lay on the bed and smoked. She put a piece of paper and a pencil beside the telephone and doodled something, and then looked at her watch and sat still for five minutes, checking her watch several times before she punched the number of the Touch-Tone-Tuition office, which had given her an appointment with a computer. The telephone voice must have told her she had done something wrong, for she put the receiver down fast and then the telephone rang her back. She punched an identification number and was put through to the computer. The computer asked a question in a voice that Ed could hear. Izolska punched 1-5-6 on the telephone.

"Correct," said the computer after an eerie halt, going straight on to its next problem. When she was right, the computer would ask another question within one second. She was right consecutively for three and a half minutes. Then she began being wrong. When she was wrong, the computer was programmed to repeat the question. If she gave the wrong answer again, it told her the right one and went on to a new problem. This happened five times. Izolska started holding her hand against her left ear, although there was no noise in the room. After she had put down the telephone she shook like a little dog for a second. She asked for a Coke.

Ed got one out of the cupboard. Amy kept food there because it was the coldest place in the apartment. "It doesn't look much fun," he said. "It looks hard."

"The computer can't explain, you see," she said.

He asked her if she wanted to tell him the questions that had stumped her, hoping to help her, but she was learning the New Math, and his own old way of working out the answers only confused her. So then they had a game of two-handed poker, which cheered her up. She left politely after a while, and went to play with a ball against the wall with some other children in the street.

He lay in a chair to read, and remembered her on the telephone, and then he thought about Amy and himself. I don't miss her. I don't want to marry her. I never think about her when I'm alone, he thought, thinking about her. I don't give her much. I behave like some forebear of the robot. (*Help. Mustn't.*) I can throw up my job just like that. There's always something else. I could lose Amy, if I had to. (Unhappy.) A little read would be reviving, in the circumstances. He lay on his back. After an hour he jerked out of the book like a stranded fish, and struggled, and thought again of Izolska's hand against her ear on the telephone to the computer, and then of Amy and of whether he was behaving like a computer to her. He took the subway to the office where Amy worked and then circled the block, telling himself that he hadn't particularly got her in mind. Then he bought two paperbacks and went into a cafeteria for coffee, and Amy was there, at the head of the queue. He watched her with her tray. She had bought only a cup of tea. He saw her eye the tables and make for one that had a lot of food left on it, with no waitress close enough to clear the plates away before she had commandeered them. Living on leftovers was something he understood, but he had always thought himself alone in that economy. It struck him to the bone to see Amy heading for an uneaten roll and half a piece of pie.

He reached the end of the queue and put his tray down onto another table, standing with the cup of coffee in his hand and wondering what to do. She was wearing her plait down her back today. She ate from the two plates briefly and then pushed them away and looked for something in her bag. A dime. She made for a phone booth. He came up behind her and tapped her on the shoulder, and she spun round and said, "I was just going to telephone you." They sat down together and enjoyed themselves, barely talking. They went home later on a bus together.

"Something happened to you today," Amy said.

"Yes," he said.

"But we don't have to have a conversation," she said.

The man on Amy's other side, a middle-aged man with ragged hair and an interested face, prodded her knee with the end of the rolled-up New York *Post*, just as Ed was looking at her and saying, "Thank heaven for you."

"There's no doubt, of course, that the soul is female," the stranger said.

"Shut up," Ed said softly.

"The soul is female. One goes to it for advice," said the stranger. He fixed Amy with a wild stare.

"Do you?" she asked him.

"I shall dream about you, and my unconscious will decide what I think of you," he said. "It may decide you haven't been listening to a word I've been saying. It may decide I want to have an affair with you. Do you believe in reincarnation? I am related to earlier kings of the English and the French. This is why I speak with an English accent. I can tell you are both English. You notice I don't say 'British.' I believe the fact of the French incarnations to be the reason for my collecting of French furniture. When funds allow."

Ed took Amy's bag and looked inside it, needing something to do. The man rumpled his hair forward with his hand and said, "I'm afraid I'm a man who often bores people. I don't notice it. You must meet my wife."

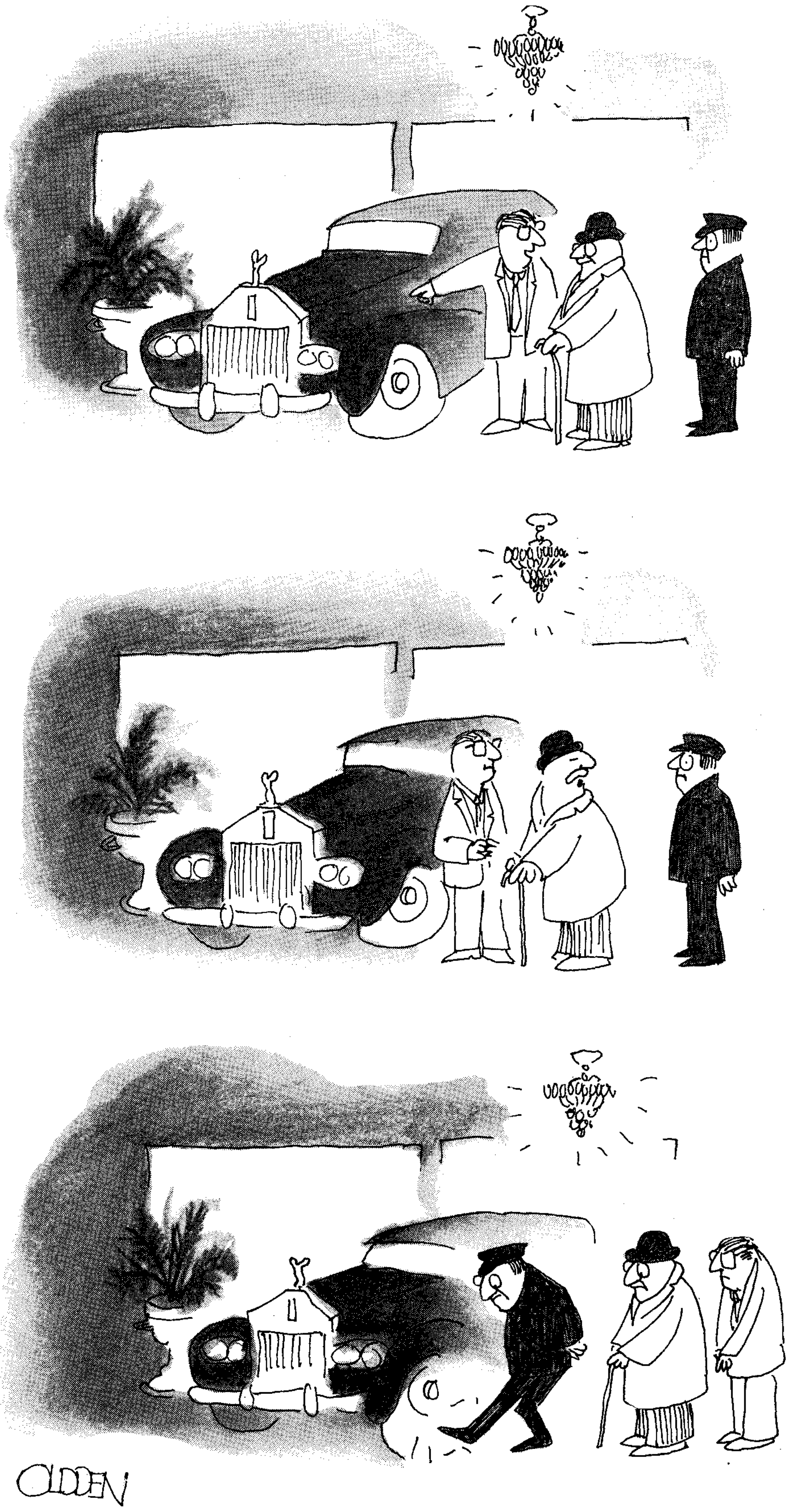
"Yes," Ed said.

"Do you live together?" the man asked, following them to the exit of the bus. He put his foot between the closing doors so as to hear their answer, and the driver shouted at him.

"Yes," said Ed.

AMY stayed up late reading Simenon, and turned on the portable TV that Ed had borrowed. The news wasn't very good to hear. Then she looked at a movie with Humphrey Bogart, and filled in a form for a visa. She was planning a trip home to Europe. Ed was lying awake in the bedroom and he watched her for a couple of hours. After a time he saw her stomping around with her hands in the pockets of her jeans and a cigarette hanging out of her mouth, and he understood that she must be practicing a Bogey slouch.

By three in the morning she was in bed asleep and Ed still awake. He got up to take some aspirin and one stuck in his windpipe. The pain reminded him of being a child and of swallowing boiled sweets that he had tucked into his cheek to try to spin them out. Chok-



ing, he wondered whether he would die, and balked at that, and choked some more, holding the table and idly reading Amy's visa form through the coughing fit. She had broken off at the question "In the case of injury or death, whom should the authorities inform?" The name she had started to give, stopping halfway through the address, was her own. Moved, he paced the apartment. It was a warm night. At six o'clock, when he had finished his book and taken to trying to sleep on the floor so as not to wake Amy up—*programming* himself to sleep, he put it to himself, because wakefulness was clearly unfunctional and not fitting to the nature he thought he had—there was a knock at the door. There stood Bill, an old latcher-on who suffered twinges of paranoia late at night and roamed the city for acquaintances to attack with his insomnia.

"I knew you'd be up," Bill said, flying in the face of the evidence of bedclothes on the floor and an Ed barely dressed. They sat for a time. Ed could think of nothing to say, and of even less reason than usual to try. It seemed to him that he had lately been hearing many sorely awry efforts to talk. "Would you like a drink?" he managed at last.

"I knew you'd be up," Bill said again, glaring, and coming over to bore a finger into Ed's chest. "See here. I've something to say to you, buddy."

"Buddy?" said Ed. I scarcely know the man, he thought.

"I've something to say to you," Bill said. The finger pressed. "My nature doesn't allow me to conceal from you my opinion that you've behaved like a bastard to me. A bastard."

"What?"

"I came up here specially to see you, right? And yet you've deliberately never come to see me. What's more, you didn't ask me here."

"No," Ed said mildly.

"You admit it."

"Well, I'm very sorry, old boy, but I didn't mean anything by it." Ed concentrated uninterruptedly on the way Bill was now standing. He had his hand in his right pocket. Ed realized that he had a revolver in there.

"All I am to you is an acquaintance," Bill said, in the most alarming voice. "You make that clear enough. You treat me the way the British treated the Indians they did business with. Did they ever ask them into their homes? Not on your life. You bet. That's what I mean."

"But we *are* acquaintances. We hardly know each other."

Bill laughed bitterly. "That's just what I mean," he said.

Ed was invaded by holy calm and started counting on his fingers the possible number of hours' sleep left to him, given the good luck that Bill lost interest in murdering him and sloped off.

"Some friend," Bill said, helping himself to a drink.

Ed counted hours of sleep again.

"What are you doing?" Bill said, in a voice sharp as ice.

"Counting," said Ed.

"Counting what?"

Ed saw the physical provocation in replying "Hours of sleep," and said nothing.

"Counting what?" The revolver inside the pocket was pointing at him.

"Practicing scales, actually. Playing the piano," Ed said in hope.

Bill glared, and startlingly dozed. There is some mercy, Ed thought.

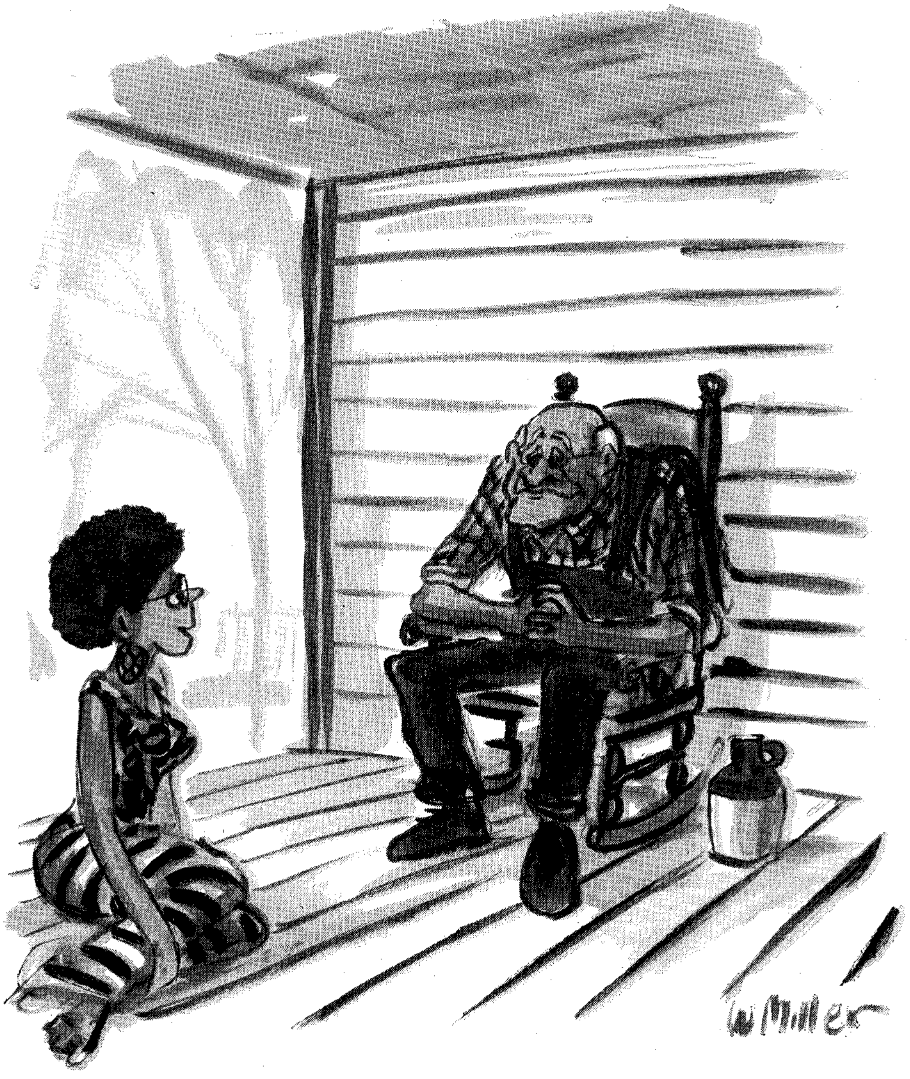
Next morning, Saturday, Ed woke at half past eleven and found himself alone and alive with Amy, who was laughing.

"Do you know what I did?" she said, giving him a cup of coffee. "I was filling in a form and started writing down me as the person to get in touch with if I was dead."

"I saw," he said, touching her nose. "It made me sad at the time."

"No, it's funny."

"Did you know that I nearly died last night? Bill blundered in at six in the morning, and he had a revolver in his pocket that he was going to use on me because he hadn't been asked to come. People do odd things on Friday nights."



"Golly, Great-Gramps, it sure blows my mind to realize that you were one of the very first people to use the word 'hip' the way we use it!"

ED thought of himself as a man with no gift for weekends. It was part of his robot vision. He believed that, with luck, he knew how to use his own spare time functionally, but other people's seemed too much to dispose of well. Other people reposed too much trust. Other people wanted to go on outings and picnics that he might easily bungle. Other people tried so hard to believe that weekends were bound to be better than their weeks had been. Who were these other people, though? That morning, he thought with hatred of families sitting in cars bang on the verges of the summer highways, eating picnics to the roar of cars exactly like their own, but then he decided that these probably weren't the people he meant, to be fair. Now entertaining no great sense of superiority to anyone, he borrowed a car and drove Mrs. Green and Izolska and Amy to the country. With the gathering of the four of them life growingly seemed gay and splendid, although the age managed to put its oar in. Amy had to get out of the car to telephone the airline about her booking. They stopped at a garage. Ed listened in the booth.

"I want to confirm a reservation," she said. She gave her name. She had to plug her left ear, like Izolska, against the noise of the traffic.

"Sorry, Ma'am, but our computers are in malfunction."

"What?"

"You'll have to call again. We are unable to confirm your reservations at this time."

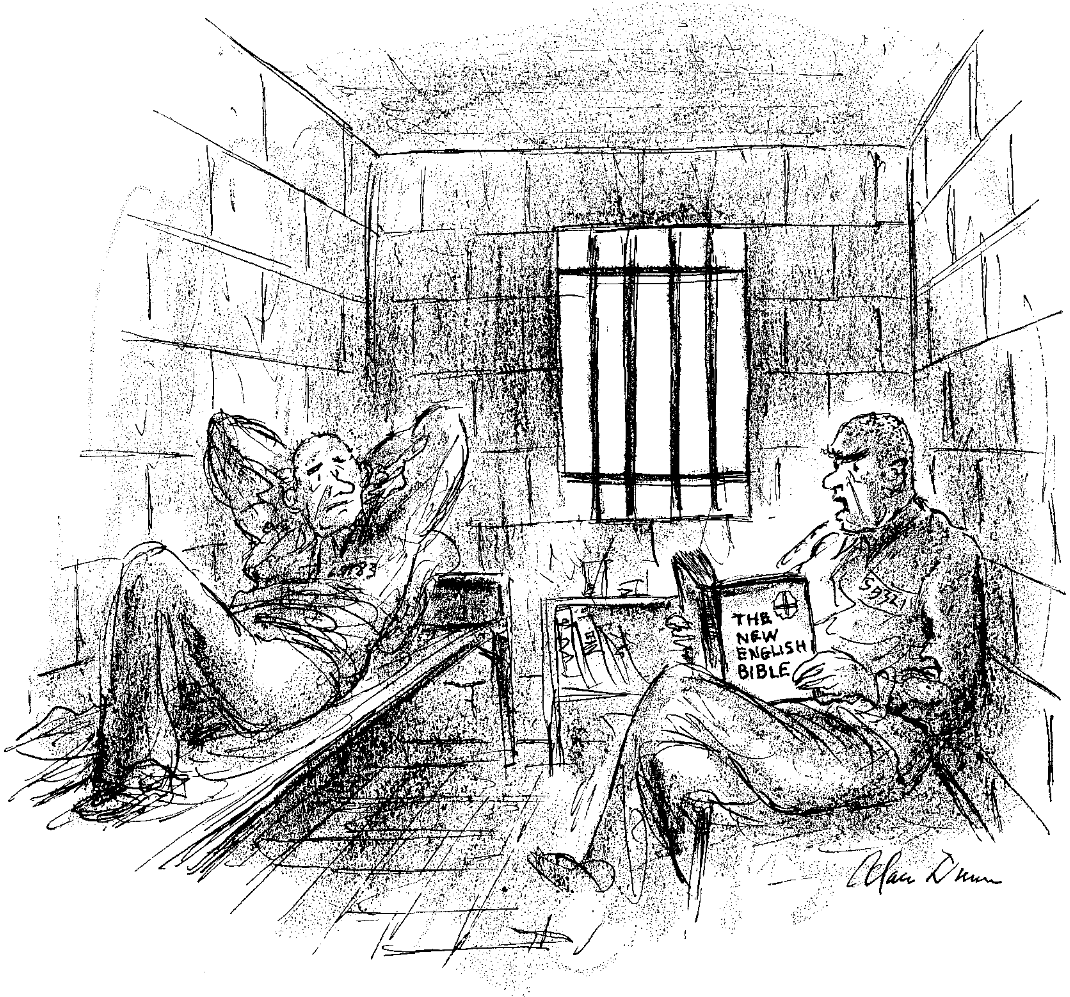
"Can't say either yes or no?"

"That understanding is correct, Ma'am."

"When shall I telephone again, then?"

"If you'll call again in one hour to one and one-half hours, our computers will be glad to speak with you."

In the car, Ed held the end of Amy's plait as he drove. Izolska sat between them. Mrs. Green, in the back, had brought with her a tapestry cushion cover that she was making. Amy turned round in the car and leaned her chin on the seat, like a tall dog propping its jawbone on the edge of a bed. Izolska hummed. They found a river and had a picnic beside it. Silence and interest gradually merged into a formidable hope in Ed's head, and he felt he had a bead on his life. Clicking a bottle against his teeth, he watched Mrs. Green listening to the news on the car radio. The car was parked thirty feet from where they were sitting. Mrs. Green sat on the front passenger seat with the door open, her feet on the ground and her head down, listening. She troubled over events in the world and had no trust in the President. She came back without words, and started to work furiously on her tapestry cushion.



"Same old stuff—'You shall not steal.'"

"We all have these thoughts sometimes," Ed said, in reply to the revolt in her head.

Amy asked what the President had said.

Mrs. Green stitched. Izolska jumped into the river, holding her nose. "There are some human beings who do not wish for immortality at all," said Mrs. Green.

Amy swore at the President.

"No, we have to put up with the fact that people will always say and do things we find unforgivably disappointing," said Mrs. Green. "Do you care for this blue, or not? At the same time we have to preserve enough of the sense of outrage to change things. Are you two short of the sense of outrage?"

"No," Ed said.

"Only on Saturdays," said Amy.

"I wish you weren't going away," he said to her.

"It's only for a few weeks."

"Away?" said Mrs. Green.

"Amy's going home to England, and then she wants to go to Czechoslovakia."

"You'll be back soon." Mrs. Green opened her eyes wider as she said this and stitched hard at the tapestry.

"In a few weeks."

Mrs. Green here closed her eyes and said, "Leaving us."

"No, I'll be back. I live here now. Does anyone want a rest? Are you tired?"

"I don't want a rest. I've never liked rests. What a pity the longest day's gone. I always enjoy that. Still, October can be crackerjack. Look at that, now. Just enough of the green wool to finish. Well done. The week will yet be a success."

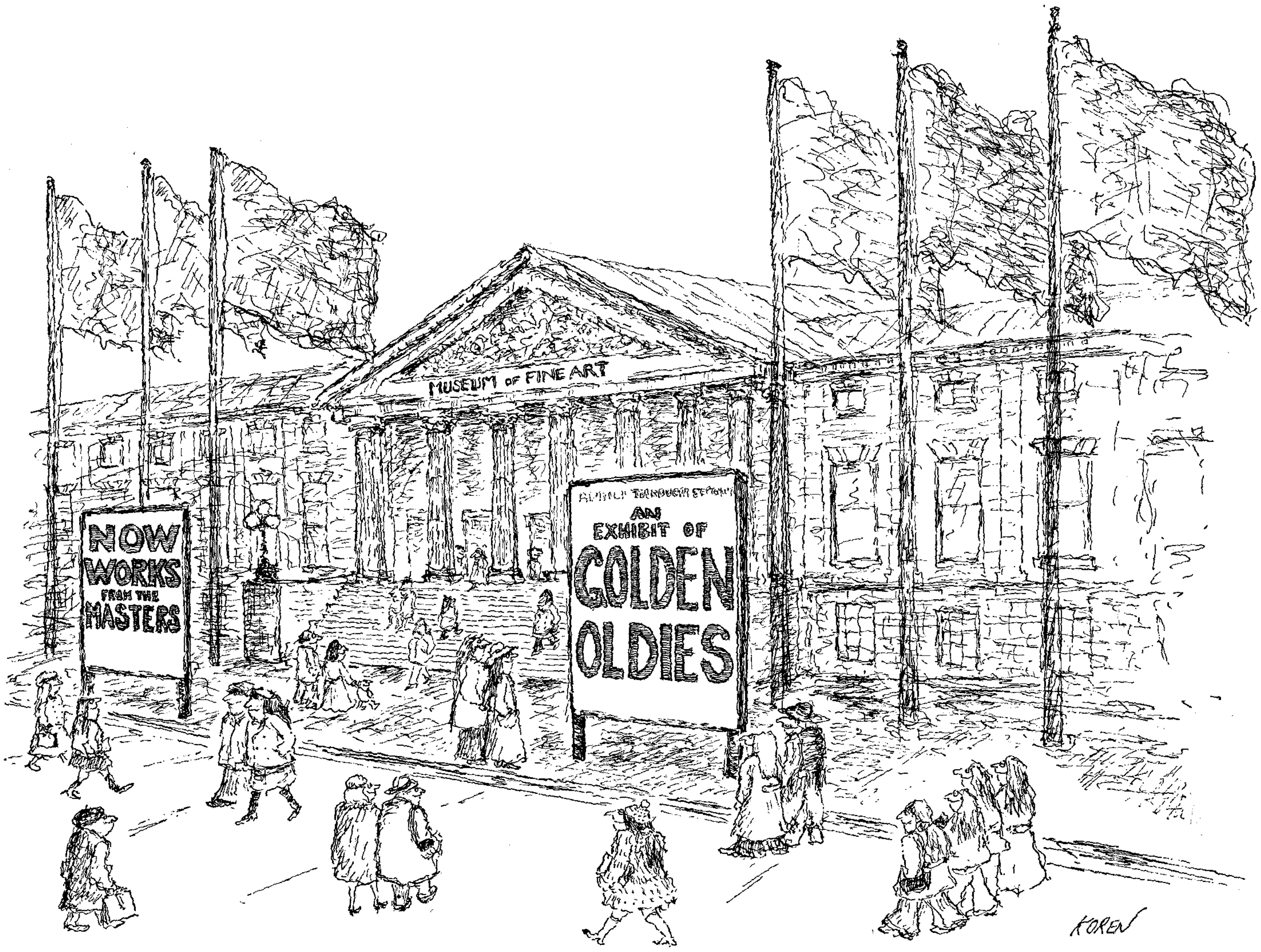
A butterfly came near, attracted by the colors of the tapestry. Ed held Amy's hand.

"You may be leaving him for too long," Mrs. Green said. "Although Czechoslovakia's an interesting place."

"Did you ever act there?" Ed said. "When did you give up the stage? I'm definitely— Amy, I'm definitely going to chuck it at the office. So I shan't be making much money. Will you support us?"

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you for asking."

"I'm not very good at that," he



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said, looking at her for a while and then turning. "Mrs. Green, sorry—I was interested—Czechoslovakia. Did you ever act there?"

"It's not easy asking," Amy said to Ed, and then to Mrs. Green, "After Vienna?"

"I was told at fifty that I should stop," Mrs. Green said. "That was in London after the tour. They said I was in my prime. They thought I should end it there. Well, there were character parts I'd have liked to play, but one night I decided they were probably right. It wouldn't have done. I realized it the night I had to put on my glasses to see to cut up my meat." She paused. "It was on my birthday. There was a splendid party. You could call that a tonic event."

There was a congenial silence.

"You know I've only got one eye left now," Mrs. Green said.

Ed said "Sh-h-h" to Izolska, who was splashing them.

"Did I wet you?" Izolska said.

"Nearly," Ed said.

"There are people who don't like me, now that no one knows who I was. I can understand that. Still, I don't worry," said Mrs. Green.

Amy said, "Some people have an instinct ahead. Ed has. You have. Other people have an instinct behind. And then there are others who are exactly in step, and they'll obviously always be the ones who get on. They hardly have to open their mouths before everyone recognizes his own thoughts."

Mrs. Green packed up her tapestry. She had not talked of herself as Astrid-Agnes or as God all day. She crossed her legs and formed her fingers into a telescope and put them to her seeing eye, squinting at a tree.

"I lost my eye, you see, and that's why I don't have a television. I like the radio. Watching television is like having an electric current put through the good eye, and that's no help, is it? The authorities would give me a television set for nothing, but I can't stand it because it makes this good eye tremble, and that's no help to anyone, is it? As I said before."

Izolska watched the butterfly. "It likes the colors of my wool," Mrs. Green said.

Izolska started splashing again and sang a loud song to an out-of-tune yell of her own. "My pretty, pretty butterfly, come over here, it's Saturday," she howled, raising her head like a street singer baying at the sky in front of a cinema queue. I like it here, thought Amy. I like it here, thought Ed. The beloved child should be quiet, thought Mrs. Green. "*Basta,*" the child told herself, out loud.

"Well," said Mrs. Green, "I'm afraid you've known me in the lesser years. It's time that does it. However, today sees me revived."

Ed took Amy away by the river and said, with his hand around her neck, "Would you be back for good, possibly?" —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Shrews burn up energy so fast that this search occupies almost all their waking hours. Through the seasons, through the raising of her young, through numerous escapes from her enemies and forays for food, Miss Fisher follows the fortunes of this tiny animal.—*Henry B. Kane in the Washington Post.*

Miss Fisher burns up quite a hunk of energy herself.

THE LITTLE WRENS AND ROBINS

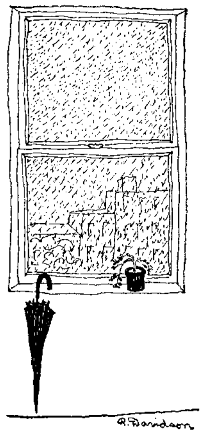
Cousin Ellen wrote poetry for the local papers and was the greatest non-stop talker you ever listened to. The poetry was of three varieties: religious poetry, love poetry, and nature poetry that went like this—the nature poetry, I mean:

Farewell to the dreary winter,
Welcome to the days of spring,
When the trees put on their coats of green
And the birds with joy will sing.
The daffodils put on their gowns,
How proudly they stand up,
To shake their dewy golden coats
On the smiling buttercups.

After reading the poem of which that was the opening stanza, I was somewhat in awe of Cousin Ellen: her daring in rhyming only one little "up" with all those buttercups, her vision of the daffodils as tall fashion models swaying and pirouetting in extravagant golden gowns. No one could deny that Cousin Ellen had a poetic mind and a special vision, except my father, who loved quietude, and long, calm silent days, and a garden growing, and who was driven out of all patience by Ellen's clickety-clack when, once a month, she travelled twenty-five miles by train from Hazelhatch to visit us.

"And Uncle Tommy, did you hear that Peter McQuade of Lettergesh sold that bay mare he had at an unimaginable high price, he brought her south to the Curragh of Kildare, and some rich American saw her and bought her on the spot and flew off with her to Hialeah in Florida, that was a travelled mare, they say Florida's lovely—America, that's where the money is, not that money's everything if you haven't happiness, get out there to America, Ben boy, before it's too late, and this, Aunt Sara, is an American fashion magazine I brought for you to look over, the styles will absolutely blind you, you should have been in Hazelhatch last Sunday when the Reverend Dr. Derwent preached the most divine sermon about the Sacred Heart, I wrote a poem in my head on the way home from church and sent him an autographed copy, you see he clips every one of my poems out of the papers and pastes them into a big book, he says that he'll be the first person ever to possess my collected works, he's just divinely handsome, too handsome for a priest, as they say, although personally I see no harm at all in a priest being handsome, he's leading the diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes, Fatima, Rome, and home by Lisieux this year, an all-rounder, and I have every intention of going, I never saw Lisieux and I have always adored St. Thérèse, she wrote the divinest book, solid as a rock—just like Mama, who's in the best of health, nothing shakes her, all plans to make the business prosper, we're expecting such a passing rush of tourists this year on the way to West Donegal, they all stop to stock up with food and drink at Hazelhatch Inn, that old picturesque thatch and diamond-paned latticed windows catch the eye, you'd be amazed the number of people who stop to take pictures and then come in and buy, beauty and business mixed . . ."

My father said that after half an hour or less of her monologue he always felt that he was drowning in a warm, slow stream, drifting slowly, brain and body numb, faraway bells in his ears—comfortable but teetotally helpless. That talk, he claimed, threatened the manhood in a man, which was why all men had escaped, while there was still time, from Cousin Ellen, except Dr. Derwent, who was sworn celibate and thus safe, and except for one other wretch—Edward—whom she talked into matrimony and who lasted for a year and then vanished mysteriously. Dead by asphyxiation, my father said, and buried secretly under the apple trees at the back of the old house in Hazelhatch. Those were lovely apple trees.



Drowning in what deep waters of constant talk was I, the Saturday I walked her through the marketing crowds in from the country, from brown mountains and green river valleys, to our town? We went along John Street and High Street and Market Street, by the Catholic church with the limping spires that could be seen for miles, by the eighteenth-century courthouse with Doric columns that was once admired by no less a person than Tyrone Guthrie, who said that if you tilted the long sweep of High Street and Market Street the other way the courthouse steps would be the perfect stage on which to produce a Passion play. Church and courthouse were our architectural prides. Cousin Ellen, as far as I can remember from my drowning swoon, talked about love. She was planning to be married shortly. Being all of eighteen, I was still interested in the subject.

"Your sister, Dympna, in Dublin, she said, is very happy, Edward and myself called to see her two months ago, not rich but happy and happiness is all, I said to her, 'If only Edward and myself can be as happy as yourself and your husband,' and I hope, Ben, that suitcase isn't too heavy, but oh you're so young and strong and athletic, and they really shouldn't allow these fruit stalls on the open street anymore, they belong to the Middle Ages, and see me safely now onto the bus for Dromore, the crowd here is just fearful, and oh this letter I forgot, do drop it in the post office for me, it's for Edward, love is all, just a perfect understanding between people and when human love fails there is always the love of the Sacred Heart, which I wrote in a poem that Dr. Derwent read out from the pulpit, there is nothing on earth we may cling to, all things are fleeting here, the pleasures we so oft have hunted, the friends we've loved so dear . . ."

Then off she went—not, as it happened, to Dromore, where she wanted to visit some other relatives, but to Drumquin, because in the confusion into which she had talked me I deposited herself and her suitcase on the wrong bus. To the casual observer there isn't much difference between Drumquin and Dromore, but one is ten miles from the other, and it's a bind to be in one when you want to be in the other. But Cousin Ellen found some obliging commercial traveller who drove her to Dromore, and she wrote me a most amusing letter about it all. She was easier to read than to listen to. The accident about the buses had really tickled her, she said, for life was just like that: you headed off for somewhere and ended up somewhere else. She bore no grudge and we would be better friends than ever, wouldn't we? We were, too.

ABOUT that time, I headed off for Dublin to go through the motions of a university education, and didn't see Cousin Ellen again, although we constantly exchanged letters, until the husband had come and gone and she herself was in a hospital close to Hazelhatch, with some rare ailment that was to stop her talk forever, and her poetry.

The letter to Edward that she gave me to post that day I found two weeks later when, pike-fishing on the Drumragh River, I had a little leisure and used it to clear out my pockets. Since it then seemed too late to send the letter to where it should have gone, I tore it up into tiny pieces and cast them on the running water. My mother always said that you should never burn letters from friends, or, indeed, anything that had to do with friendship. Fire destroyed. Water did not. So she was constantly making confetti out of letters and flushing them down the toilet.

The deep pike water of the Drumragh, still patterned with froth from the falls at Porter's Bridge, bore away northward the words of love that Ellen had meant for Edward. Life, she might have said had she then known, was also like that. Our friendship, at any rate, remained unaltered. After all, she was the only other writer in the family.

Ah, yes! And the tiny little lambs,
They, too, will play and skip
In the fields just decorated
With the daisy and cowslip.
The blackbirds and the thrushes
They are glad to see you here,
The little wrens and robins
To all you bring good cheer.

She was, as you may remember, addressing the spring. Her favorite picture hung on a wall of the old oak-timbered country kitchen in Hazelhatch. It was called "Springtime on an Ayrshire Hillside; or, the Muse of Poetry Descends to Robert Burns While at the Plough." But those words were a paltry effort to describe that picture, and, out of respect for the memories of Burns and Cousin Ellen—and, of course, of the Muse—I will try to do better.

The poet in the picture is dressed in the height of style: a blue tailcoat, knee breeches a little off-white, strong woollen stockings, and stout buckled shoes. He has taken one hand from the plough, to raise with a sweep a tall hat of a type that in grander times may have been general issue for ploughmen, or poets. His profile is noble, his head held high to escape extinction in an ample cravat. He salutes a plump girl in a white, revealing, nightgown sort of costume of the period—French Directoire, perhaps—who is standing on a cloud about two feet above the backs of two patient and unnoticing horses. The girl on the cloud carries a wreath, and it is clearly her intention to put the wreath where the tall hat has been. In the bottom left-hand corner, a field mouse is playing the part of a wee, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie, yet is clearly, to judge from the glint in her eyes, an intent observer of the coronation ceremony. In the background—for it is spring in Ayrshire and a little late for ploughing—the birds are plentiful on the branches and in a pale-blue sky.

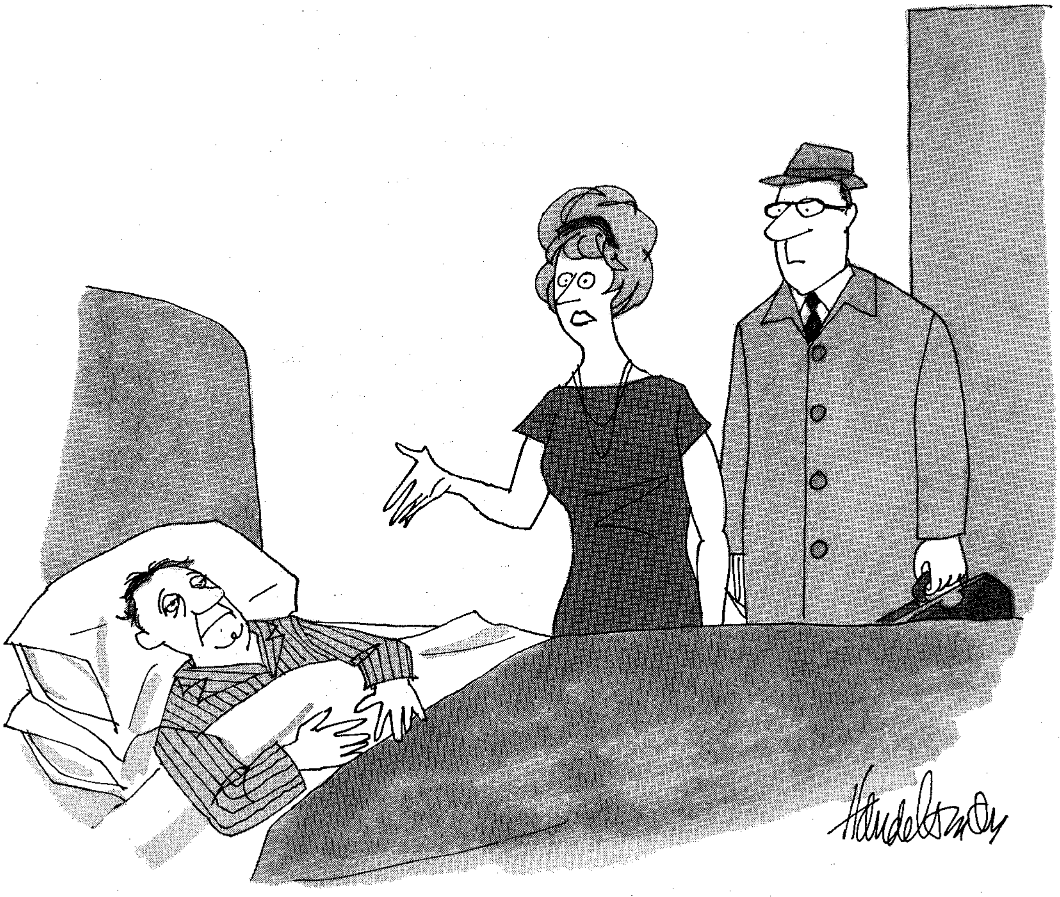
That picture, I feel, had its influence on Ellen:

The man whose work is in the field
From you his joy can't hide,
As he treads along at break of day
With two horses by his side.

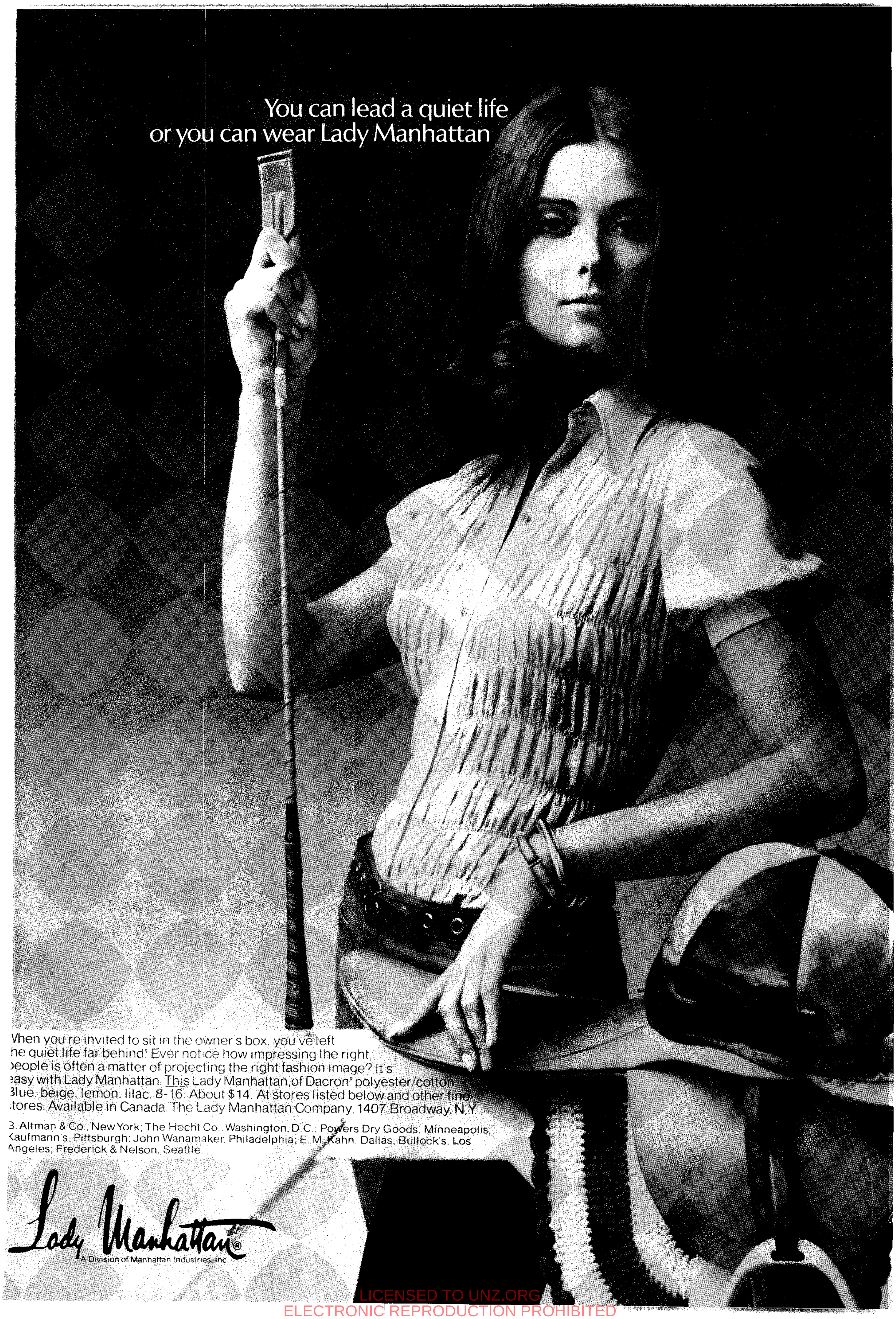
That picture is also very much present to me. When the Empress of Hazelhatch—as my youngest sister called Ellen's mother, our grasswidowed aunt by marriage—died, and Hazelhatch passed into the hands of strangers, she left me the picture. Ellen and myself, she said, had liked it, and each other. Was the old lady remembering, too, one sad lulled day of sunshine when she and I sat in the kitchen at Hazelhatch and looked at the picture and she told me what I had already partly guessed that morning—that Ellen would die in hospital?

All around us in the old kitchen were cases of brown stout just freshly bottled, in a careful and religious ritual at which I had been allowed to assist, along with the new girl who was there, from the County Mayo, to work in the bar and grocery and learn the trade. A long procession of girls had come and gone and benefitted, perhaps, from the strict wisdom of the Empress, even if they had most certainly sighed and writhed and groaned under her discipline. She still decanted her own port, a good Graham, black as your boot, and solid, but that decanting she did on her own—no assistants, and spectators were not encouraged. Certain things were just too sacred.

That port was famous. "It fixed her marriage good and proper," my father said. "Your good mother's brother could think of nothing but port and running horses. Never left the bar except to go to Punchestown or the Maze or Strathroy Holm or Galway or Gowran Park or Tramore or Bellewstown Hill or the Curragh itself, or the horse fairs of Ballinasloe or Cahirmee. When he ran away to the States and never came



"This is the man who ate the steak that came from the steer that nibbled the grass that grew in the field where roamed the cat that caught the bird that ate the fish that fed on the bug that floated around in the oil slick."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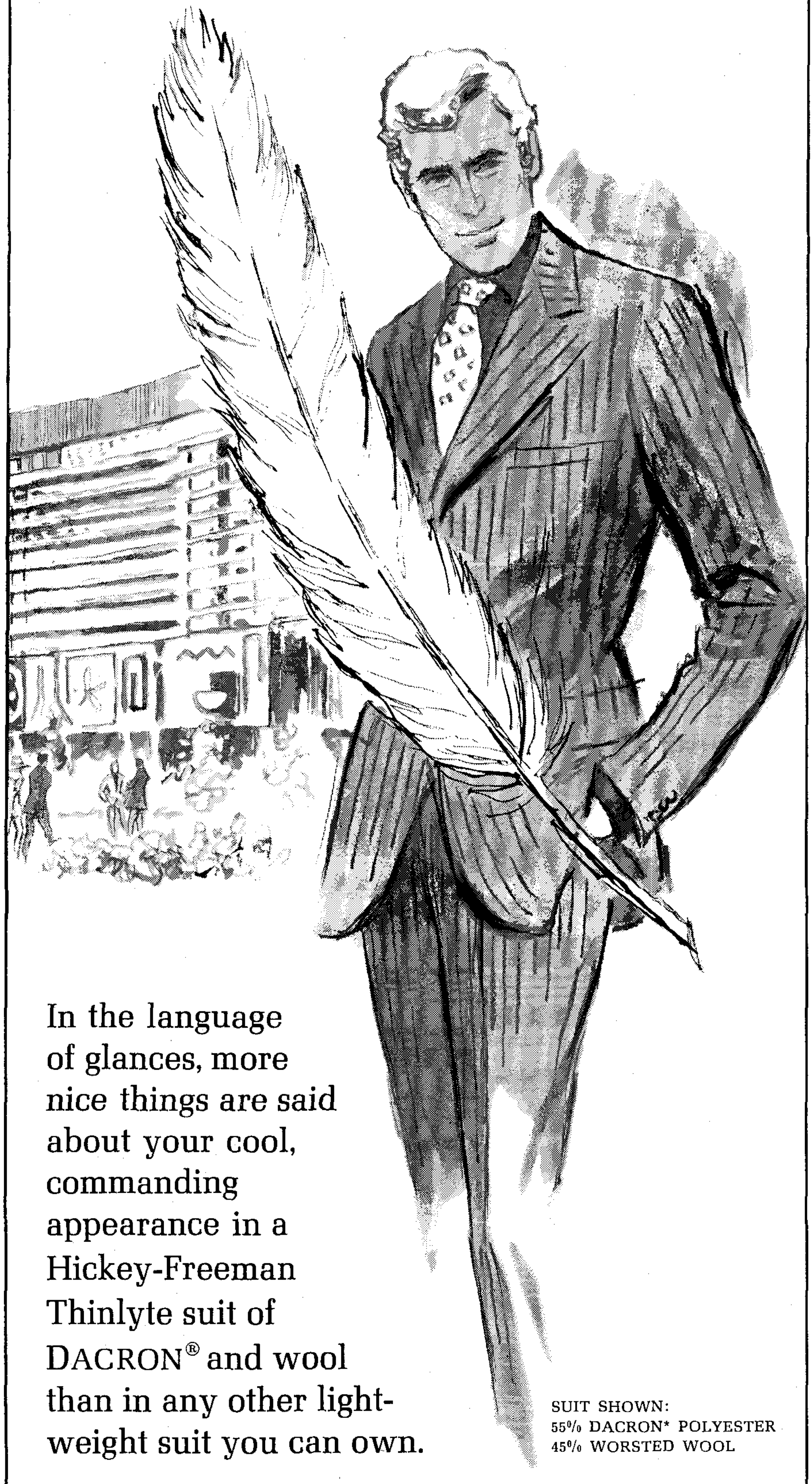

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back, he was both bowlegged and purple in the face."

"He couldn't come back," said my mother.

She felt very sore about the whole story. He had been her favorite brother. She explained. "He went to Canada, not the States, and then jumped the line at Buffalo and could never again get his papers in order. He got in, but couldn't get out. There were hundreds like him."

"I often wondered why he ran away," said that youngest sister, with the thin face and the dark hair and the whiplash of a tongue. "Then I met the Empress of Hazelhatch, with her long black gown and her hair mounted high on a Spanish comb—and dyed horse chestnut as sure as God—and her pince-nez, sitting behind the bar to speak to the better sort of people but never demeaning herself by serving a customer, and I knew why he would run to Alberta, or further if he could get, without beginning to come home again round the world."

Because that sister was herself an embryo empress, she was never happy at Hazelhatch. For myself, as easygoing as my father, or a wag-by-the-wall clock, I loved my visits to the place—the picture of the poet, the strong drone of the old lady's voice, the odor of good groceries and booze, the glow of old oak, the high bedroom with slanted ceiling and dormer window and an angled crisscrossed vision of the road west to Mount Errigal and the Rosses and the ocean, the apples in the orchard, the procession of young, discontented, and frequently sportive girls. Memories of those visits stay with me, stilled, separated from all else, not frayed by time.

That particular day, the Empress said to me, "How did Ellen look when you saw her this morning?"

Nobody except her mother could ever have considered how Ellen looked. She talked so much that you didn't see. So, to answer, I had to think back painstakingly. That was all the more difficult to do because we had left the kitchen and gone, rather sadly, out to the orchard, where it seemed unkind and even sinful to think how somebody looked who was going to die and who had loved that orchard.

> Ofttimes I sit and think,
> And wonder if God sends
> This season, spring, so beautiful
> To all his city friends . . .

For one thing, in the hospital that morning Ellen had not been in the least like the Muse of Poetry descending to salute Robert Burns at the plough. She

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had always dressed modestly, mostly in browns or mother-of-God blues, with the breastbone well covered in white frills and lace and such, and there had never been a pick on her bones. Never before had I noticed that she was so freckled—scores of tiny dark-brown freckles around her eyes and down the slopes of her nose. The paleness of her ailing face, perhaps, made them more than ever noticeable. Freckled people are always great talkers, and even illness could not stop her tongue: only death, or the last gaspings that preceded it.

"It must be heavenly for you," she said, "to feel that you are really and truly walking the paths of learning, and in a city that has been ennobled by the footsteps of so many great scholars and poets, how I envy you, I always so wanted to get to the university, but when I'm up and about again and out of this bed I promise you a visit in Dublin and you must show me all the sights and famous places, promise, you'll find my mother very quiet and brooding these days, I can't think what's wrong with her, but sometimes she gets like that, it may be that the new girl and herself do not get on so well, a strange girl from the County Mayo, a great singer, she came to see me several times, and sometimes I think she resembles me, she wants to sing, just as I write poems, a lovely voice, too—but it's so sad, such clean regular features and an exquisite head of dark hair, but that purple discoloration on one side of her face, God help her, she would have to sing always with one side of her face away from the audience . . ."

Because there was winter and the end of things in the room, even if it was high summer outside the windows, I told her about the letter forgotten, then torn into fragments and sent sailing on the Drumragh. I told her about my mother and her opinions on fire and water. She said that it might have been better for both of them, meaning the vanished husband and herself, if it had all ended the way the letter did—gone peacefully on the easy water. She said my mother had always been kind. She stepped out of bed and walked with me as far as the door of the room. She wore a heavy blue dressing gown. She kissed me. We never met again.

Ah! no, there are no green fields,
There are no little lambs to play . . .

So later that day, in the orchard, all alone and sad, I am fixing a puncture in the back wheel of the lofty ancient bicycle on which the Empress of Hazelhatch is wont to cruise forth in deep-green drowsy summers, her skirts high above the dust, her head high above the hedges, surveying the labor of the fields, occasionally saluting the workers. To me, and softly singing to herself—for she is proud of her voice, and the old lady flatters her about it—comes the Mayo girl with the face, flawless and faultless in shape but discolored on the left cheek. She stands beside me, at my left hand. Our hands touch as we run the bicycle tube through a basin of water so as to raise a bubble and locate the puncture. The birds in the orchard trees are silent, because it is the sultry month of least song. But the girl, for a while, sings in a sort of sweet whisper about, of all things, moonlight in Mayo. Then she says, "It isn't my day off, and I want to get to Strabane."

"Why?"

"What do you think? A fella."

"Ask her for the evening off."

"She's hell on fellas. You ask her. She'd grant you anything."

"I'm a fella."

"You're the white-headed boy around here. Say you want to take me to the pictures."

"What picture?"

"Any picture. No picture."

But walk out in the country
On any fine spring day . . .

THE road is dusty and the hedges high. Had Ellen never written a poem about summer? The girl sings as she walks. It is four miles to the village of Lifford—old houses shaggy with flowering creepers; then across the great bridge where the Mourne River, containing the waters of the Drumragh, from Tyrone, meets the Finn River from Donegal to form, between them, the spreading Foyle; then half a mile across level water meadows to the town of Strabane. She sings about the bird in the gilded cage. But walking through Lifford, curious faces looking out over half doors, she stops singing and says, "Mrs. Lagan is dying, isn't she?"

Ellen's married name takes me by surprise.

She says, "You needn't talk about it if you don't want to. It's just that I like her."

"So do I."

"She's very clever. She's a great poet."

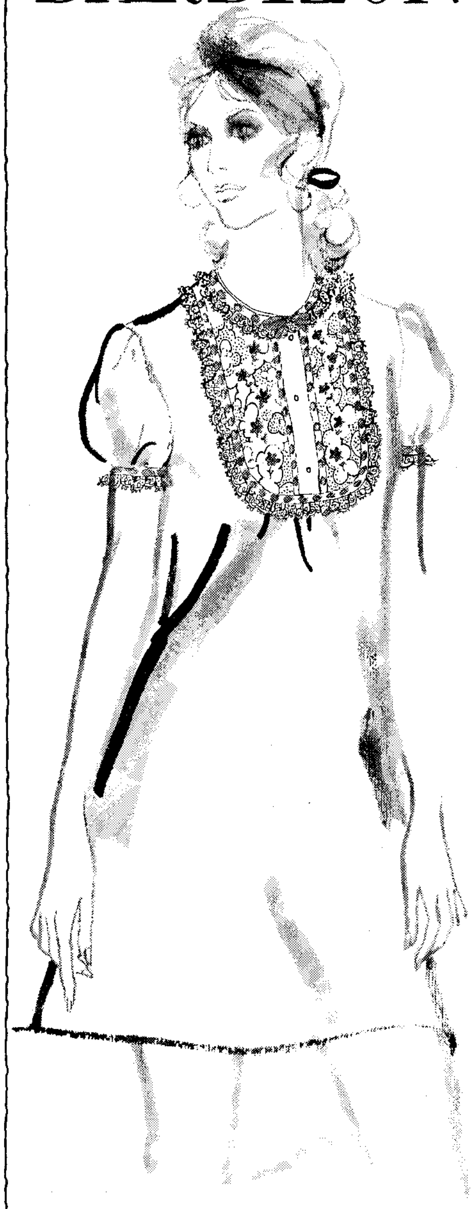
"Not exactly great."

"She gets printed."

"In the local papers."

"Nevertheless."

We lean on the bridge and watch



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the mingling of the Mourne and the Finn, and the wagtails darting and diving over a shining triangle of sand and gravel.

She says, "The old lady is kindly but very strict. Mrs. Lagan is generous but very sad. They say there never was a man but one who could listen to her or talk her down. She should have lived in a world where men talked more."

"Like where?"

"New York or Dublin or London or Milan. Big singing cities. Her soul's mate was a flowery-preaching priest. They should have been allowed to marry, the old lady says. They'd have made a perfect couple. She'd have made a perfect minister's wife. Did you ever look at a minister's wife? They're all like that. All poetry and bazaars."

"She could have preached better than anyone."

We follow the level road across the water meadows. There is a raised footwalk designed to keep pedestrians dryshod in time of flood. The clock has stopped forever on that still day in Strabane.

She says, "She likes me to sing when I go to see her." She sings, "Ah! sweet mystery of life at last I've found you . . ."

When she has finished singing, I declaim:

"You may have your city pleasures
And its praises you may sing,
But there's naught on earth that can compare
With the country's dales in spring."

"What's that?"

"The voice of Cousin Ellen."

"I could sing that."

She sings it to a slow sweet tune I never heard before or since. Under the apple trees, had Ellen's poetic soul taken possession of the girl?

We sit on the quiet riverbank to pass the time until my train departs for Dublin, or until her fella arrives. She sits at my left hand. When I hold her chin and try to turn her lips toward me, she stiffens her neck, then looks away toward the town. So, when I hear the train whistle, I leave her unkissed there by the Mourne River, waiting for the fella. Often afterward in Dublin I wonder what songs she sings for him, what side of her face does she turn toward him.

—Benedict Kiely

•

The DAA, formed in 1930, is the largest inactive organization of members of the advertising profession in the United States.—*Birmingham (Mich.) Eccentric.*

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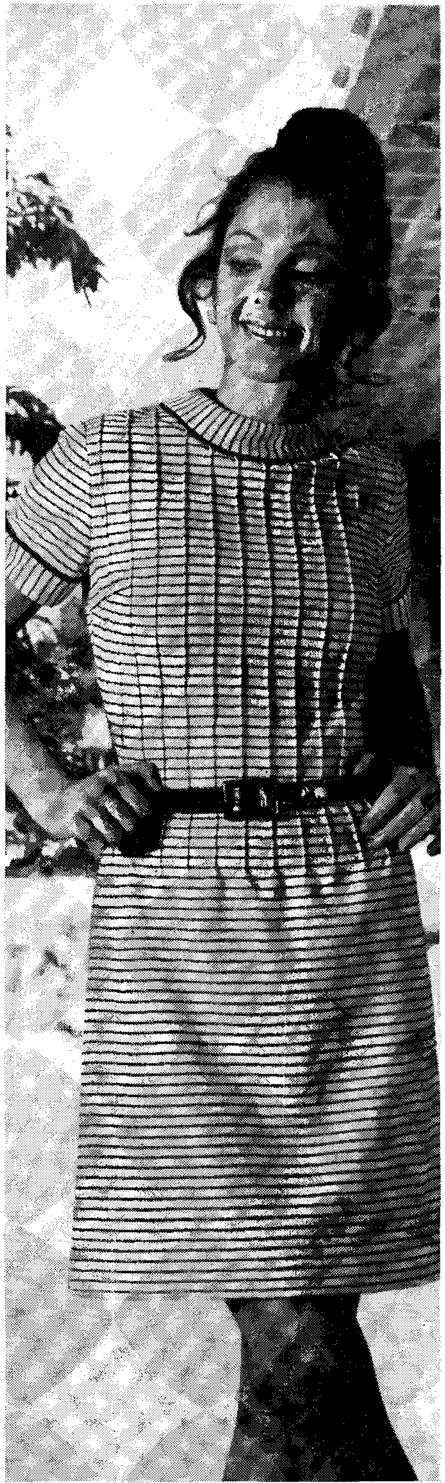

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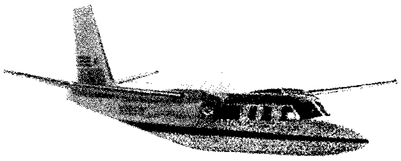

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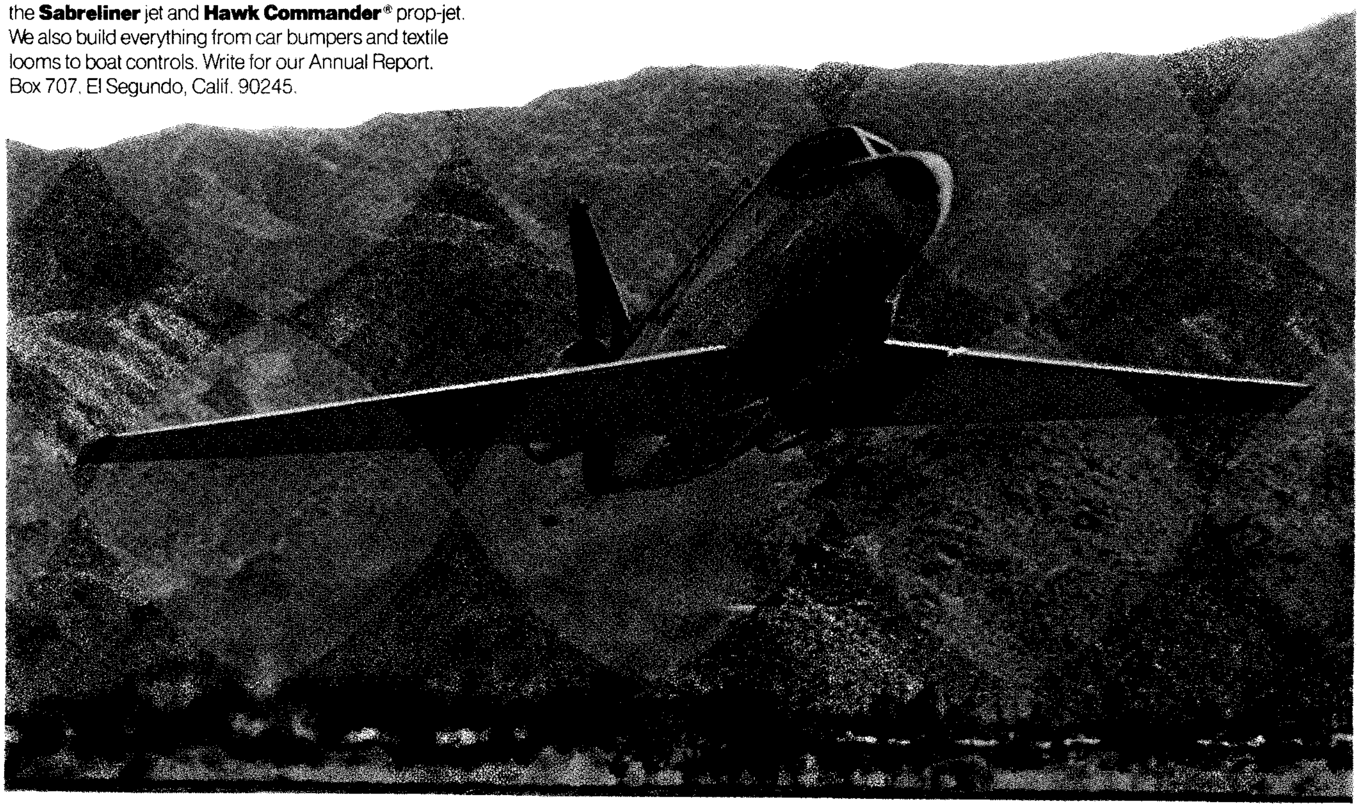

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THE THEATRE

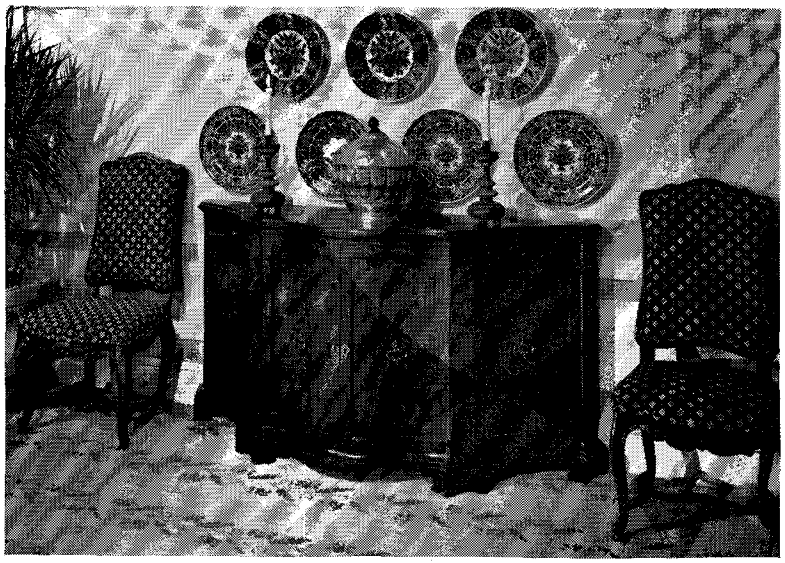
LOST CHANCES

THERE are shows that are disappointing not only in themselves but also in the degree to which they stand for an opportunity that, having been once thoroughly bungled, is not likely to arise again. A case in point is "Minnie's Boys," at the Imperial, a musical that pretends to be about the Marx Brothers and how they got their start in vaudeville. One is sorry to discover that it is a mediocre work in every respect—book, music, lyrics, settings, acting—and one is sorrier still to realize that its failure will almost certainly close the door to any further attempt to examine, onstage, a remarkable phenomenon of the stage. To my mind, there is something intrinsically mysterious about the success of the Marx Brothers. Save for the cruel and anarchical Groucho, how little talent they had, and how brazenly they took advantage of it, and of us! Their movies, in which they remain mercifully in their prime forever, make clear many of the reasons that we were grateful to be taken advantage of, but what were the emotional sources of the art of these farcical Iagos? With the passage of time, the fascinating question of the difference, if any, between the Marx brothers and the Marx Brothers is bound to become harder and harder to answer. "Minnie's Boys" was a chance for us to catch a glimpse of the truth; to our dismay, it is patently false from start to finish.

One is tempted to suspect that, because the authors of the book have offered us practically nothing of value, they must have something quite interesting to conceal; this suspicion is heightened by the fact that their credentials are so imposing and the results so meagre. One of the authors is Arthur Marx, Groucho's son; the other is Robert Fisher, who worked as a writer for Groucho twenty-seven years ago and must have been in a position to study the Marxes at close quarters on numerous occasions. The stage Marx Brothers are notable for their narcissism, their uneasy licentiousness, their need to cheat and humiliate others; the Marx brothers of "Minnie's Boys" are lovable vulgarians on a jaunty rise from rags to riches, starting on the lower East Side in the bosom of a Jewish family of impeccable poverty and ineptitude. It is true that the only substantial episodes in "Minnie's Boys" have to do with their cheating people (a landlord, a landlady, the theatrical impresario E. F. Albee), but they cheat mostly out of need, not preference, and we are quick to forgive them, as creatures plucked from a traditional fiction of making good. If it had found the means of strengthening itself with the harshness of real life, "Minnie's Boys" might have amounted to something; instead, it has consented to be an inert and irritating hand-me-down of the dead twenties.

The hollowness of the writing of the show is imitated by the acting. Shelley Winters appears to be utterly confused by the role of Minnie; she lumbers about the stage with the awkwardness of a buxom automaton, and she shouts and sings in a voice curiously childlike and unauthoritative. Lewis J. Stadlen does a clever impersonation of Groucho, but it is never more than an impersonation, and Daniel Fortus endows Harpo with a dim sweetness that, given the coarse texture of the play, amounts to delicacy. Mort Marshall is lively enough as the famous vaudevillian Al Shean, and Roland Winters, as E. F. Albee, plays the usual exacerbated crosspatch. For the record, the music of "Minnie's Boys" is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics are by Hal Hackady, the settings are by Peter Wexler, and the direction is by Stanley Prager, who has obviously done the best he could.

"Look to the Lilies," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is a musical based on a movie of a few years ago called "Lilies of the Field." It is a sentimental tale about a young black man who is wanted by the police and who takes refuge among a group of German nuns attempting to establish themselves on an abandoned farm in the New Mexico desert. The mother superior of the group is a grumpy old dragon, who, not content with putting the young man to work building a chapel, must also wrestle with him over his immortal soul. It happens to be a Baptist soul, with uncharacteristic leanings toward atheism, and much of the musical side of the evening is devoted to pious songs called "Gott Is Gut," "Follow the Lamb," "Don't Talk About God,"



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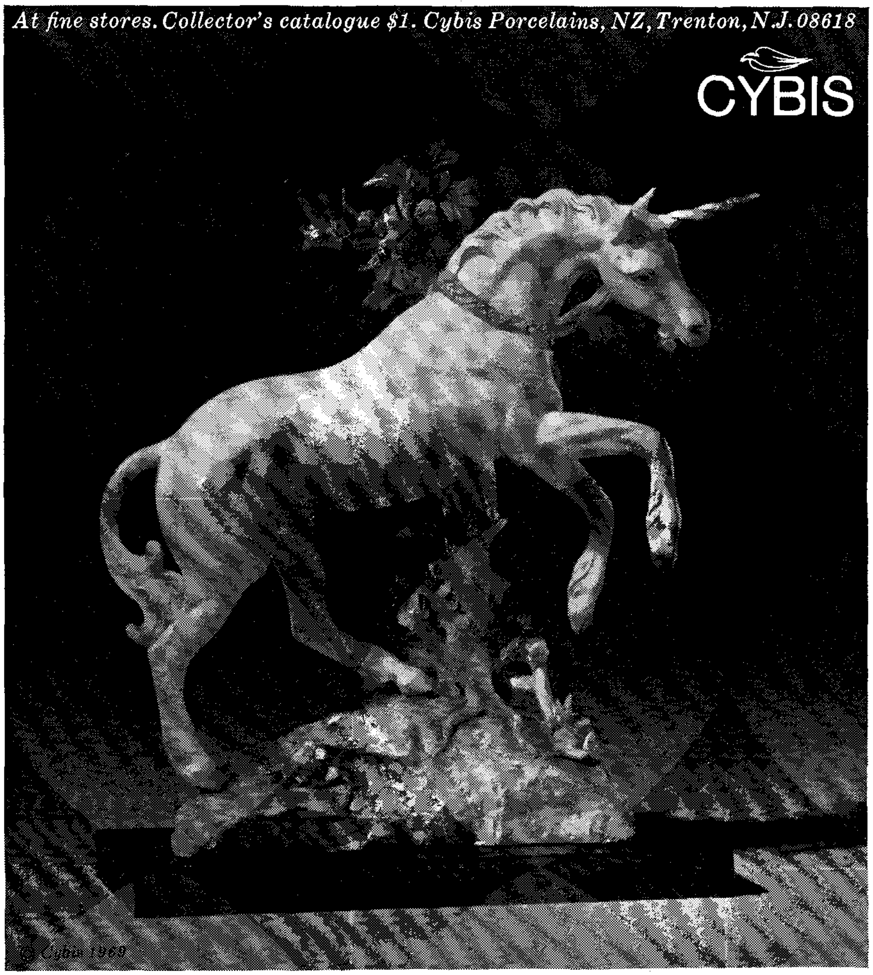


See "A History of American Art Porcelain", University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5–April 26, 1970.

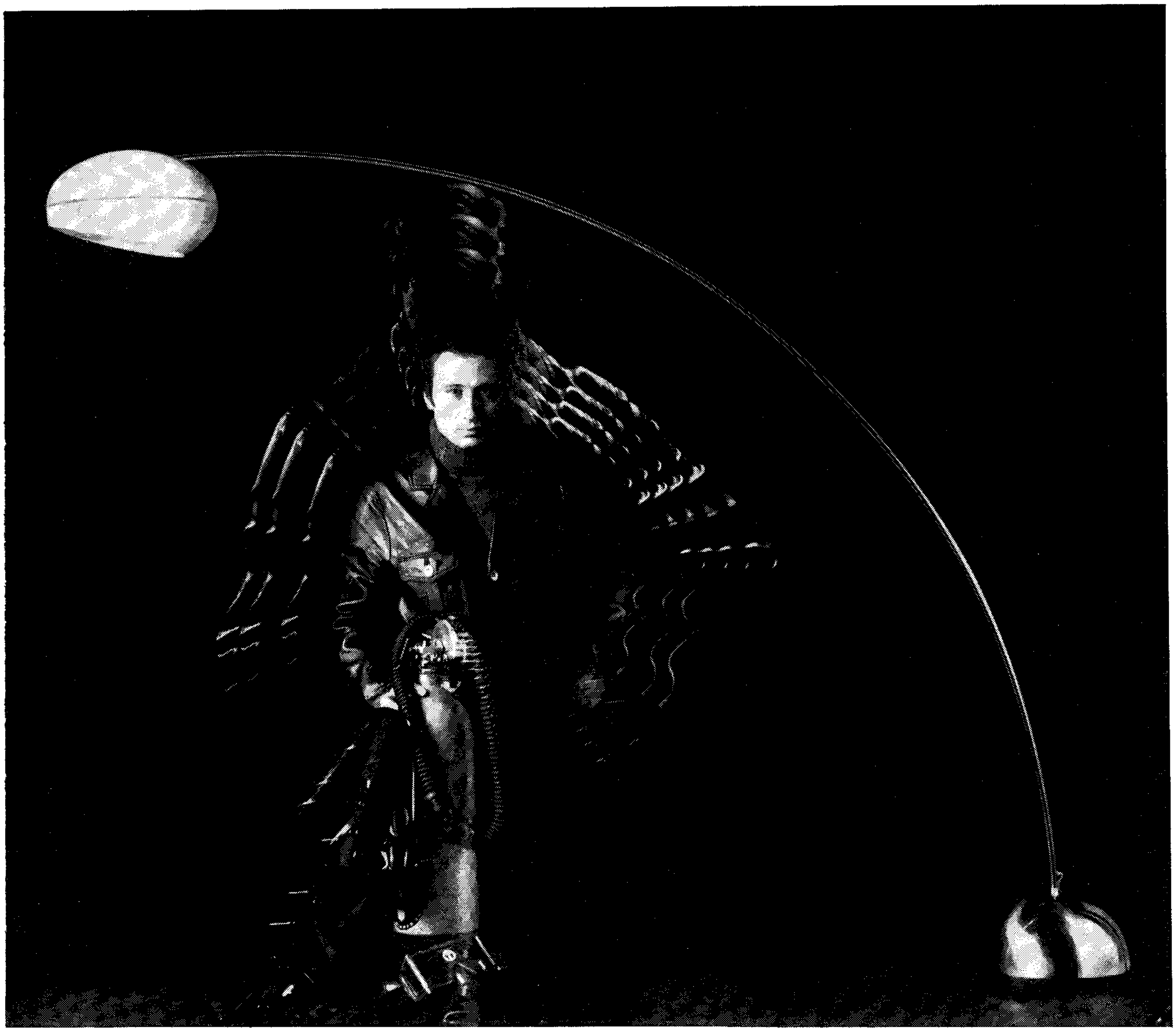
and "One Little Brick at a Time." Do these titles sound unrewarding? Well, I assure you that they are, and that the seesaw music, by Jule Styne, and the drearily rhymed lyrics, by Sammy Cahn, do nothing to make them less so. Nor does the book, by Leonard Spigelgass, which is so devoid of any natural charm and wit that two able performers—Al Freeman, Jr., and Shirley Booth—are reduced to milking laughs out of, in Mr. Freeman's case, mugging (which, as one of the most intelligent and fastidious of our younger actors, he plainly hates to do) and, in Miss Booth's case, a German accent as preposterous as it is inconstant.

"Look to the Lilies" is full of chatter about miracles, but I cannot imagine a miracle sufficient to make such a silly story succeed. When it comes to doomed enterprises, the kindness of brevity takes precedence over critical particularities, and I need add nothing more to this D.O.A. report than that the sets of "Look to the Lilies" are by Jo Mielziner, that the costumes are by Carrie F. Robbins, that the entire production has been directed by Joshua Logan, and that, in the age-old locution of wakes, I am sorry for their trouble. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

A Daniel Come to Judgment

"NATURE OF THE CRIME," a first play by Larry Cohen, which opened last week at the Bouwerie Lane, presents a fascinating character—a young atomic scientist and intellectual prodigy—and he is given a fine performance by Tony Lo Bianco. This hero, who is named Daniel Aronoff and who works for the government—presumably for the Atomic Energy Commission—has, on the side, discovered a formula that would be invaluable for national defense and national offense, and has decided to suppress it. He has been working during office hours and then burning his figure sheets, although his contract forbids him to destroy any office papers, and he is caught and turned in by an older scientist. The older scientist, who has made Daniel his protégé, is a German-Jewish refugee and one of the men responsible for the construction of the atomic bomb in 1945. He, in turn, is haunted by a Nazi soldier who helped him to escape and who materializes onstage from time to time, for reasons that are inexplicable to me but that may have something to do with the scientist's betrayal of the hero. Most of the



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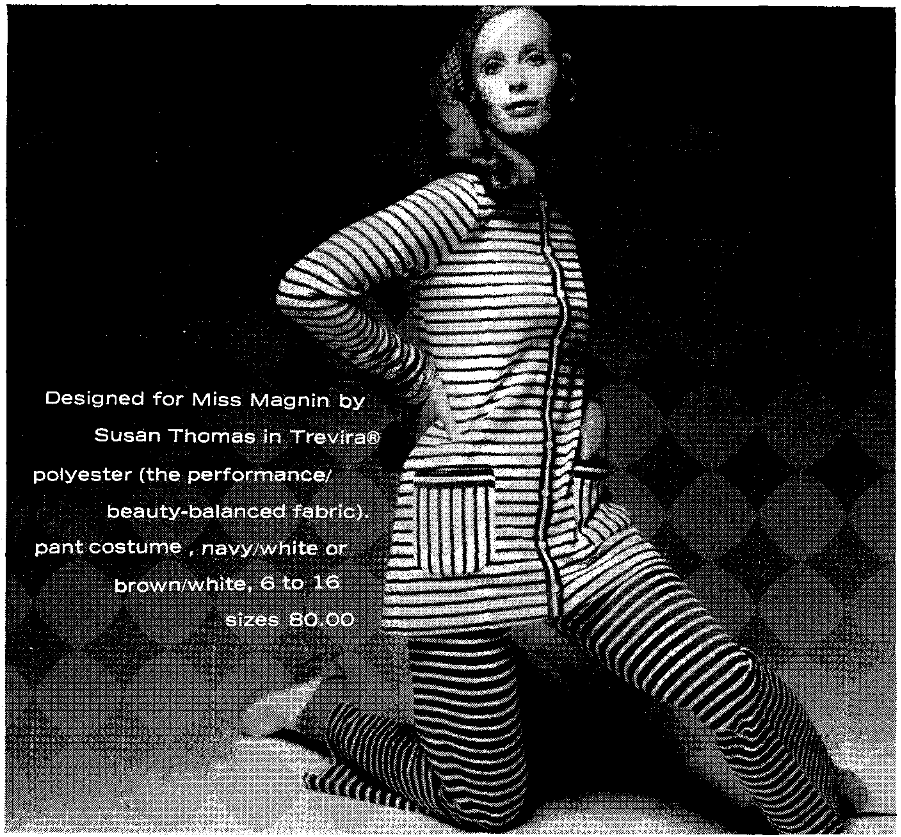
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action of the second and third acts takes place at Daniel's trial, but the play is concerned less with the outcome of the legal case than with an exploration of Daniel's personality. His virility, or lack of it, is questioned by his sympathetic, puzzled wife and made the subject of taunts by the lawyer who defends him, in the hope of goading him into defending himself, and he is constantly being pressed to explain the motives for his behavior, which even he does not understand. The ending is grisly and, given what we have learned about Daniel, much too stagy.

Daniel, in all his complexity, is totally convincing in the capable hands of Mr. Lo Bianco. He brings to the role, among other things, the invaluable gifts of quiet, clarity, and humor. The character is necessarily complex, the play unnecessarily so. It is not a bore, but it is confusing and puzzling (why doesn't Daniel do his private work at home and destroy it there, where it is legal, instead of at the office, where it is not?) and full of distractions (that ectoplasmic Nazi, for example). One of the distractions, however, is a long, reminiscent monologue by Daniel about Sunday rides in the family car with his father at the wheel, which makes a very funny set piece and is the last thing on earth I'd complain about. The other parts and performances don't amount to much, but Barbara Babcock does all that can be done with the wife. William Ritman's abstract setting is especially effective, greatly enhancing the mood of the show.

JUST seeing Blanche Yurka, aged eighty-three, in "The Madwoman of Chaillot" at Sokol Hall, where she made her début in "The Bohemian Girl" seventy years ago, meant a lot to me—but then tradition and continuity in the theatre invariably mean a lot to me. Giraudoux's play is a delicate one and demands considerable firmness and style in performance, which it certainly did not get here. Even so, there were moments—a ghostly mazurka by Peggy Wood, a secret, lethal smile or a wild-eyed look by Miss Yurka. Miss Yurka is a commanding presence onstage, and she never allowed herself to dwindle into a fussy, lovable eccentric.

—EDITH OLIVER

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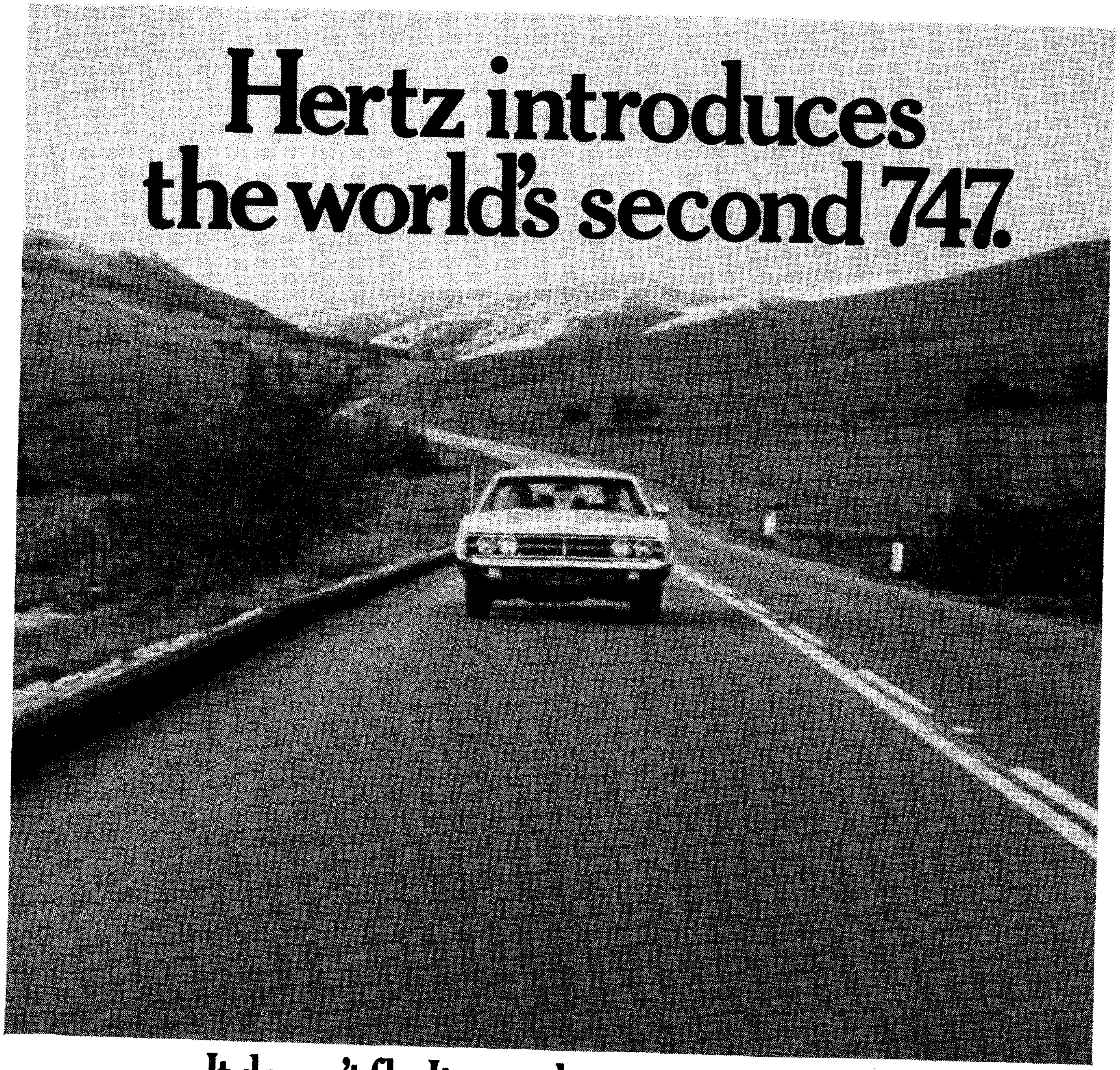

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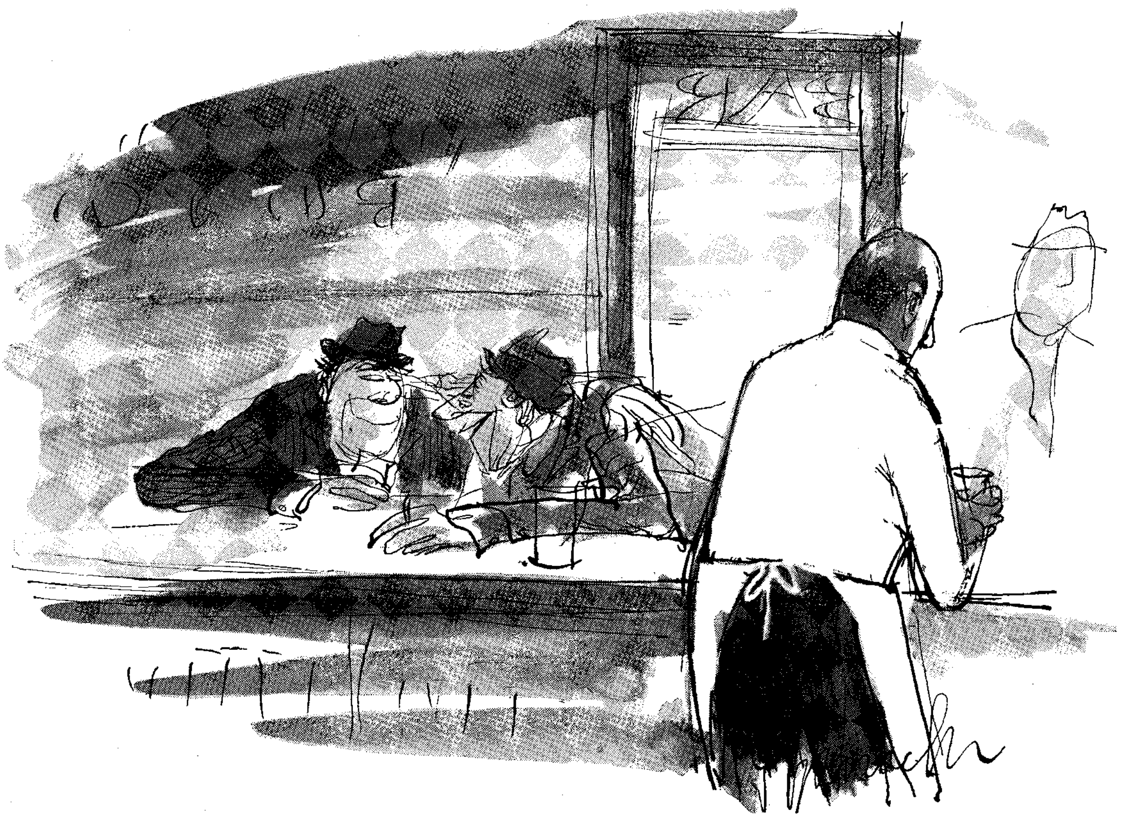
A TRAVELLING PERSON ON A BEAUTIFUL PLACE

WHEN the Boeing 747 was introduced on transcontinental air service, the great advantage I saw in it was that it didn't stop at O'Hare Airport. More planes land at O'Hare, in Chicago, than at any other airport in the world, and I'm usually on them. Reading about the immense sums that airlines were spending at Kennedy Airport for ground facilities large enough to handle a two-hundred-and-thirty-foot airplane, I even allowed myself to believe that the 747 might be *unable* to stop at O'Hare. Although the traffic at O'Hare is supposedly caused by Chicago's importance as an airline-connection point, I have come to believe that a plane that *can* land at O'Hare usually does—as if some gravitational pull were being exerted by the man in charge of keeping up the takeoff-and-landing statistics. I have also come to believe that planes land at O'Hare more often than they take off. Paul Anderson, World's Strongest Man, who travels around the country constantly for speaking engagements, once told me that he knows the number of paces that it takes to cover each waiting room in O'Hare. In fact, trying to visualize Paul Anderson pacing across the room is one of the few pleasures sitting at O'Hare offers me: Anderson, who is five feet ten and weighs about three hundred and seventy pounds, doesn't pace quite the way anybody else paces. Travelling People—people like Paul Anderson and me—talk almost as much about waiting at O'Hare as we do about being stacked up over Kennedy or about narrowly escaping a violent end at the hands of a small feeder line. When the 747 was introduced, I was only mildly interested in American's claim that its plane was a beautiful place or in T.W.A.'s claim that its plane was the roomiest of all because of having seats for a mere three hundred and forty-two passengers instead of three hundred and sixty-one; the only piece of advertising copy that could have won my allegiance was "This plane will under no circumstances stop at O'Hare Airport." Even if I were riding on a beautiful place, coming within a couple of hundred air miles of O'Hare would still cause me to think of nothing but lugging my suitcase through the thirty-seven miles of corridor that the airport designer managed to place between any two airlines that could be shown to have more than one connecting flight a month. (Travelling People never check their luggage.) The thought of being able to frolic in the aisles of a T.W.A. 747 where nineteen seats might have been means nothing to a man who is sitting in one of O'Hare's bleak waiting rooms thinking about how he could have at least watched a travelogue if he had been stuck in the Minneapolis-St. Paul airport, or could have at least played the pinball machines if he had been held over in New Orleans. (Travelling People don't demand the Bright Lights.) One night, when I fell asleep on a flight that I thought went non-stop from Denver to New York, I was shaken awake at about 2 A.M. by a hostess who told me we were at O'Hare and that because of some mechanical difficulties we had to change to another aircraft. (Hostesses never call airplanes airplanes.) I walked into the empty corridors of O'Hare and, in one of those sudden realizations that can come in the middle of the night, I knew that it was my one and true home. I stop in New York to see my family, and I visit other cities, but I always go back home to O'Hare to sit in the black chairs in the waiting rooms that Paul Anderson, World's Strongest Man, has paced out and try to find something of interest in the Chicago *Tribune*. T.W.A. has been talking about starting 747 flights there this spring.

I discovered that fact when I decided to investigate the 747 on behalf of other Travelling People, by flying on one to Los Angeles and back. There has been a lot of talk lately, particularly among radicals, about people searching for a sense of community, and it has caused me to realize that I feel a sense of community with lecturers and sales representatives and auditors from the regional office and attenders of conferences and management consultants and Paul Anderson, World's Strongest Man, and, of course, people who spend a lot of time crossing state lines in order to incite riots. Many of them are unable to investigate the 747 for themselves because many Travelling People don't like to ride in a new airplane until it has been tried out on the general public for six months. When I announced my travel plans to a friend of mine, who is a Travelling Person and a strong believer in the six-month theory, he told me that, by co-



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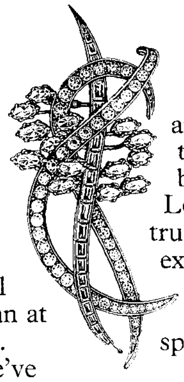

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incidence, he had to go to Los Angeles himself at about the same time. "It's too bad we can't go out on the same flight," he said. "But a rule's a rule."

A Travelling Person ordinarily demonstrates no strong preference among airlines except for regularly swearing off one line or another forever—a permanent boycott that lasts until the Travelling Person, having to go someplace only the offending airline goes, grudgingly checks in, half hoping for an unconscionable delay that he can add to his list of atrocity stories. Three airlines have non-stop flights between New York and Los Angeles—flights that have in common, among other things, an embarrassing paucity of passengers. As it happens, there are not now enough people travelling between New York and Los Angeles to justify larger (and more expensive) planes, particularly considering the fact that those who do go—mostly Travelling People—would grumble at having less frequent flights. But when one airline tries to soak up a large share of the peak-hour market with a 747, the competition has to match it with a 747, providing even more superfluous seats. The marketing vice-president of T.W.A., which started transcontinental 747 flights in late February, told me that, as a matter of survival, American and United obviously had to order 747s because T.W.A. had ordered them.

"And why did T.W.A. order them?" I asked.

"Because Pan Am ordered them," he said, looking unhappy.

I shook my head in sympathy. A couple of days before, in a *Wall Street Journal* article about widespread financial problems in the industry, I read that T.W.A. had switched to domestic china for its first-class passengers in order to save on import duty. American, the only other airline that offered me 747 service to Los Angeles, also has some call on a Travelling Person's sympathy: like United, it has not received delivery on its 747s, and the one beautiful place it operates was leased from Pan American. There is something poignant about calling somebody else's beautiful place your own, but there is something even more poignant about scrimping on the china. I decided to fly T.W.A.

As part of its attempt to win the competition for the New York-Los Angeles market—or at least to destroy itself in the attempt less abruptly than its competitors do—T.W.A. offers all passengers a choice of two films, a marketing device that American has countered by offering even coach passengers a choice of three main courses. (Among airline marketing people, there is a theory that passengers may be lured by offering them alternatives, even if, as in the case of the food traditionally served in the coach section, all of the alternatives are likely to be unpleasant.) The "mature" movie on my flight was "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," which I had seen, and the "general audience" movie was "Downhill Racer." When I told the reservations clerk that I preferred a seat in the "Downhill Racer" section, I thought I caught a trace of condescension in her "All right, sir." Who among Travelling People sees the general-audience movie except prigs and sissies?

"General audience?" the T.W.A. man at the color-keyed general-audience desk said when I arrived at the gate at Kennedy on the agreed afternoon.

"I've seen the mature movie," I said, trying to sound casual about it. "I've already seen it."

He looked me up and down as if he could tell a confirmed general-audience type by appearance alone. I thought about telling him that I had also seen "Midnight Cowboy," which happens to be rated X, but instead I said, "Also, I'm interested in skiing." A lie.

I don't think he knew I was a Travelling Person, because I was going coach class and had checked my suitcase—both of which customs are about as popular among Travelling People as the DC-3. The man at the special 747 check-in counter had assured me that the use of containers and two carrousels made unloading a 747 just as fast as unloading any other plane, but he could see the dread in my eyes—the knowledge that anyone who checks a suitcase to Los Angeles may wait an extra hour at the Los Angeles airport only to find out that his suitcase is safe at O'Hare. But I do know some salesmen—members of my community—who *have* to check sample cases that are too large to be carried aboard. I've had many pleasant conversations with them—leisurely discussions over precooked steak about such matters as whether Newark tends to close during snowy weather before LaGuardia—and I felt obligated to look into the baggage-checking operation on their behalf. There are also a number of Travelling People who sometimes find themselves travelling in the coach section, ordinarily because the first-class

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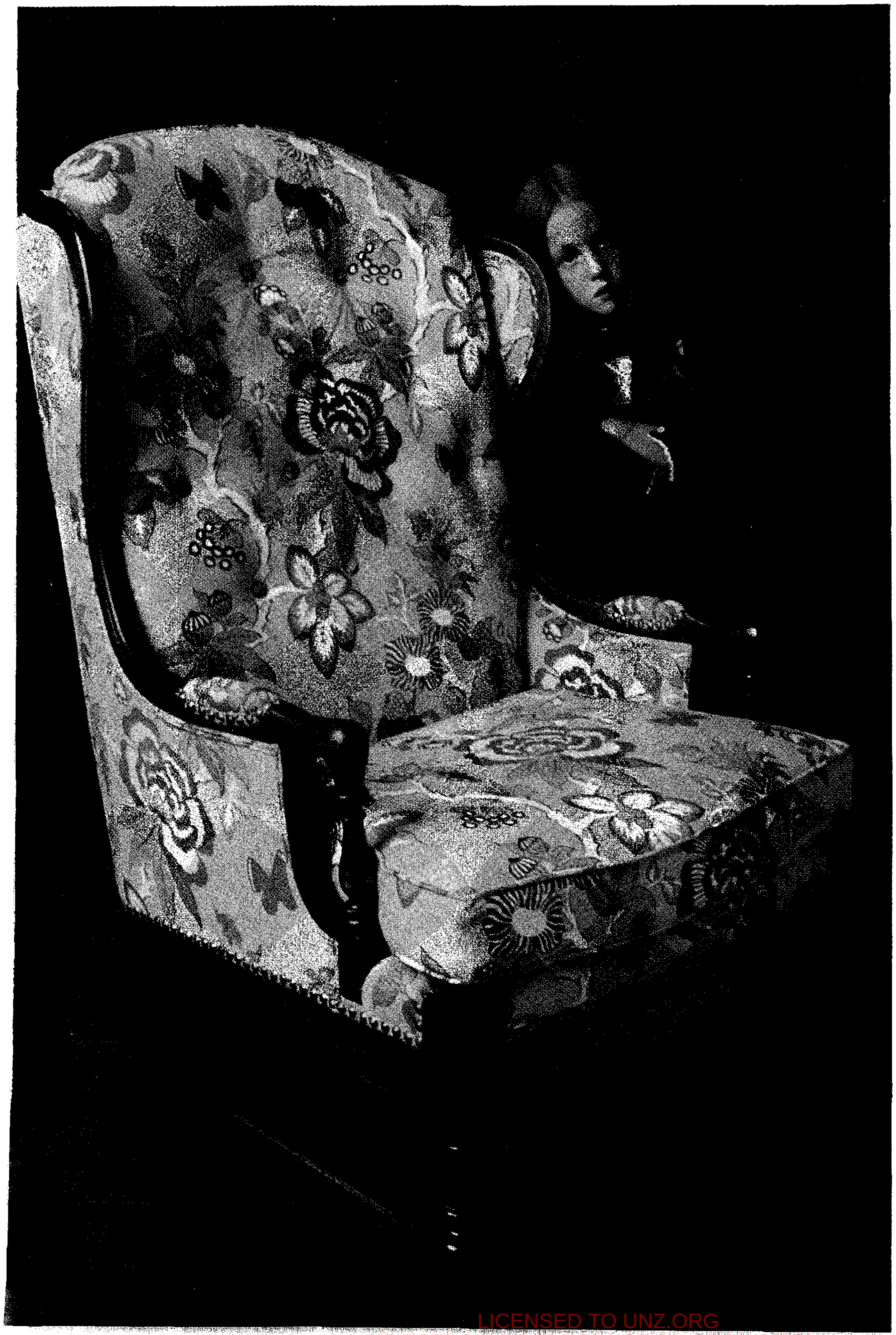

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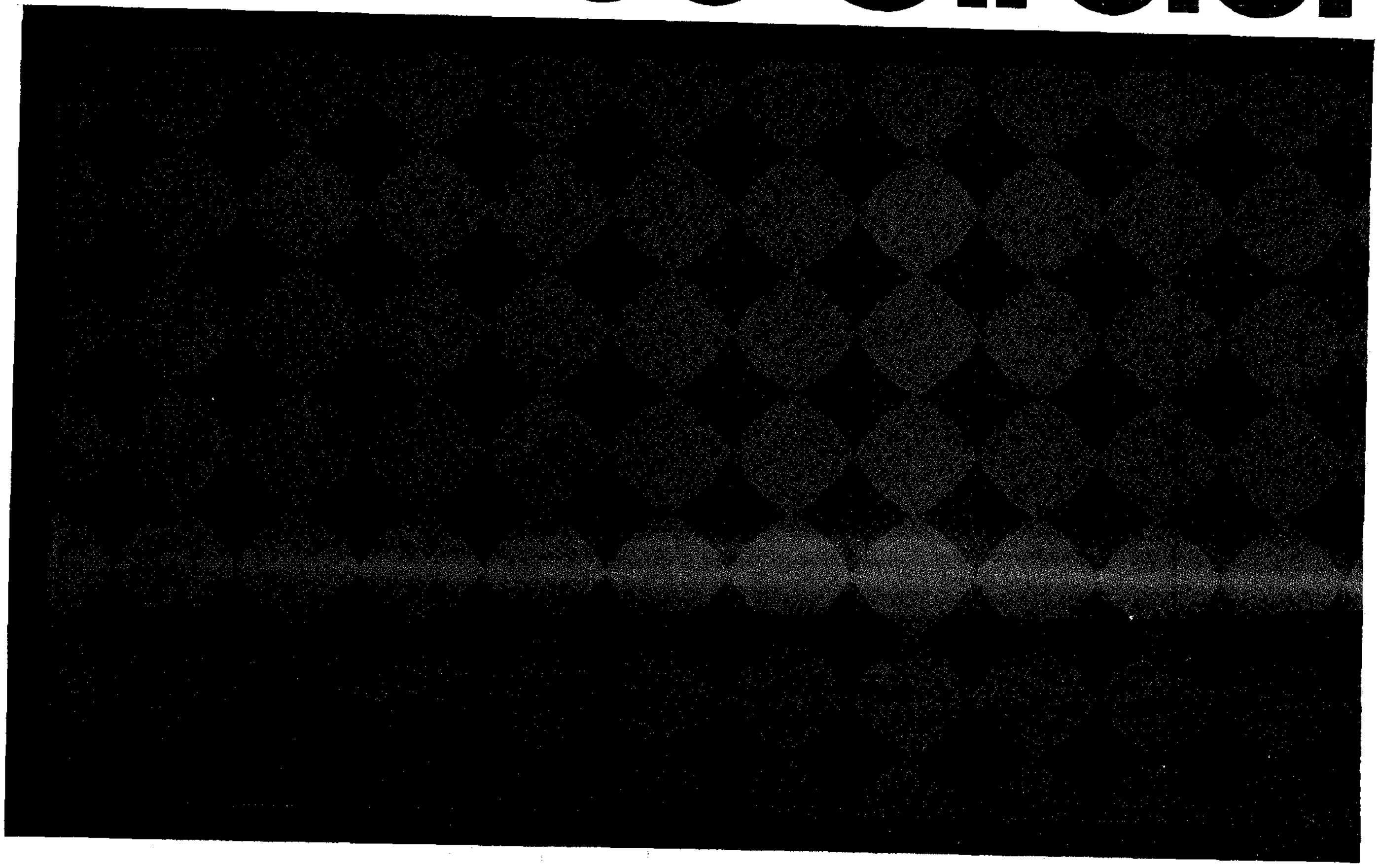

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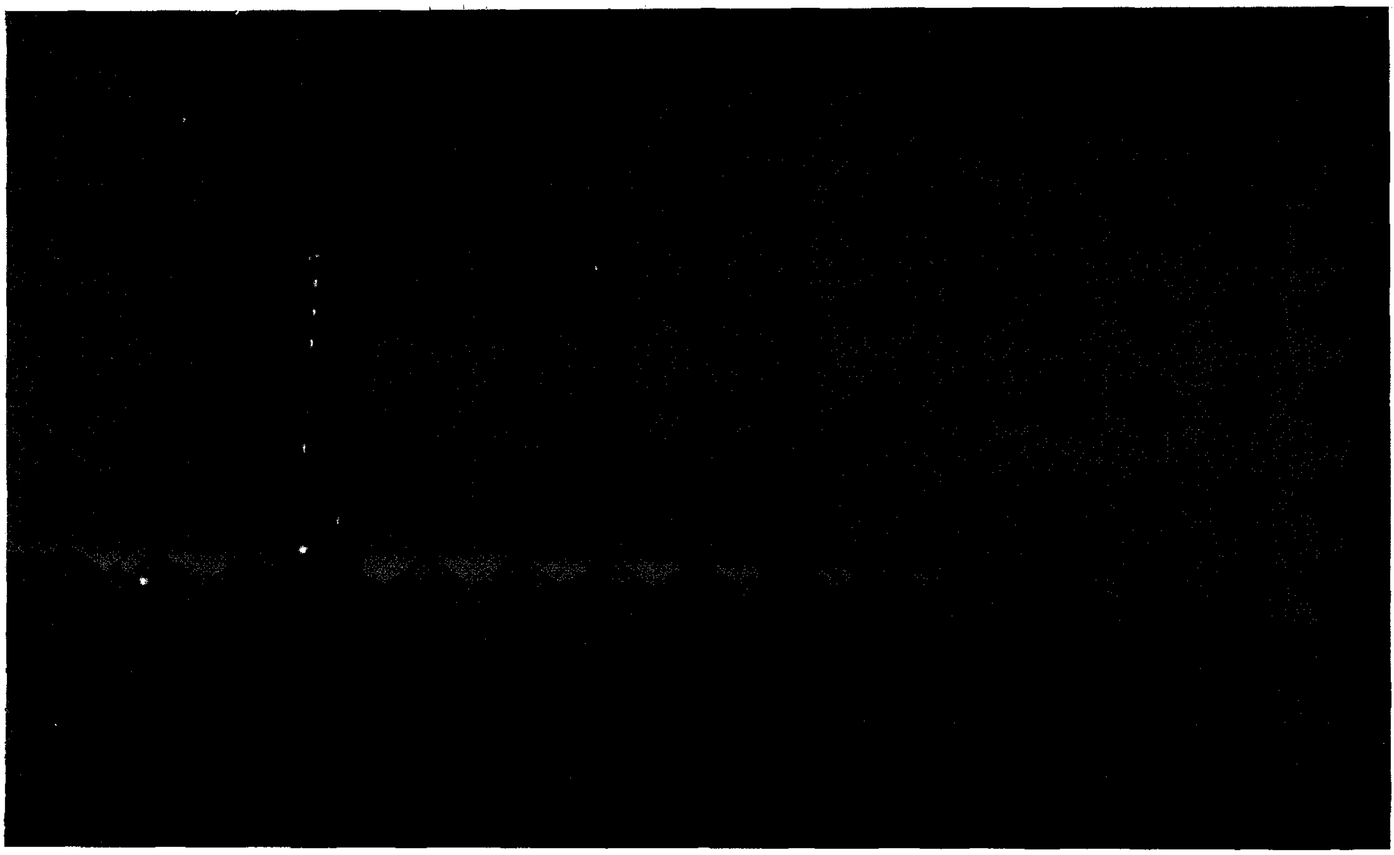

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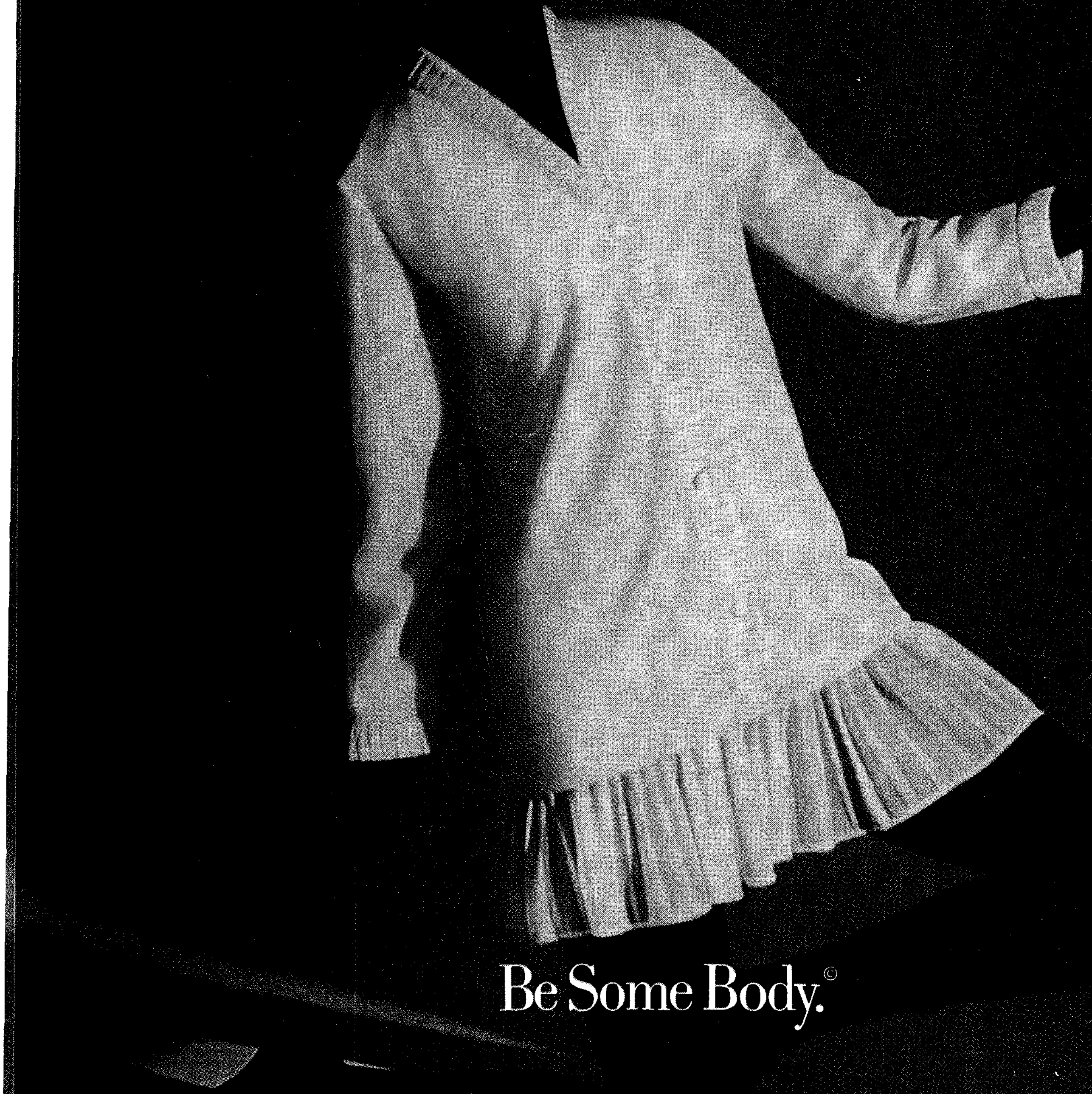

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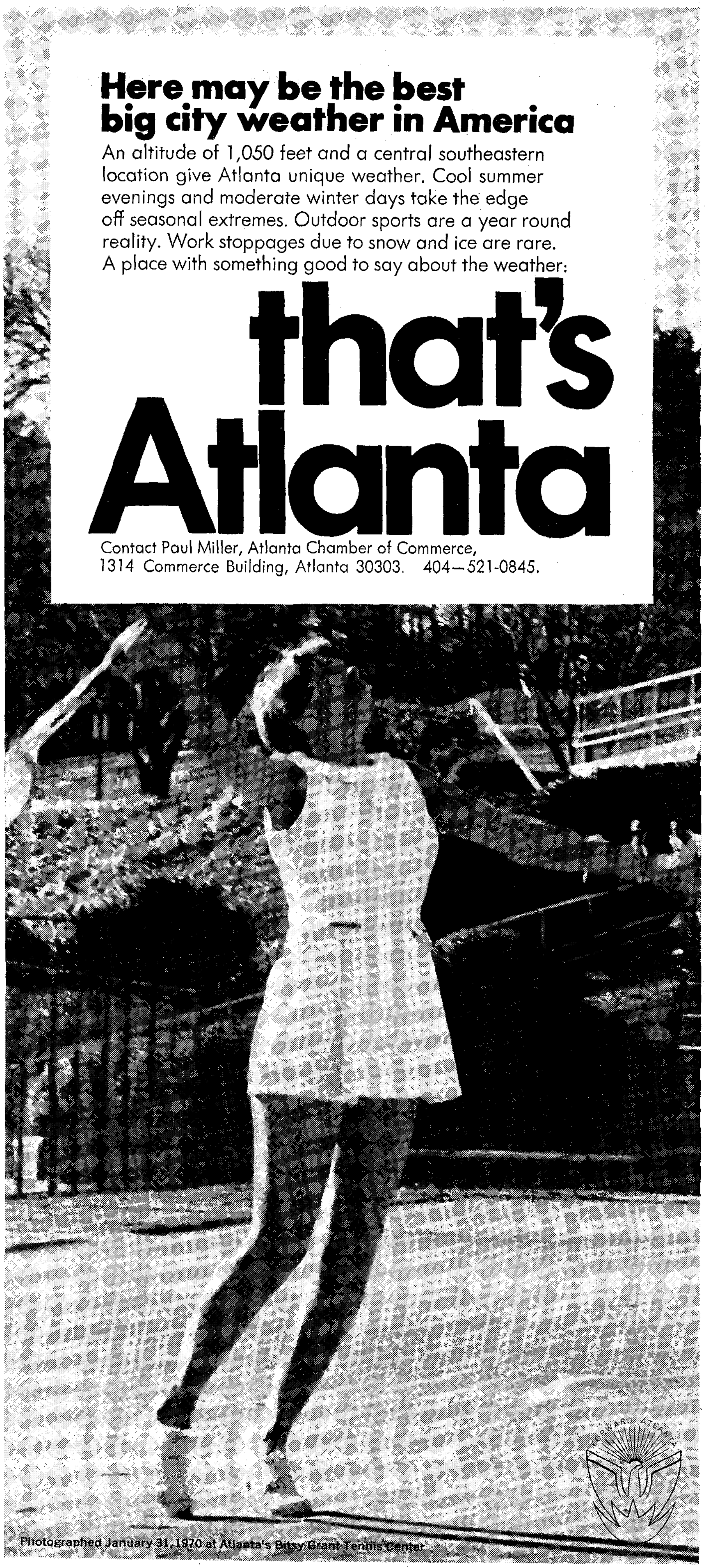
seats have all been taken by other Travelling People. The *Aviation Week* report on American's first 747 flights to Los Angeles said that one delay in loading had been caused by an unmovable knot of passengers whose first-class reservations had not been honored because of overbooking. I could sympathize with those who failed to get justice done—who snatched up their under-the-seat one-suiters and shouldered their blue plastic clothes bags and walked into the plane knowing they would have to make do with coach.

Because of the preference of Travelling People for first class, anyone who wants to stretch out over surrounding seats in a 747 is actually better off in the coach section—at least until the summer, when airplanes are full of people who pay for their own seats, non-deductibly. In the coach section, I was alone in my row of what I had taken to be four-abreast seats until I read in the T.W.A. brochure that it was "a double set of two-abreast seats." To a Travelling Person, the inside of a 747 looks like the inside of an ordinary airplane that is somewhat bigger than life-size—like a conventionally proportioned baby who happens to be five feet six. There are some minor novelties—overhead racks that close during the flight, protecting a passenger's raincoat from the curious stares of strangers, and one of those nozzle-like multi-beverage dispensers that I have always associated with bad bars, and a personalized inflatable lumbar support, which, I'm embarrassed to say, does not seem to inflate to the contours of my personal lumbar. But a Travelling Person feels at home immediately. The lady on the public-address system who claims to be the flight service director sounds exactly like a hostess. The captain uses his familiar Midwestern accent in the familiarly comforting way to make announcements like "We're doin' real fine up here; we hope you're doin' real fine back there." Travelling People have easily adjusted several times to a plane that seems double the size of the last plane, but if the captain's voice ever came over the public-address system in a Brooklyn accent there would probably be panic in the aisles.

The double aisles in a 747 do lead people to walk around and chat for a while after takeoff, but, possibly because there are about sixty first-class seats available, there weren't very many Travelling People in the coach section to chat with. I thought about sneaking up to first class to tell a



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MANILA HILTON

salesman or two a feeder-line story that I had just remembered from a conversation I once had with a Dow recruiter. I didn't think the people in coach—family groups, soldiers, a couple of children with flash cameras—would appreciate it. As the Dow man tells it, one of those six- or eight-passenger planes that seat a passenger next to the pilot was over the airport, and there was trouble getting the landing gear down. Finally, the pilot turned to the Dow executive sitting next to him and said, "Could you get the manual out of that pocket on the door there and look under 'L'?"

The irony of my embarrassment about the movies, it occurred to me as I sat staring at a mural of a Spanish castle that divided me from some of the mature-movie people, was that I have never remained awake through an entire movie on an airplane. Travelling People often fall asleep on planes—having maneuvered a rental car over an unfamiliar and unmarked route to the airport, tossed the keys to the rental-car clerk while rushing to the airline counter, tried to make last-minute phone calls in a booth crammed with the two armloads of belongings that a non-checker has to carry aboard, and then settled into a period of imposed peace that is presided over by a calm man with a Midwestern accent. The movies add to the peacefulness, particularly if the airline uses a series of small screens—screens that make the experience so much like watching the late-show television movie in bed that I always fall asleep within ten minutes, vaguely wondering whether somebody remembered to put out the garbage. After dinner, a hostess walked to the mural, flipped open a panel to get to a crank, and cranked the Spanish castle away, exposing a movie screen. Another hostess announced that we should turn the controls of our head sets to Channel 1 for our movie or to Channel 12 if we wanted to hear the movie being shown in the next compartment—the custom of providing passengers with alternatives apparently having extended to a consideration of those people who happen to enjoy looking at one movie while listening to the sound track of another. Even on Channel 1, the sound track of "Downhill Racer" sounded like another movie—one of those Second World War films in which the radio operator is trying to pick up Battalion to call for reinforcements but can only get static. The hostess announced apologetically that the sound system was broken and could not be repaired during flight. "Typical,

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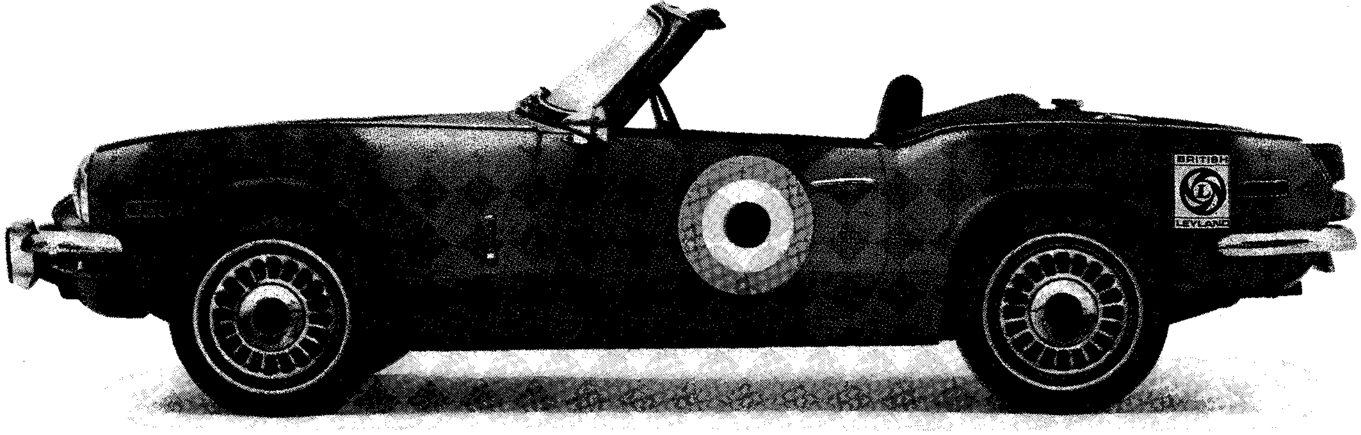

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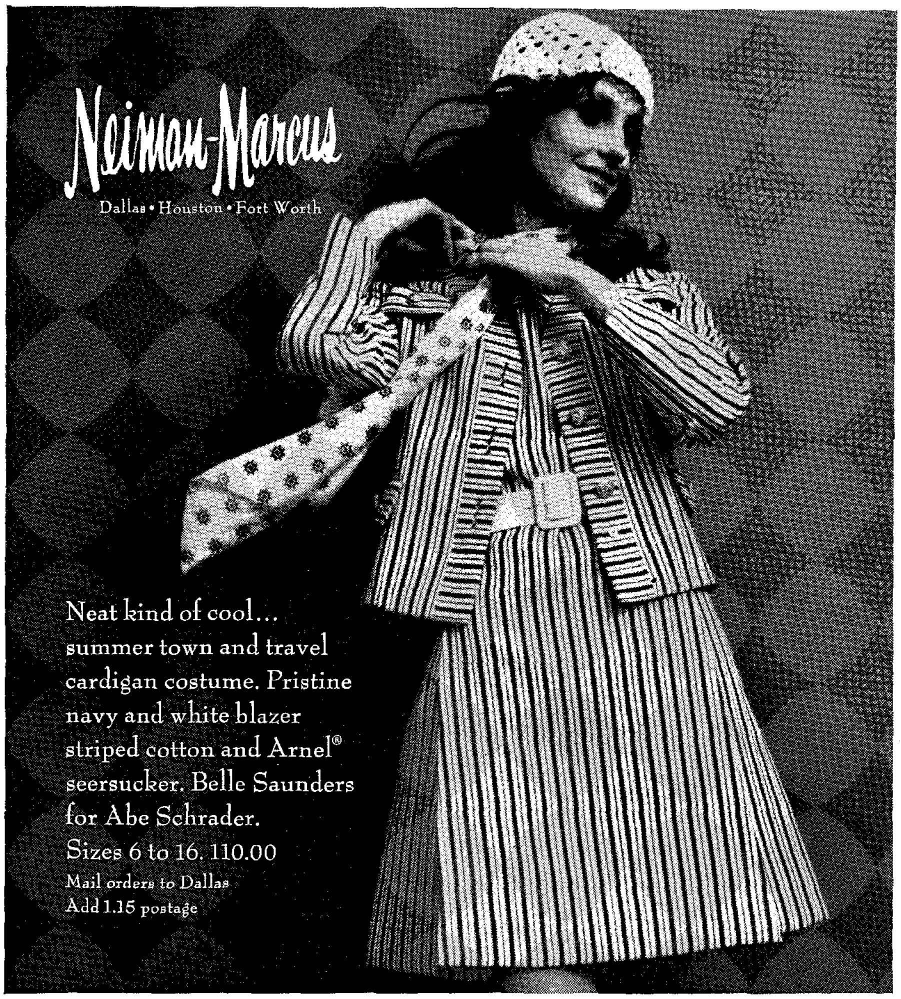

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typical," the man in front of me said to himself, and I realized, as I drifted off to sleep, that there was at least one other Travelling Person in the coach section.

When I woke up, we were about to land in Los Angeles. I looked at my watch and saw that we were right on schedule at fifteen minutes after midnight—New York time, of course. Although Travelling People are beyond superstition and long ago conquered any fear of flying, I happen to know that setting my watch ahead during a flight could cause a crash. Or at least not setting it ahead has always prevented one.

AFTER a day in Los Angeles, I still couldn't get over the presence of my suitcase. Occasionally, I would open the closet door of my hotel room and gaze at it, amazed and grateful that it had actually been at my assigned carrousel by the time my rental-car agreement was filled out. The Los Angeles radio reported that one 747 departure to New York had been delayed by a bomb scare, reminding me that on the way into the plane at Kennedy a man just outside the door had been pointing an odd-looking device at everyone's under-the-seat one-suiter. (The mysterious destruction of 747s would be embarrassing to the airlines, of course, since the investigating detectives, after consideration of who might have a motive, would obviously confront the vice-presidents for finance of T.W.A., American, and United and accuse them of conspiring to have the deeds done.) The announcement of the bomb scare was quickly balanced by an advertisement for American's 747—a soothing voice stating that every morning at eight-forty-five a beautiful place leaves for New York. (Eight-forty-five is, oddly enough, precisely the moment T.W.A.'s beautiful place leaves for New York—oddly enough because Los Angeles has only one runway available to beautiful places.) I had a reservation on T.W.A.—first class—but on coast-to-coast flights I'm always ready to defect if another airline offers a movie that might keep me awake longer. The girl at American told me that I could have a coach seat any time but first class was sold out for the next two weeks.

"Two weeks!" I said.

"Well," she said, in an attempt to explain, "it's a new luxury."

I called T.W.A. and asked for the seat closest to the 747's most renowned architectural feature—the spiral staircase that leads from the first-class section to an upstairs bar. Some friends of mine who had taken the 747 to Los Angeles went first class and had warned me that the bar, which holds only fifteen people, is quickly filled to capacity. I looked forward to the upstairs bar as a place where Travelling People could get together, have a drink, and talk about Quality Courts or Best Western Motels or Holiday Inns. I had saved a good stack-up story for the trip. A lecturer told me that he was once on a plane that circled over Los Angeles for three hours, got low on fuel, landed at San Diego, refuelled, and started circling over Los Angeles again. I was in a conversational mood. I had decided that I could report to the salesmen about bag-checking facilities without taking the chance of checking my suitcase on the way back to New York, the trip out having provided what social scientists call a fifty-per-cent sampling. I wasn't worried about bombs, because the management had provided me with a number of small, manageable anxieties to take my mind off bombs: Will I get to the bar before fifteen other people do? Will they limit passengers to two drinks even at the bar? Will the sound on the movie work? Have I been spotted as someone who preferred the general-audience movie twice in a row? Is the T.W.A. terminal at Kennedy any more likely to have enough cabs for three hundred and forty-two people than it is to have enough cabs for three hundred and sixty-one people?

As soon as the seat-belt sign went off, I bolted for the spiral staircase. I was the first one in the bar, and I felt a great sense of accomplishment. A Travelling Person gets that way. I know salesmen who would rather beat everyone to the rental-car counter than make a sale. After a few minutes, I still seemed to be alone. I looked at my watch. It was eight-fifty-five in the morning. What was I doing in a bar at eight-fifty-five in the morning? Finally, a young couple came up and looked out the window of the bar at the view, the way people used to look out from the observation bubbles on the tops of cross-country trains. "Will you *look* at that view!" the man said to his wife, apparently having seen something from twenty thousand and fifteen feet that he couldn't see from twenty thousand. They weren't Travelling People. I waited a few more minutes, and nobody came. Then a little girl came up the spiral staircase and took a picture of us with her flash camera.

—Calvin Trillin

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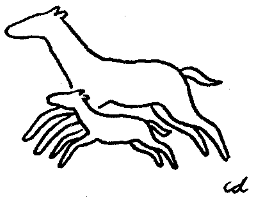
THE RACE TRACK

You Can't Win 'Em All

Arts and Letters, who was Horse of the Year in all the 1969 polls, made his first appearance under colors this season in the Westchester Stakes, at a mile, at Aqueduct last Saturday afternoon, carrying 130 pounds—the most weight he'd ever been saddled with—and backed down to 3–10 in the betting. Disillusionment was waiting around the corner, for he didn't finish among the first three. Dewan won it by three-quarters of a length from Gaelic Dancer, and Gleaming Light came in third, six lengths away but comfortably ahead of Arts and Letters. Time may tell the true reason—there are several likely ones—for Arts and Letters' disappointing performance. Oh, well, he did provide a dandy example of how heroes can suddenly become you-know-whats. Arts and Letters and Baeza, who rode him, were cheered as they went to the post. I've seldom heard more and louder boos than the ones that greeted them after the race from a crowd of fifty thousand.



Gaelic Dancer, a strapping bay colt who was a ball of fire on the West Coast last winter—he won all five of his starts there, and two more when he came to Bowie a couple of months ago—zipped to the front after the break, and ran the first quarter in 0:22⅗, the half mile in 0:44⅖, and six furlongs in 1:08⅘, just a tick off the track record for the distance. Then Dewan, who was the closest chasing him, wore him down; the last quarter took nearly twenty-six seconds, and the mile was clocked in 1:34⅕. The last time I had seen Dewan was in the recent Santa Anita Handicap, and I thought he went well for a mile; he finished sixth, but at the end he was only a couple of jumps behind Snow Sporting, who won the Gulfstream Park Handicap the other day.

As for Arts and Letters: On looks, he'll remain Horse of the Year in my book until something handsomer comes along, and I doubt if it will. No longer a "little horse," he has developed into a magnificent individual. I'm pleased to report that he came out of the Westchester with no hurts. Elliott Burch, who trains him, thought the reason for the colt's lacklustre effort was that he'd been away from the races so long; he hadn't run since he won the Jockey Club Gold Cup last October. He had trained well, but maybe he wasn't stirred up to the proper pitch for competition, as he would have been if he had worked mornings in company with another horse. It seems that there's nothing in the Rokeby Stables up to galloping with him. Present plans for him include another go at Aqueduct, possibly in the Grey Lag Handicap on April 25th, and, after that, the Californian Stakes at Hollywood Park on May 16th. He'll skip the Metropolitan at Belmont Park on Memorial Day. He won it last year.

Ta Wee, Dr. Fager's half sister and the top sprinter last season, made her 1970 appearance the day before Arts and Letters made his. Carrying 131 pounds, she won the Correction Handicap, at six furlongs, by a neck from Taken Aback, to whom she gave seventeen pounds. Fair enough for a start.

Now for those three-year-olds. I caught the Florida Derby at Gulfstream on TV last weekend, and it looked like a carbon copy of the Flamingo Stakes, with My Dad George winning it by a neck from Corn Off the Cob. (In the Flamingo, his margin over Corn Off the Cob was a nose.) Cassie Red was third, a length away. The last-named led by lengths nearly to the turn into the stretch, where My Dad George came up along the rail and Corn Off the Cob on the outside, and the three went head and head from there almost to the wire.

As had been expected, for he was favorite in the betting, Terlago won the Santa Anita Derby. Ridden with skill and assurance by Shoemaker, he beat George Lewis by a couple of lengths. Incidentally, it was Shoemaker's sixth victory in the fixture. Aggressively, an 80–1 shot, was third.

Big doings at the Big A this weekend. Barring the unforeseen, Silent Screen will run for the Gotham Stakes, at one mile. Other probable starters will be Sunny Tim, winner of the Swift and the Bay Shore; the Jacobs pair, Personality and High Echelon; Burd Alane; and perhaps half a dozen others, including Bell Bird, a half brother to Arts and Letters. No selections.

—Audax Minor

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

When I paid my first visit to the Manned Spacecraft Center, in Houston, last July, Dr. Elbert King, who was then the curator of the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, said that the conference of all the scientists who would be studying the rocks and dust the Apollo 11 astronauts brought back from the moon would be a "blockbuster," and when I saw him at the Apollo 11 Lunar Science Conference, in January, he said that he had underrated the situation—that he knew of no other occasion in history when so many people had gone off to work independently on the same problem and had met later on to put their findings together. I hadn't seen Dr. King since September, when he left the Space Center to become chairman of the Geology Department of the University of Houston. Most of his work now involves earth rocks. Not long after Dr. King left, Dr. Daniel Anderson, now acting curator of the Receiving Laboratory, had handed him an allotment of five grams of moon dust, and at the conference he had in his briefcase the report he had prepared as a Principal Investigator—one of the scientists whom the National Aeronautics and Space Administration had chosen to make detailed analyses of the lunar material from the Apollo 11 flight. "I'd rather give a lecture to fifty thousand people in the Astrodome than read a paper at a scientific conference," he said.

The scientists met for four days at the Albert Thomas Convention and Exhibit Center, a vast building in downtown Houston, which houses in its front lobby the National Space Hall of Fame. There are ten members in the Hall of Fame, including astronauts, engineers, executives of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the late Albert Thomas, a United States Representative from Texas, who was largely responsible for the Space Center's being in Houston. More than seven hundred geologists, chemists, physicists, geochemists, geophysicists, astronomers, and astrophysicists were present. Dr. Ross Taylor, the Australian geochemist, who had put off a trip home to Canberra in order to attend the conference, said, "It truly is a gathering! Everybody's here! There has never been such a galaxy!" Within the galaxy, only a hundred and forty-two were Principal Investigators, or P.I.s, but most of the P.I.s had several collaborators, called Co-Investigators, or Co-I.s, so there were all sorts of combinations of people who had worked on the rocks and wanted to tell one another what they had found. There were scientists from Germany, Switzerland, England, Canada, Australia, Japan, and a number of other countries. There were no P.I.s from the Communist-bloc countries—a pity, most of the scientists thought, because the opinions of certain Soviet scientists would have been welcome. Evidently, Apollo 11 was still a sore subject with the Russians, for not long before the conference a group of Soviet cosmonauts had been shown some moon rocks at the Space Center and had evinced little interest in them. The rocks and dust from the moon had given something of a lift to many branches of science in the West, one geologist observed, and he added, "If I were a Russian scientist, I'd be reading the literature from this conference very closely."

The conference was such a blockbuster that it induced a feeling of shell shock, which some scientists said was caused by the rapidity with which great bursts of information assailed them. Toward the close of the first day, I had coffee with Dr. Anderson, who had just listened to six papers in a row. Several large coffee urns and a dozen big round tables had been set up in a gallery, and there were usually as many scientists discussing the proceedings over coffee as there were listening to the lectures. Dr. Anderson, a tall, angular geologist in his thirties, said there was so much new material that it was difficult for him to determine what was important. "Normally, scientific developments come in dribs and drabs, but here everything is coming all at once," he went on. "I feel like a blind artist having his sight restored in a museum—too much too quickly. From this meeting we ought to get a better picture of the moon, but we won't get it right away. In the coming months, people will think about what they've heard here, and write papers synthesizing it. We've known so little about the moon that we haven't even known *what* we don't know, so one of the exciting things about watching the information come in is that we can begin to define the areas of our ignorance and formulate the questions we ought to be asking. It's like looking at a black-and-white picture. At first, all you see is the black part, and then the image moves, and suddenly you see it in terms of the white part. Some scientists thought they knew a great deal about the moon until the image moved—which is what it's doing now."

The image that was emerging was less like one in a museum than like the image, made out of billions of bits of data, that a computer throws onto an electronic screen. A conference such as this acts like a computer, with the scientists behaving a little like the cells in which data are stored and which are interconnected by circuitry. The image that the scientists were making of the moon was not a clear one—it blipped and faded as apparently contradictory information was fed in. There were large gaps in the information, too, and bits of data that didn't seem to fit into any place in the picture. Sometimes the same information was presented by several scientists, throwing double and triple shadows on the screen. *Four* teams of physicists reported that certain isotopes of krypton, one of the noble gases in the solar wind, were more like the krypton isotopes found in the earth's atmosphere than those found in meteors—a distinction so subtle that Dr. Johannes Geiss, the

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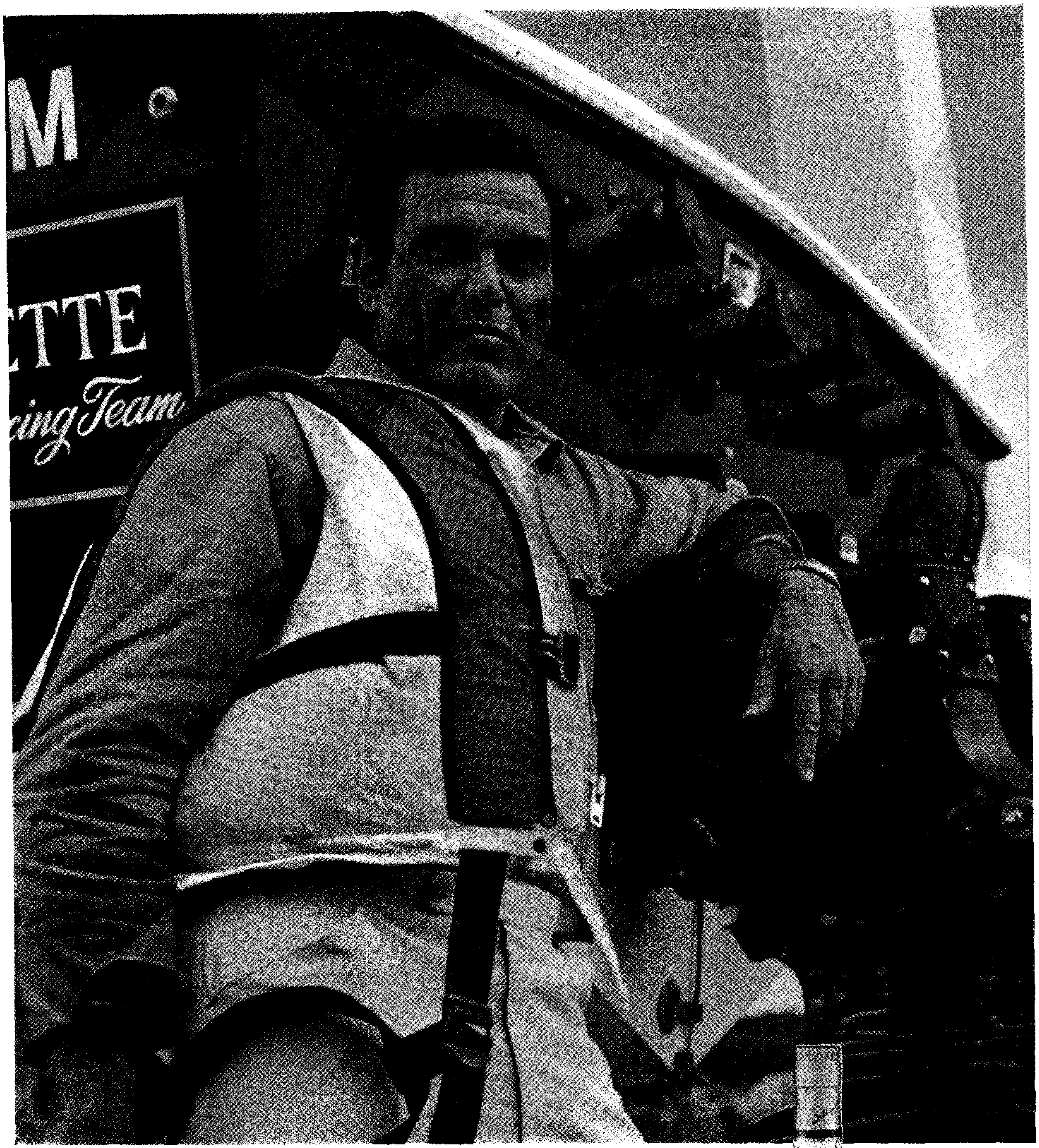
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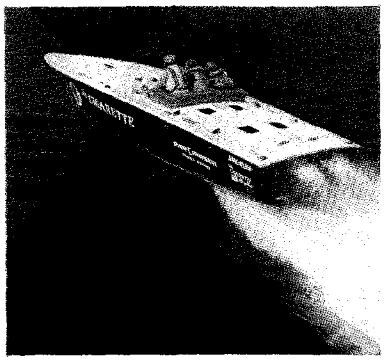

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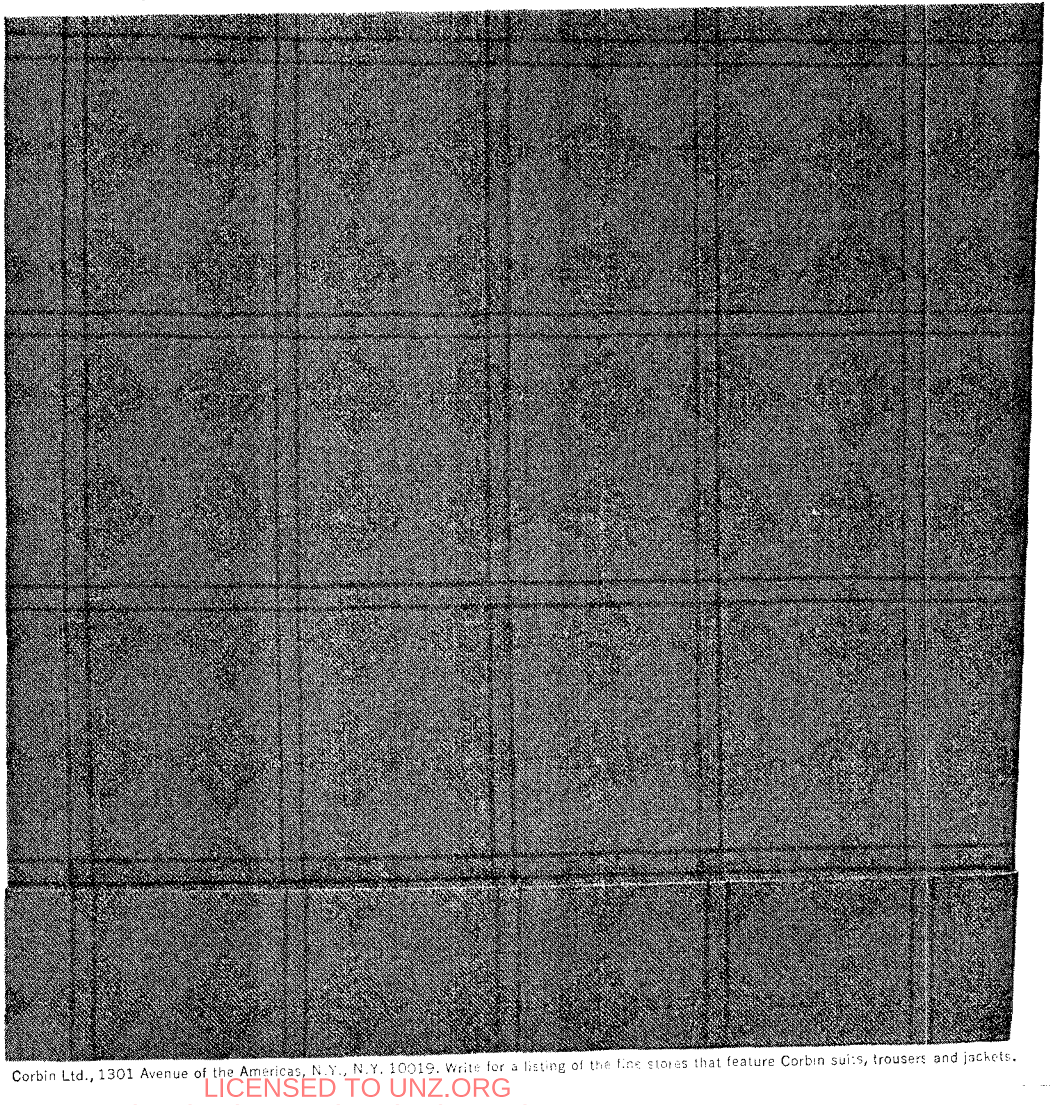

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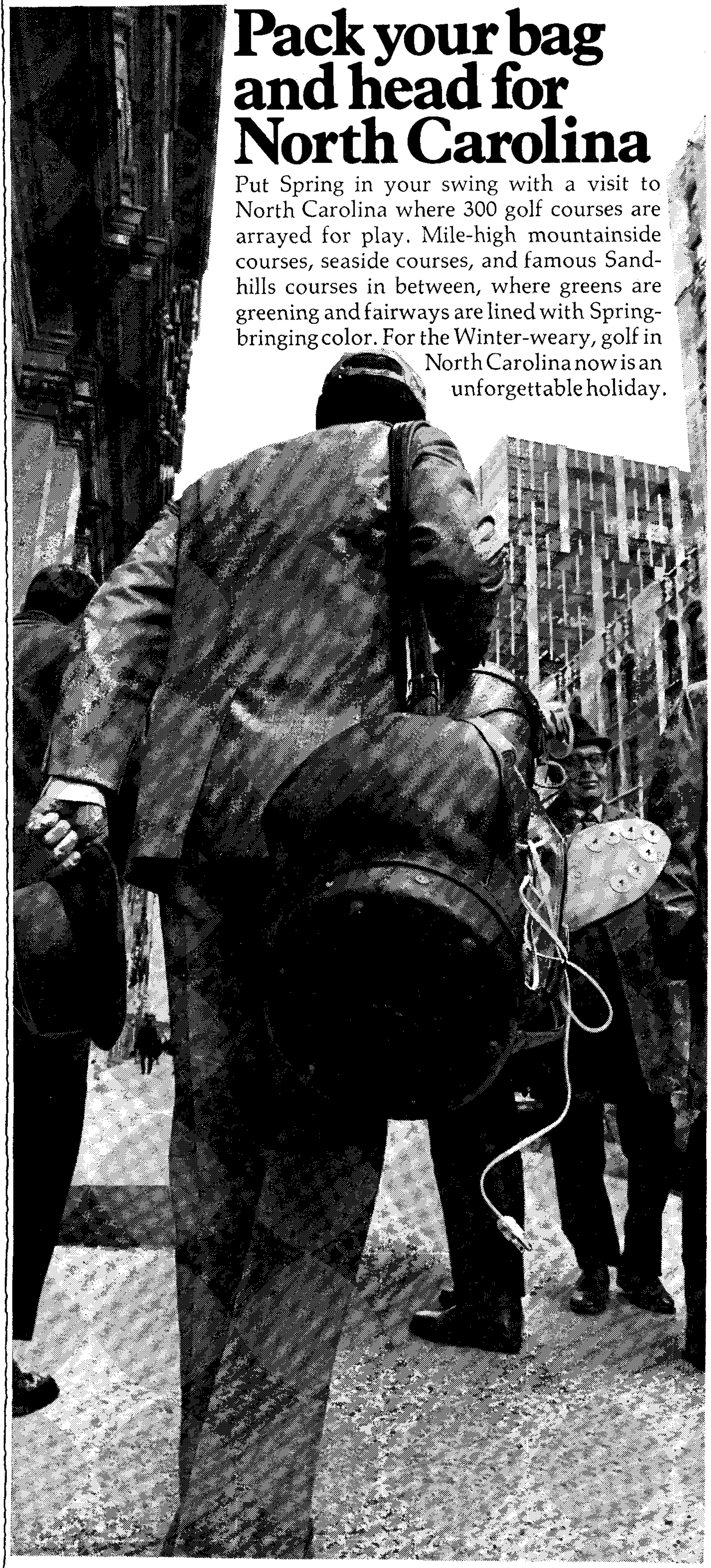
Swiss physicist, who headed one of the four groups, said ruefully that he thought he had been quite daring to report it. Most of the lunar scientists, who are normally quite argumentative, seemed oddly quiet at the conference. Dr. Anderson explained this by saying, "Everyone has been working on his own for the last three months, and for the time being each scientist just wants to sit back and find out what everyone else has been up to."

ONE man whose ideas about the moon were modified as a result of information he picked up at the meeting was Dr. John O'Keefe, of the Goddard Spaceflight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland. For years, Dr. O'Keefe has believed that tektites—small glassy stones found on various parts of the earth's surface—came from the moon. Dr. O'Keefe has espoused equally bizarre-sounding notions in the past and been right; for instance, he showed in 1958 that the earth was somewhat pear-shaped. Scientific theories are rarely disproved in a direct confrontation; rather, as they become less likely in the face of new evidence, they are talked about less and less, until they are never heard of again. Little had been heard of the idea that tektites came from the moon since the Surveyor spacecraft and then Apollo 11 showed that the rocks of the *maria*, which are basaltic, are totally different in composition from the tektites, which are granitic. Accordingly, Dr. O'Keefe and the other proponents of his tektite theory had been biding their time until Apollo 13 returns from the lunar highlands later this month. However, Dr. King had mentioned to me that traces of highland material might crop up in the Apollo 11 material from the lowlands—offering a preview of what the highlands were like. Many scientists believe part of the highlands to be rich in granites, so perhaps they would prove rich in tektites as well.

On the first day of the conference, Dr. Taylor, who last summer discovered titanium in material from the moon, said that it looked as if the tektite battle was flaring up again. He was unhappy about this, because he felt he now had good chemical evidence that the tektites were not from the moon, and he had hoped that the subject was closed. Minutes later, I ran into Dr. O'Keefe, a tenacious man, who said, enthusiastically, "A lot of people thought the tektites were dead, but, as you heard today, they are very much alive!" That morning, Dr. Edwin Roedder, a geochemist with the United



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States Geological Survey, in Washington, had read a paper suggesting that the material between the crystals in some of the rocks was granitic and might be similar to rock from the highlands. "This makes a possible lunar origin for tektites much more likely," Dr. Roedder had concluded. During the question period that followed Dr. Roedder's paper, the people who opposed the lunar-tektite theory had pointed out what they saw as discrepancies between the chemical composition of the tektites found on earth and of the lunar granite material—they got considerable mileage out of the fact that both the potassium content and the magnesium content were different—and the people who believed in the lunar origin of tektites, led by Dr. O'Keefe, pointed out the similarities. Later on, Dr. Taylor told me that the tektites on earth were so rich in silica that they couldn't possibly have come from the moon. That afternoon, Dr. O'Keefe told me that one of the reasons he was now reaffirming his belief in the lunar origin of tektites was the information revealed by Dr. Taylor's chemical analysis of a certain unusual sample from the Apollo 12 mission. When I pointed out that Dr. Taylor himself didn't believe the tektites came from the moon, Dr. O'Keefe said Dr. Taylor must have been comparing his lunar chemical data—in particular, the information on silica—with the wrong tektites. He should have compared them with *micro*tektites, a microscopic variety found deep in ocean sediments, which contain almost the same proportion of silica as the moon rocks that Dr. Taylor had analyzed.

Dr. O'Keefe's idea that the lunar highlands might contain mountains of tektites was short-lived. In the next day or so, several scientists, among them Dr. King, told of finding in their samples of lunar dust from the *maria* seemingly alien particles of a rock called anorthosite. (Anorthosite is a light-colored, light-weight granitic rock, and is common in the Adirondack Mountains.) Dr. King and his co-workers had counted and identified the particles in his five-gram allotment of moon dust, and had found that out of twelve hundred and twenty-seven grains, only thirty were anorthosite. Because the anorthosite grains were so different from the rest (which were mostly blackish and basaltic), and because there were so few of them, Dr. King speculated that they might have been flung there by an impact in the highlands. He had thought he was going out on a limb by suggesting this—

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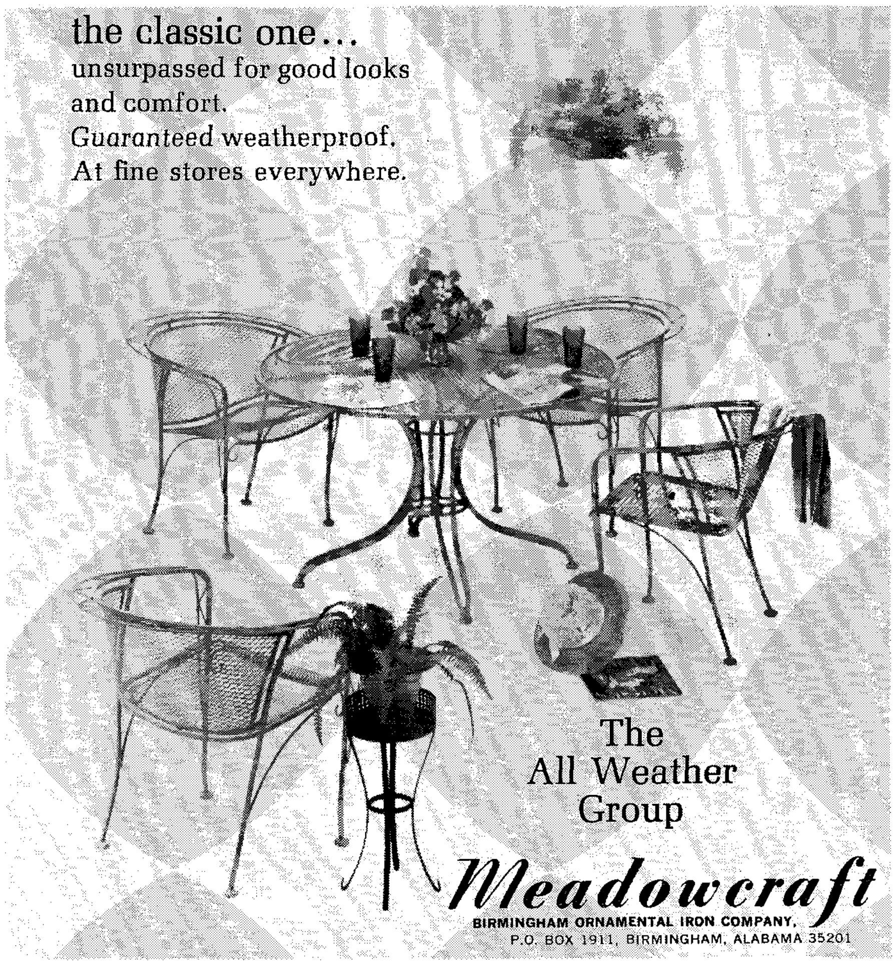

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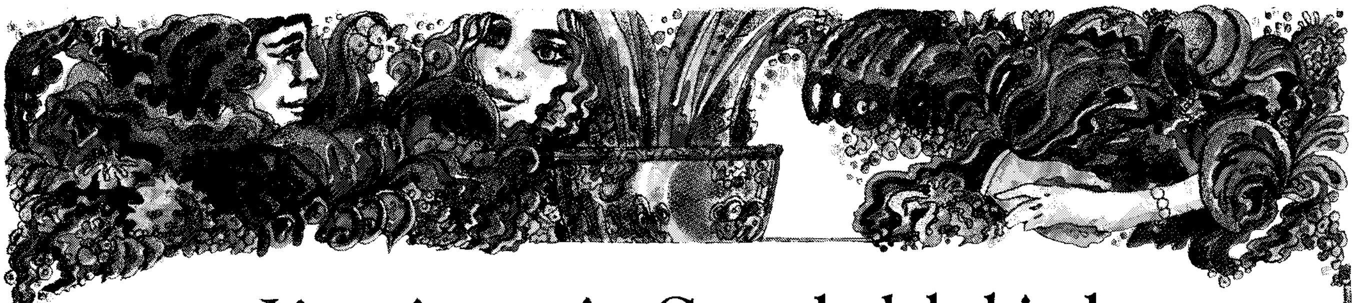

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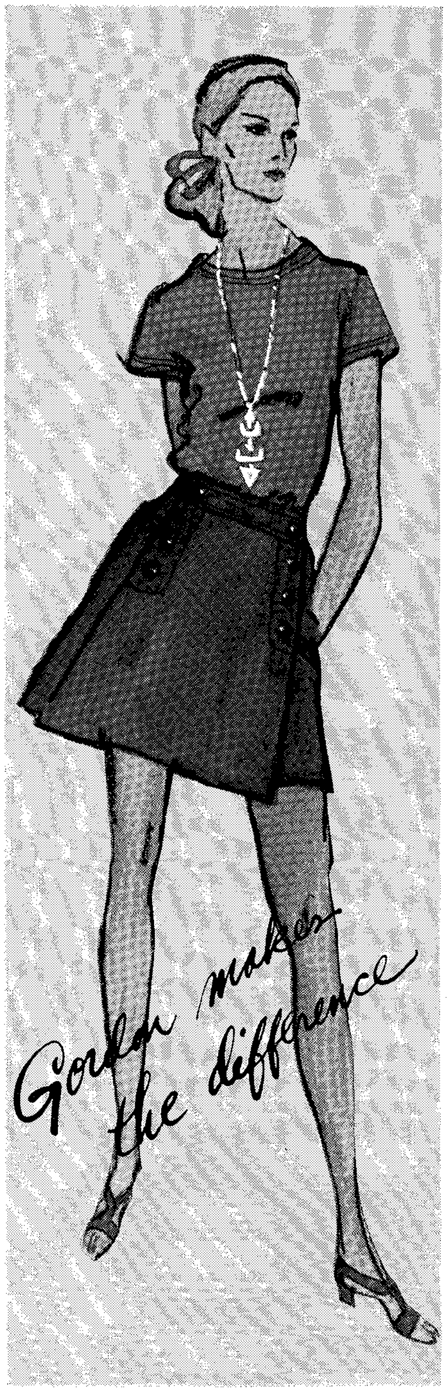

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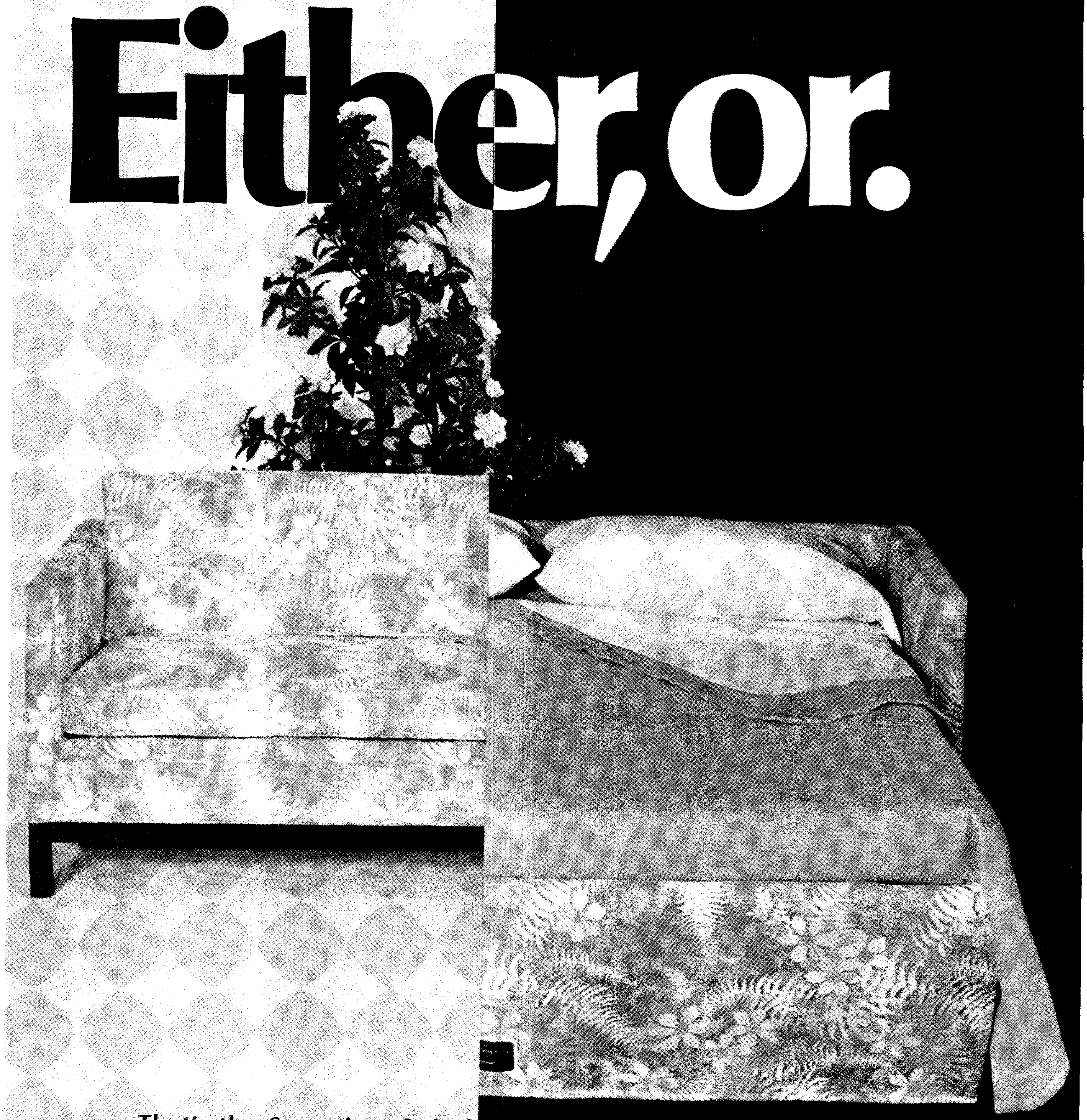
just as Dr. Geiss had felt about *his* suggestion—but then he found that three other groups of geologists at the conference had found anorthosite in their lunar dust and had also speculated that it came from the highlands. (Such repetition tended to confirm results. One P.I. commented after the meeting, "Fortunately, we all found the same things.") The anorthosite was chemically not at all like the tektites, and when I saw Dr. O'Keefe on the last day of the conference he said ruefully that it looked as if the tektites, which he knew hadn't come from the *maria*, hadn't come from the highlands, either.

Dr. O'Keefe took his reverses cheerfully. He opened his briefcase and produced a book of articles written by him and several other prominent selenologists before the Apollo 11 mission. In it, they had set down their predictions of what the moon would be like, and now Dr. O'Keefe ticked off various predictions of his that had turned out to be right. He had said that the moon would be low in gold and platinum (which are siderophile elements) and also in lead and bismuth (which are volatile elements), and, sure enough, it had been low in all four. He added, "I really fouled things up, though, when I said tektites would be a common constituent of the moon. They must be very rare." Fortunately, the moon is a good-sized planet, with lots of ground to retreat to. Dr. O'Keefe said he now thought that the tektites might have come from restricted areas of the moon where there had been enormous volcanic eruptions. He was redeploying his tektites around the Flamsteed Ring, a cavity that looks as if the explosion that formed it could have scattered geological debris almost anywhere.

DURING one session, a number of organic chemists, paleontologists, and biologists backed up each other's findings that life had never existed on the moon—or, at least, not at Tranquillity Base, where the Apollo 11 astronauts had been. One organic chemist, Dr. Cyril Ponnamperuma, of the Ames Research Center, at Moffett Field, California, had found about two hundred parts per million of carbon in his moon sample, but by the time he had subtracted enough parts per million to account for possible forms of contamination, he had only about one hundred and fifty parts per million left, and none of those parts contained molecules related to life processes. The paleontologists, who had been looking for fossils, and particularly for microscopic ones, and the biologists, who had been looking for anything that moved, had had some uplifting moments, but these had been followed by swift letdowns. Under a microscope, geological or chemical structures sometimes resemble various living things. The tiny spheres of glass in the dust had made one micropaleontologist think of pollen grains. Dr. Delbert E. Philpott, an electron microscopist, who had searched the vesicles in his lunar glass to see if anything was lurking in them, found what looked like a common bacteria. It wasn't. The most startling biological discovery had been made by Dr. Robert Walker, a physicist, who found what appeared to be an organism with legs and feelers when he looked at his sample under a microscope. Upon closer examination, the organism proved to be a bug from a dog that had strayed into his laboratory.

Dr. Gerald Taylor, a biologist, who had been a member of the quarantine team in the Receiving Laboratory and who had been one of the first scientists to hunt for evidence of life on the moon, was sitting a couple of rows ahead of me, listening glumly. During a lull between talks (a kitchen timer cut off each speaker after twenty minutes), Dr. Taylor told me that he had come specially to hear the paper that was next on the agenda. That paper, by Mr. Vance I. Oyama, of the Ames Research Center, was titled "Apollo 11 Lunar Sample: A Search for Viable Organisms," and Dr. Taylor explained, "It says in the abstract that Mr. Oyama 'confirms the results of the Space Center quarantine team.' That means he didn't find anything, either." Then Mr. Oyama mounted the platform and said that he had examined fifty grams of moon dust, offering it sugar and other items known to please micro-organisms and subjecting it to three hundred different environments to see if anything would grow. Nothing did. Dr. Taylor said he felt no disappointment that evidence of life hadn't been discovered in the lunar material. "We've found no life so radically different that it can live without water or gases, and I'm *glad* we haven't," he said. "We have enough trouble with the forms of life we *do* know about." Then, evidently feeling that this disclaimer lacked conviction, he said that the moon-



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rock studies *had* been successful, even though no evidence of life had been found. "We set out to find whether or not anything was growing on the moon," he said, "and a negative answers our question as fully as a positive, even though it might not be the answer we want." I asked him what he and his associates were going to do now that they had found an aseptic moon, and he said they would continue to look for life in all future batches of lunar rock.

ON the second day of the meeting, I looked up Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, a geologist with the California Institute of Technology, who had been in charge of the astronauts' geological activities on the moon. In a lecture the day before, he had expressed some ideas about the dusty material blanketing the moon—the regolith—which were diametrically opposed to some ideas that Mr. Thomas Gold, an astrophysicist at Cornell University, had expressed to me last November. Mr. Gold had told me that he believed the *maria* basins were filled with very fine dust that had slowly slipped down from the highlands on an electrostatic current. When I asked Dr. Shoemaker, a flinty-looking man who was wearing a turquoise-and-silver Navajo necktie, about Mr. Gold's creeping moon dust, he said, "Mr. Gold's most serious difficulty is that his theory gives you a very different picture from what is actually happening on the moon." I asked him what *was* happening on the moon, and he said that the regolith, instead of being an effluvium from the mountains, was simply a blanket of debris—three to six metres thick—that had been built up by meteors' chipping away at the bedrock for about four billion years. Meteors and micrometeors land on the moon in a steady rain, and Dr. Shoemaker has come to think of the regolith as being the ejecta from billions upon billions of craters superimposed one upon another until all but the most recent have been obliterated. The regolith is slowly but constantly churning, for the incessant impacts keep shaking it up, so that rocks at the bottom work their way to the top and rocks at the top get buried—a phenomenon that Dr. Shoemaker calls "gardening." Dr. Shoemaker and his associates have figured out some mathematical formulas for how the regolith ought to behave. If their theory is correct, there should be a correlation between the number of craters in an area and the thickness of the regolith. When Dr. Shoemaker

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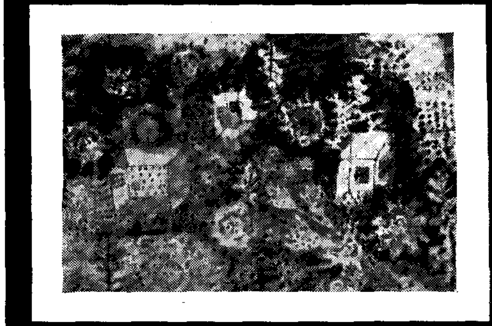
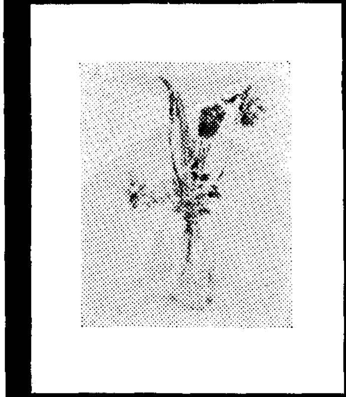


Little Houses With Gardens, 1928, Klee, Philadelphia Museum of Art (Not shown: Glance of a Landscape, 1926, Klee)



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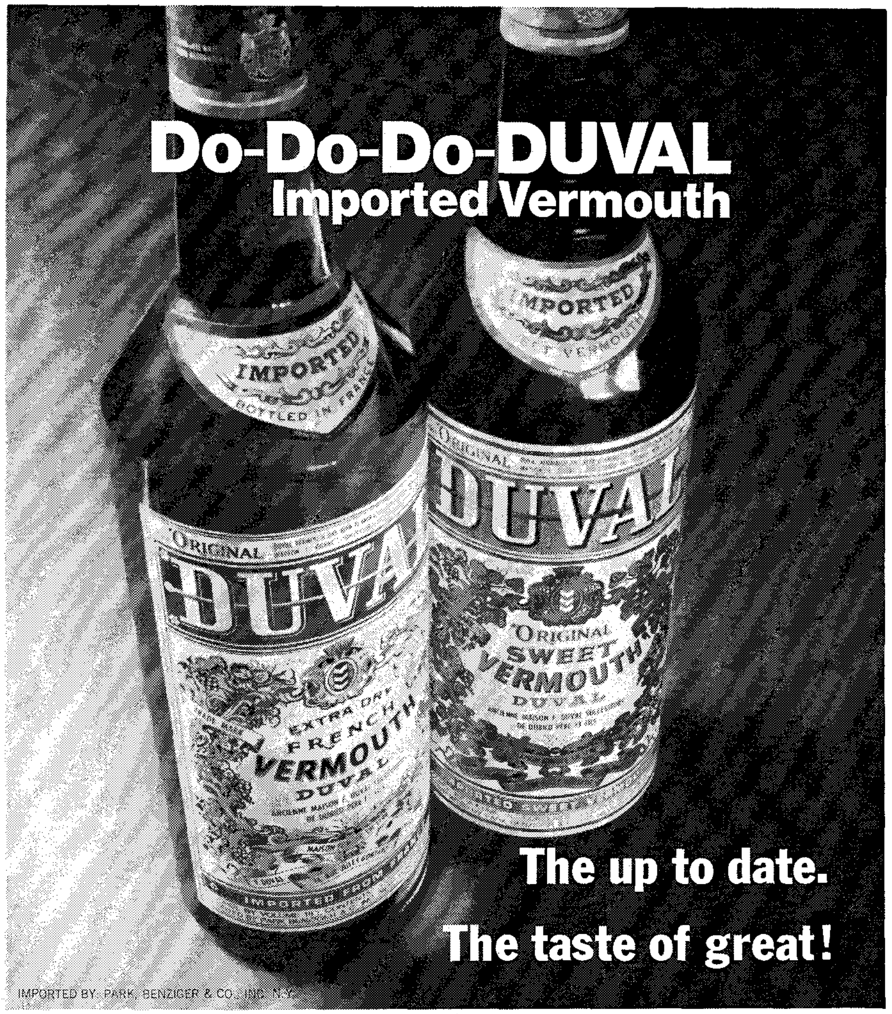

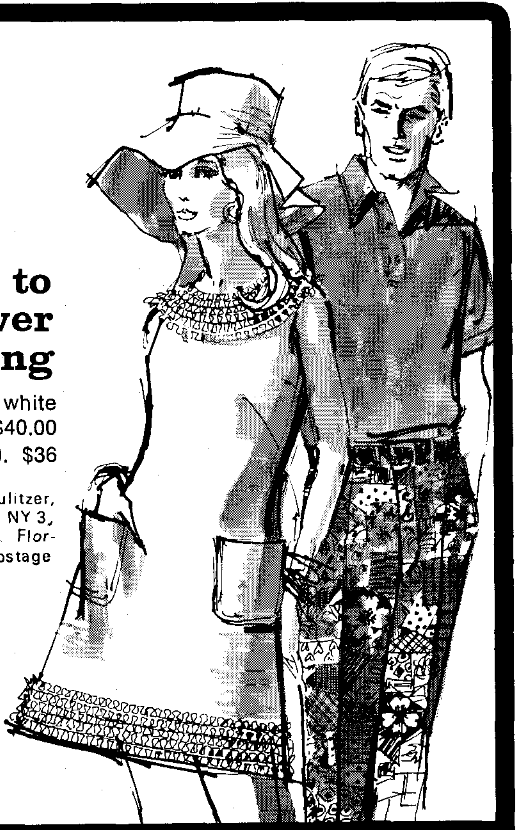
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counted the craters in an area where Neil Armstrong had walked during the Apollo 11 mission, and put the number into one of his formulas, the formula gave an answer of four metres for the depth of the regolith—the very depth in one of the craters at which Armstrong had seen what he took to be bedrock. Dr. Shoemaker said his formulas should enable him to determine how long a rock had lain on the surface, how often a rock had been flipped over by neighboring impacts, how long it would take a rock to get buried, and what a rock's chances were of being eroded into dust by micrometeorites before it could get buried. He had been listening carefully to the papers presented by some of the physicists, because the physicists were in a position to confirm his figures. The moon is perpetually exposed to the solar wind—particles streaming away from the sun—and by counting microscopic tracks left by the solar-wind particles on a rock physicists can tell how long it has lain on the surface of the moon. By counting the tracks on all sides of a rock, they can tell how often the rock has been flipped and how long it has remained in each position. Different particles of the solar wind—and other particles from space, such as cosmic rays—penetrate the surface of the moon to different depths, and this makes it possible for physicists to get some idea of how long it takes a rock to work its way up, how often it stops along the way, and even how long it takes at each stop. The gardening, by any reckoning, is extremely slow. A rock might take between ten million and a hundred million years to become buried, or even longer to rise from bottom to top. It might have been buried and reëxposed only a couple of times in the whole history of the moon. One physicist discovered that the rate at which rocks were eroded by micrometeorites was one millimetre per one million years—a finding that came very close to Dr. Shoemaker's calculations.

As it happened, Mr. Gold was as pleased with the evidence from the moon as anyone. "My thinking has changed only in that it has become more extreme," he said at the conference. He didn't know what to make of a general theory for the lunar dust, such as Dr. Shoemaker's, that didn't explain the apparently fluid movement of the dust—Mr. Gold's evidence that the dust had floated slowly down an electrostatic current. In his own sample, he had come across a large number of particles of odd

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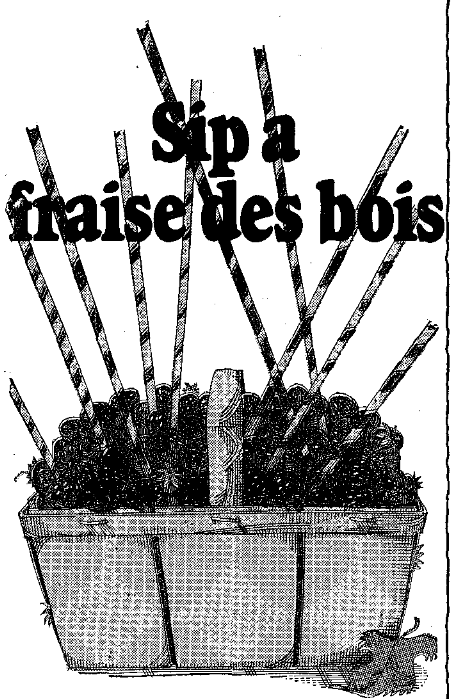

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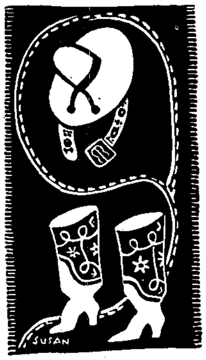
shapes, such as antlers, and he was sure that these had not been eroded out of bedrock. So Mr. Gold, far from retreating, advanced to a new ramification of his theory. On the smallest dust particles, he had found microscopic craters—three or four craters, sometimes, to a speck of dust—and he was certain these microcraters proved that much of the dust on the moon came from space, with even the smallest bits, as they impacted, blasting out their own tiny Tychos and Copernicuses.

SEVERAL members of the Preliminary Examination Team, or PET—which last summer investigated and catalogued the lunar material—had gone on to be P.I.s or Co-I.s, and on the second day of the conference I ran into two of them standing by the coffee urns in the Exhibit Center. They were Dr. William Greenwood, a geologist, and Dr. David Carrier, a civil engineer. They said they were pleased that virtually all the PET's findings were being verified by the P.I.s. Dr. Carrier and Dr. Greenwood had collaborated as Co-I.s on a paper about lunar dust. Dr. Greenwood had noted the pitted appearance of the dust, as Mr. Gold had, but instead of attributing the pitting to the impacting of particles from space, he thought it was a sign that the dust might have been tumbled about inside a hot cloud of gases spreading across the moon as a result of either an impact or a volcanic explosion. (Such rapidly expanding clouds sometimes occur on earth after volcanic eruptions, and some scientists feel that their lunar counterparts may have raced across the moon like searing sandstorms, scattering layers of dust for miles over the flat *maria.*) While Dr. Carrier was studying the lunar dust, he had had, as usual, one eye cocked on a moon base, but now budget cuts had made a moon base less likely. "We found that one feasible way of building a moon base would have been to put a house on the surface and then pile dust over it as insulation," he said. "We were about to look into the feasibility of digging a hole and dropping the house into it, but it's all academic now."



At the tables, several of the scientists were discussing what might be learned about the *earth* from the moon. One geochemist wondered about the fact that the oldest known rocks on earth and the rocks from the Mare Tranquillitatis were roughly the same age, and speculated that both earth rocks and moon rocks might have been made by a single barrage of meteors. A micropaleontologist pointed out that the oldest known rocks on earth—about three and a half billion years old—contained evidence of microscopic life, which meant that the earth had already taken a different course from the moon, and had acquired oceans and an atmosphere. A third scientist remarked that the moon was evidently a stillborn version of the earth. "If we could find out why the moon died, we might discover what made the earth live," he said. "Perhaps there was some defect in the moon's chemistry that made it take a different path from the earth, or perhaps the moon was too small, or too cold at birth." This picture of a cold, stillborn moon didn't go unchallenged. Another scientist suggested that the moon, instead of having died in infancy, might have lived for a time and then consumed itself in a blaze of volcanism, like a dissipated youth becoming old and ravaged before his time. Perhaps the moon was a foreshadowing of what the earth would be like in senility.

DR. ROSS TAYLOR, the Australian geochemist, told me on the third day of the conference that he expected the Apollo 11 findings to give the scientists a good deal of information about whether the moon had been hot or cold. As the sessions progressed, there seemed to be a cautious drift toward the theory that the moon had once possessed some sort of internal heat. The hot-mooners were somewhat restrained in their enthusiasm, because it wasn't clear that the moon had been hot in quite the way they had thought; that is, the lavas did not seem to have come from great depths, as they have on earth. Dr. Taylor thought that the most important evidence for a once hot moon was the confirmation by a group of P.I.s, including Dr. G. J. Wasserberg, of the California Institute of Technology, of the finding that the Apollo 11 rocks were three billion seven hundred million years old—a finding that had originally been indicated by the PET.

"In return for the first crack at the rocks, the PET scientists had to stick their necks out, and it's nice if you're not wrong," said Dr. Taylor, who was also on the PET. This was the first

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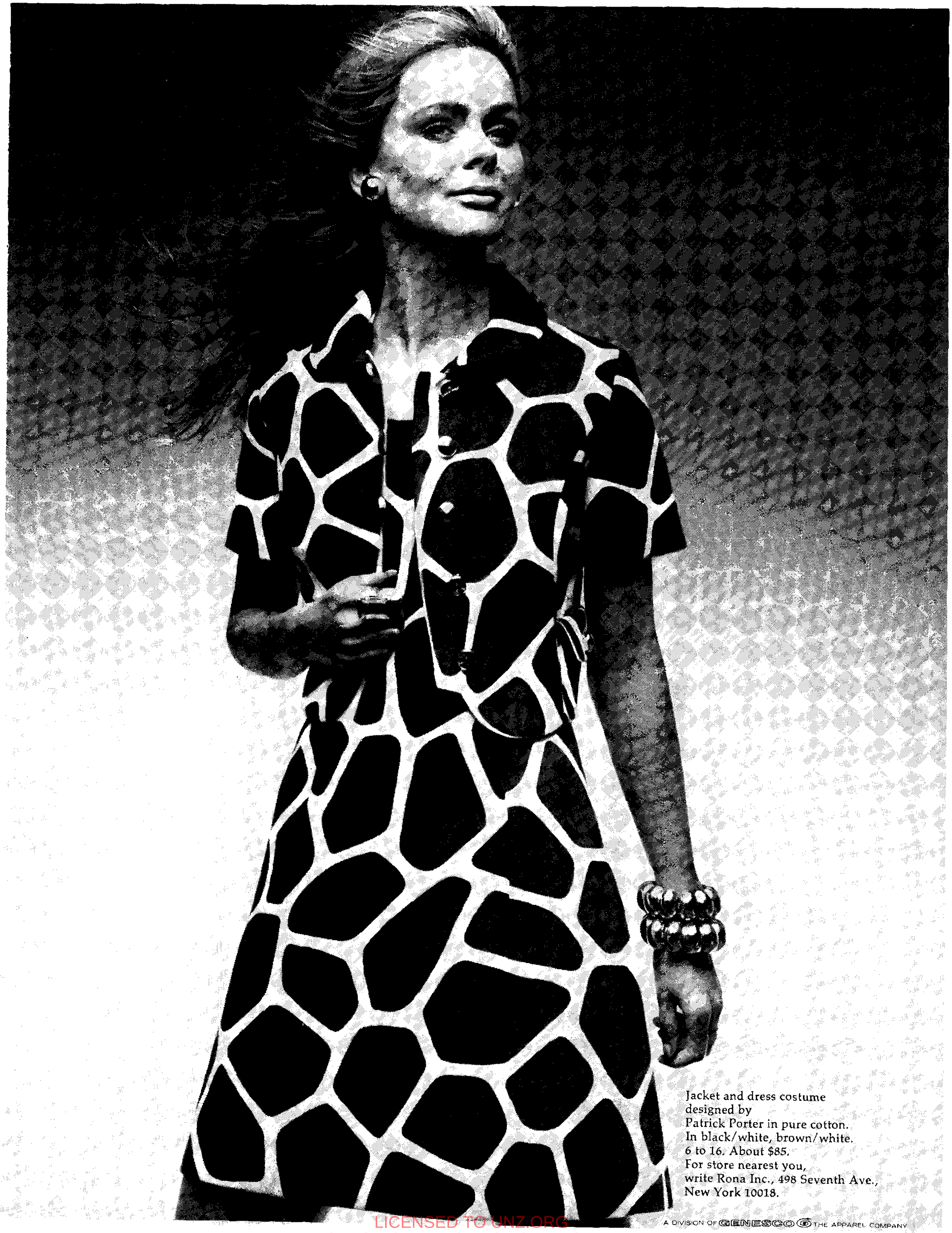

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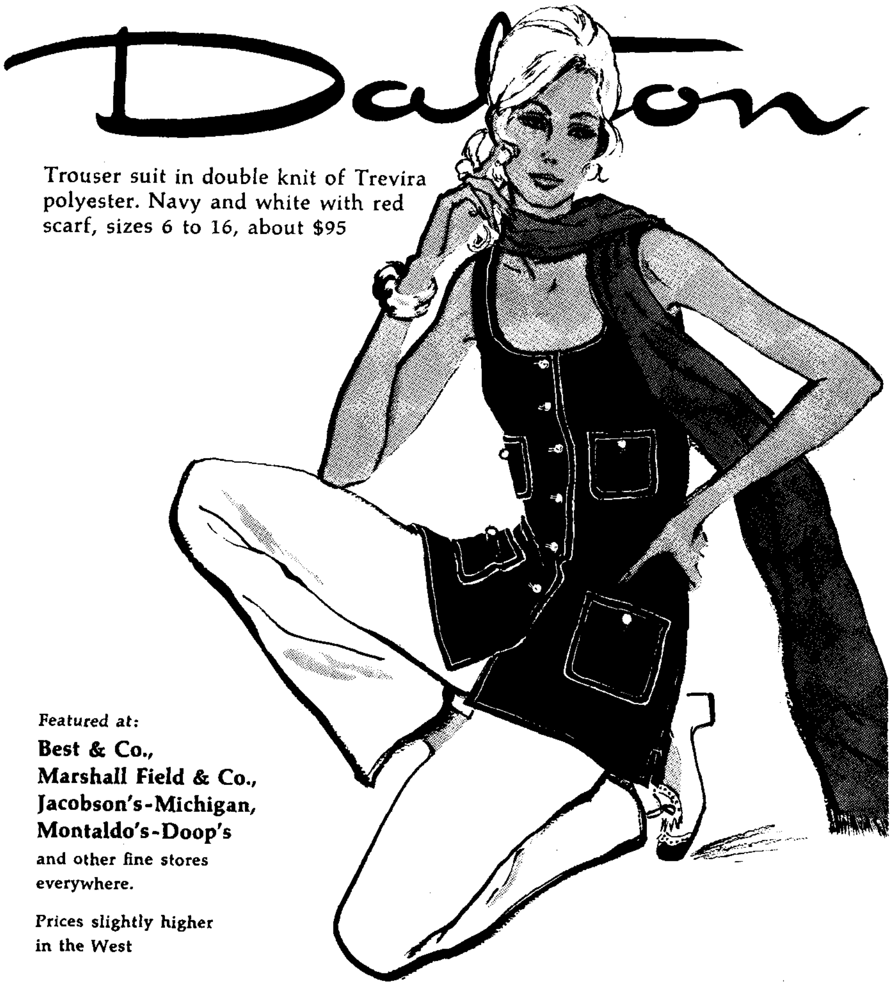
A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY definite date for the moon, and one pleased PET investigator was boasting, "Now we can say the rocks from the Marc Tranquillitatis are exactly three billion six hundred and fifty million years old, plus or minus fifty million years." The rocks, that is, had turned out to be at the more recent end of the age spread that the PET had found for them. A rock is dated from the time it hardens out of a molten state, and, accordingly, the difference between the age of the dust (about four and a half billion years, also established by Dr. Wasserberg's group) and the age of the rocks may mean that there was heat on the moon for nearly a billion years. (The fact that the dust was a billion years older than the rocks was one of the biggest mysteries of the conference, considering that the dust was supposed to have resulted when the rocks were pulverized—though it was no mystery to Mr. Gold, who thought the dust had landed on the moon from space, in which case its age was that of the solar system.)

Dr. Taylor, who is sure most of the dust originated on the *moon*, thinks the billion-year age difference argues against impact melting—caused by meteors' landing at high speed—because it is hard to see how a heavy meteoric bombardment of the moon could have kept up for a billion years. And the age spread between rock and dust is *two* billion years if the dates that the PET established for the Apollo 12 rocks, from the Oceanus Procellarum, are taken into consideration. The PET found these rocks to be about two and a half billion years old. Dr. Taylor now thought he could make an open-and-shut case against the *maria* rocks' having been melted by impact. Just as big impacts spattered debris all over the moon, the impacts that made the younger *maria* should have scattered debris over the older *maria*. However, all the *maria* are notably smooth. Therefore, the older *maria* must have later been flooded with lava, which covered the debris. (Impact melting almost certainly occurred on the moon at some time, and few scientists seriously doubt that the moon's major features have been made by meteors.)

To get another view, I sought out Dr. Paul Gast, of the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, at Palisades, New York, who had said in November that it looked as though he and other P.I.s were finding that the moon had always been cold. When I reminded him of this at the Houston meeting, he looked sheepish and said,



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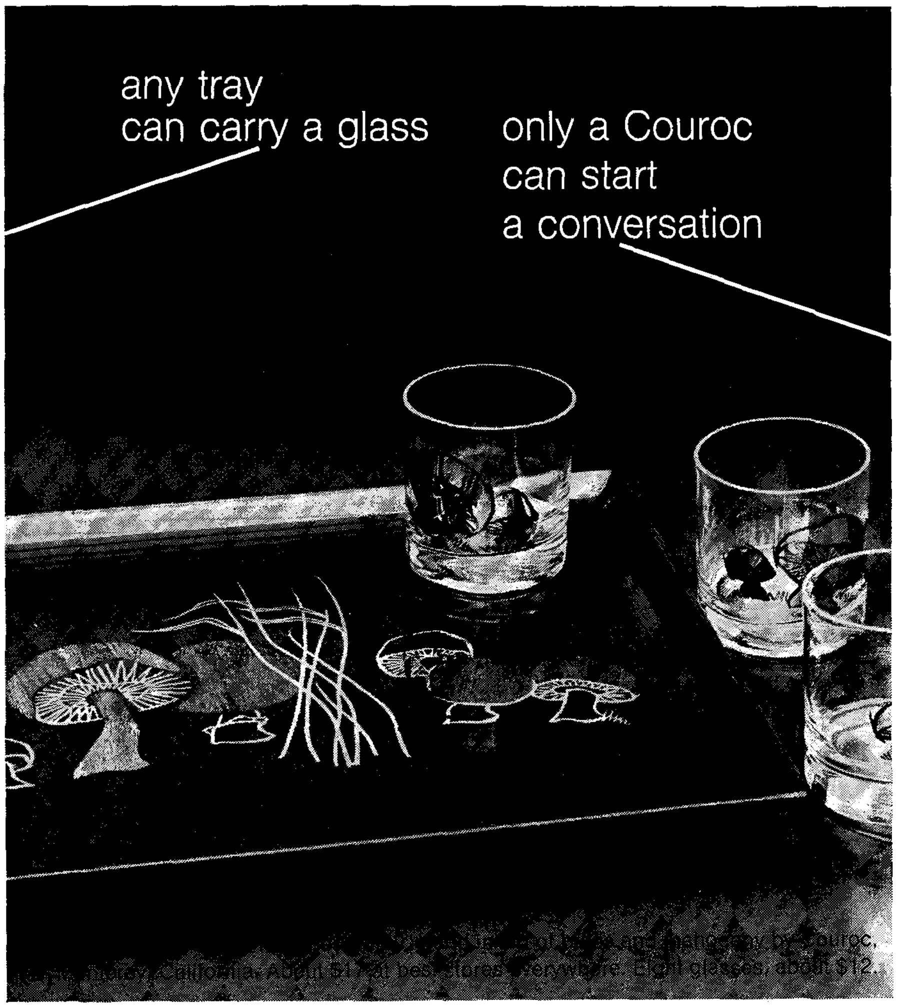

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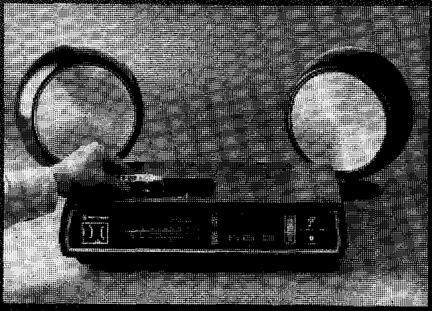

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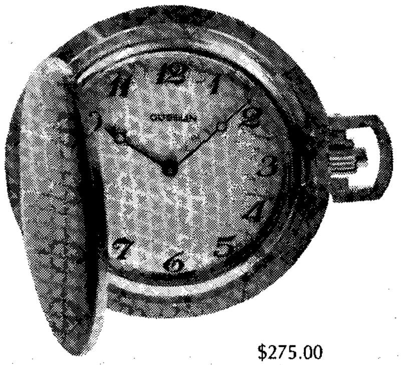
"Did I say that? Yes, I guess I did. That was before Dr. Wasserberg confirmed the more recent range of the Apollo 11 PET ages. I'd been going on the earlier date." Almost every one of the lunar scientists had made an abrupt about-face at one time or another during the past six months—a symptom of what one geochemist had called the "cultural shock" of working with "these very peculiar materials."

Much of the evidence for a once hot moon was coming from the geochemists. They could tell by the elements in a rock, and also by the size, shape, and arrangement of its crystals, such things as how long a rock took to cool, how much pressure it had been under, and at what temperature it had solidified. Impact melting should result, the geochemists thought, in rocks that had been melted totally and quickly at high temperatures and had cooled rapidly. Instead, they were finding rocks that had been partly melted, at lower temperatures, and had stayed melted long enough to become differentiated; that is, had been molten long or often enough to break down into derivative types of rocks, and even whole *families* of rocks, one descended from another. This didn't sound to most geologists like impact melting, though most of them conceded that lava in the center of a pool of rock melted by impact might stay molten for a long time—assuming that the pool was big enough. They were much more inclined to believe that the lava had welled up from inside the moon, where it had simmered gently enough and long enough to make complex varieties of rock.

Dr. John W. Dietrich, a Space Center geologist who is a hot-mooner, was standing in the doorway at one of the geochemical sessions, and I spoke to him about his views on a hot moon now. His faith in a hot moon had seemed to me to waver slightly in November, when the cold-moon theory was gaining, but now he said he had never for a moment doubted that the moon was once hot. He was looking forward to the Apollo 14 mission, in the autumn, when astronauts would go to Littrow, an area on the edge of the Mare Serenitatis, where a recent volcanic deposit seems to overlap the rim of the *mare*. He said he hoped the astronauts would find very young rocks there, because he likes to think of the moon's volcanism as continuing almost to the present. Not long before the Houston meeting, he returned from Hawaii, where he had shown a group of astronauts an erupting volcano, as



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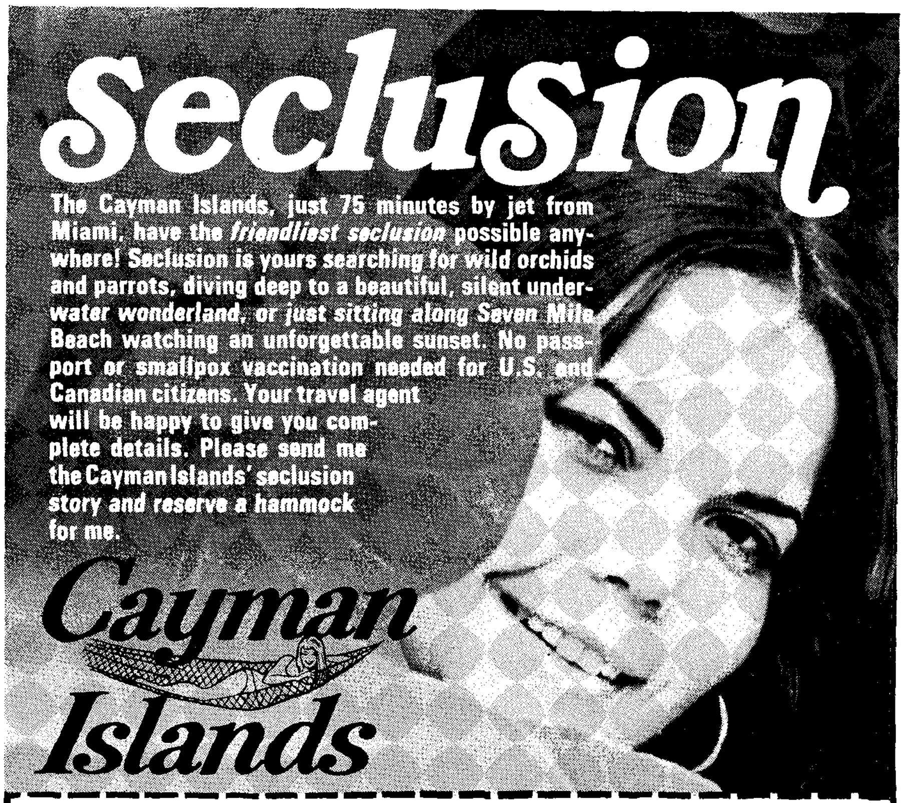

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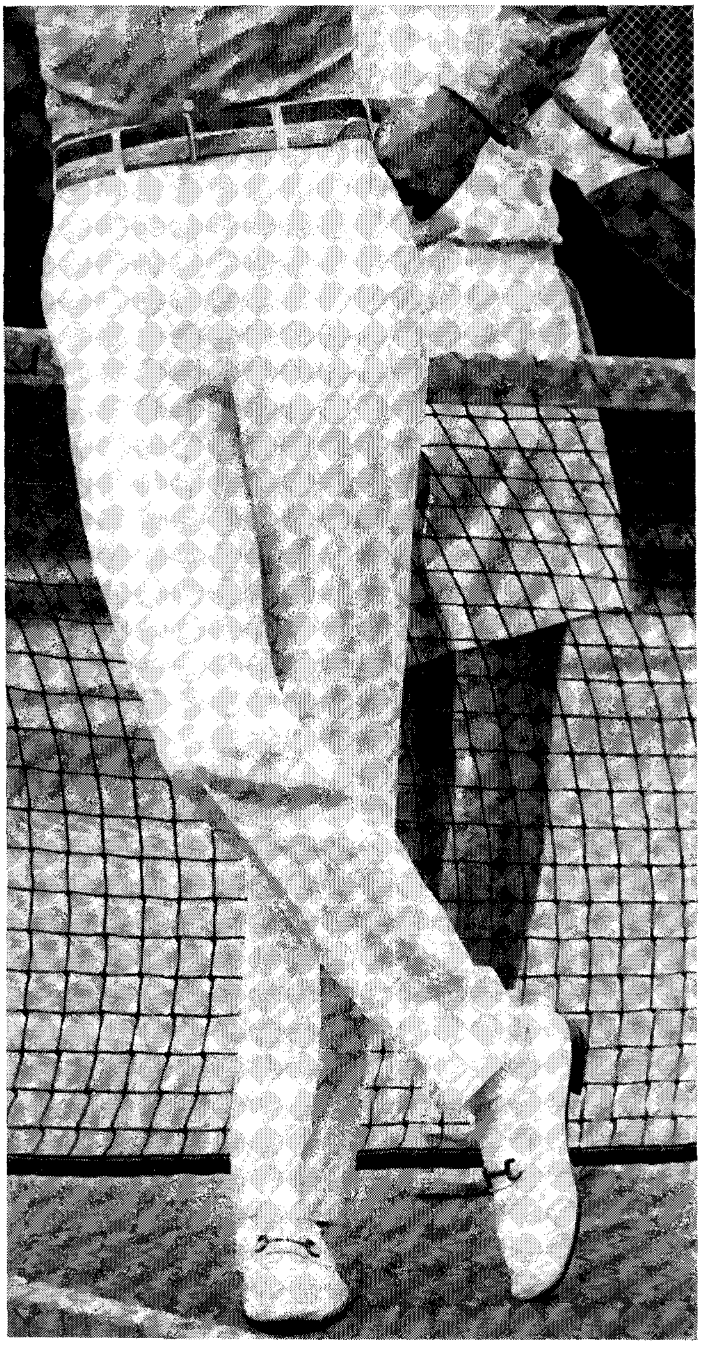

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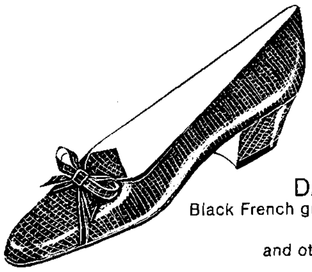

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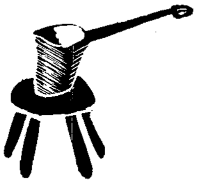
part of their training in the recognition of volcanic processes. He pointed out six astronauts sitting stiffly in a row in the auditorium, doing their best to take in information on the moon's geochemistry. The chemistry was almost impossible to follow for anyone who wasn't a chemist. Dr. Dietrich shook his head at something a geochemist was saying. He said unhappily that he was afraid matters were progressing beyond the area of his own specialty.



Dr. Harold C. Urey, a professor of chemistry at the University of California at San Diego, whom I talked with a little later that day, was still holding on to the idea of a cold moon, though he was admitting to difficulties. He said, "I am terribly puzzled by the evidence. I just don't know what to think. I regard my argument for a cold moon as a serious argument, and other people pay no attention." He had used almost the same words in July, when Dr. Ross Taylor's discovery of titanium—which has a very high melting point—seemed to upset his cold-moon theory by implying that some of the lunar material had once been far hotter than he had expected. Another of Dr. Urey's ideas—that the *maria* may once have been real oceans—had run into difficulties when the geochemists found no traces of water on the moon. The moon rocks were discouraging to many of the livelier ideas about the moon. Dr. Urey told me he had been embarrassed before and had recovered from it, and expected to recover this time. He brushed aside his big triumph—the discovery that most of the rocks on the moon date back to the beginning of the solar system, as he had always thought. (The lava flows—if that is what they are—of younger rock were restricted to the *maria* lowlands; the highlands, which constitute eighty per cent of the moon, almost certainly went back four billion six hundred million years.)

Dr. Urey's persistence in his belief about the moon's being cold is rooted in the moon's irregular bulk, and particularly in the presence of mascons—mass concentrations of matter centered like bull's-eyes under the circular *maria*. He reasoned, just as before, that if the moon had once been hot it would have been so soft and malleable that the lumpy mascons would have been smoothed away long ago. However, the mascons are still there (their gravitational pull plays havoc with the orbits of spacecraft), so Dr. Urey didn't see how anybody could escape the conclusion that the moon was cool. Unhappily, the scientists at the meeting *were* escaping that conclusion, and Dr. Urey himself was getting ready to admit that there may once have been some internal heat near the surface of the moon. He was not giving up the cold-moon theory, however. Instead, he was revising it to propose that the lunar interior was cold and rigid enough to support the mascons, but that the exterior, to a depth of between about fifty and a hundred kilometres, had at one time been melted by some external source, such as a hot phase of the sun. Dr. Urey still believed that the moon had been formed elsewhere in the solar system and then had been captured in the earth's gravitational field. "Years ago, when I was trying to figure out how to account for the existence of diamonds in the early days of the solar system—some ancient meteors are rich in them—I got no diamonds, but I came out with a whole lot of moons instead," Dr. Urey said. He had put those moons to good use. "You need lots and lots of wandering moons if the earth is to have a chance of capturing one," he said.

BEFORE the conference ended, there was a panel discussion on the origins of the moon. In addition to the capture theory, there have long been two other major theories concerning the birth of the moon—the fission theory, which holds that the moon had broken away from the earth, and the binary theory, which holds that the moon and the earth had formed side by side. Dr. O'Keefe had been advocating the fission theory at the same time that he was arguing for the lunar origin of tektites. (The binary theory seems to have fallen out of favor, for I found no advocates of it.) Most scientists came to the conference believing that it was too early to choose among the theories, and there was an uneasy feeling that perhaps none of them was right. As one scientist put it, "you have to be awfully comprehensive to explain everything." Dr. Ross Taylor had told me that the most exciting period in geology had been a century or more ago, when scientists, against the religious background of the time, were establishing the great age of the earth. He wasn't certain that anything as important would come out of the moon rocks—though if it did it would probably have to do with the origin of the moon, the earth, and the solar system.

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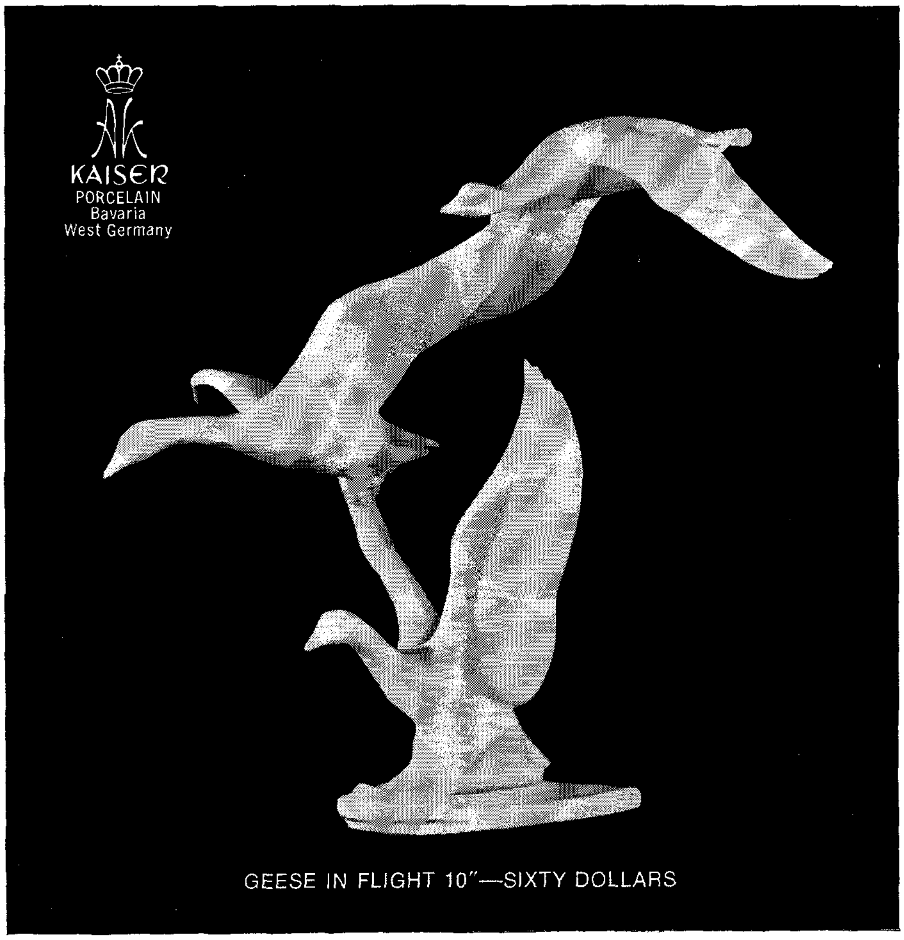

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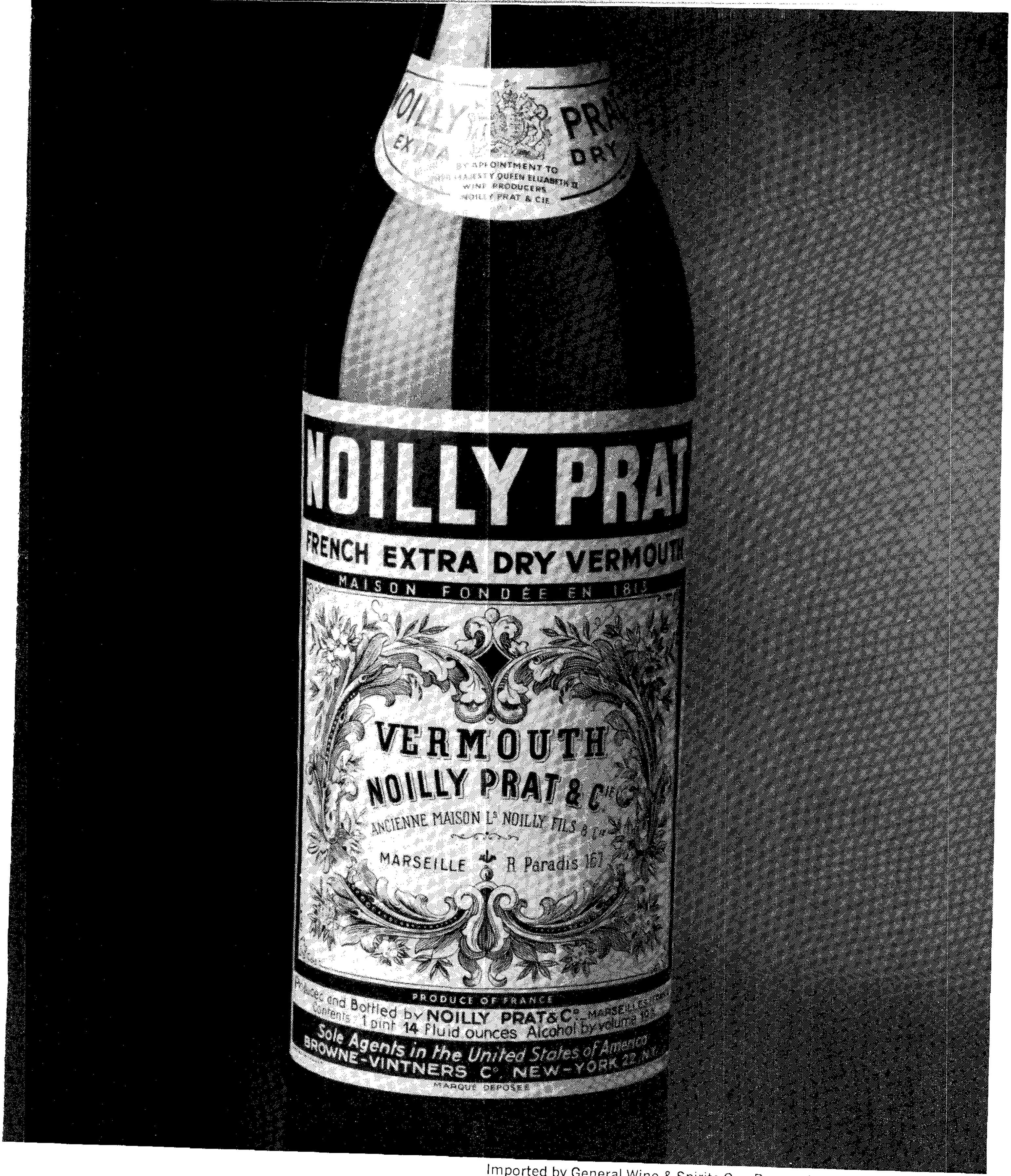
serted as the scientists crowded into the auditorium. On the first day of the conference, Dr. Urey, Dr. Shoemaker, Dr. O'Keefe, and Mr. Gold—all of whom were long-time selenologists—had teamed up for a panel discussion, but now that so many scientists had rocks from the moon in their laboratories there were any number of scientists available for panels, and the ones on this panel were all new to me. They were Dr. S. K. Runcorn, a geophysicist, of the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Dr. Brian Skinner, a geochemist, of Yale; Dr. Donald U. Wise, a geologist, of the University of Massachusetts at Amherst; and Dr. A. E. Ringwood, a geochemist, of the Australian National University, in Canberra. Dr. Ross Taylor had already told me something of his countryman's theory of the origin of the moon—the Öpik-Ringwood theory—and had urged me not to miss hearing Dr. Ringwood. (Dr. Ernst Öpik, an astronomer at the University of Maryland, in College Park, who contributed the astronomical part of the Öpik-Ringwood theory, was not present.) The moderator of the panel was Dr. Robert Jastrow, a physicist, who is director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies, in New York.

Dr. Jastrow opened the discussion by saying that, with ninety per cent of the Apollo 11 results already presented, interpretation and synthesis seemed to be in order. "That is why I have seated Dr. Ringwood at my immediate left," Dr. Jastrow said. Dr. Ringwood, a trim-looking man with a ruddy face and quick motions, began to talk, very fast. He said he felt that the chemistry of the moon rocks was in many ways like that of rocks on earth but that it was nonetheless different enough to cast doubt on the idea that the moon was once part of the earth, as the fission theory has it, or that it had been formed in a manner similar to the earth and at the same time, as the binary theory states. Similarly, the capture theory seemed unlikely, he said. Assuming that the moon had been formed like the other terrestrial (or solid) planets and subsequently captured by the earth, the moon then should have the same chemical abundances as these planets, including the same abundance of iron. Most of the terrestrial planets (Earth, Mercury, Venus, and Mars) had an abundance of iron like the sun's, but, Dr. Ringwood pointed out triumphantly, there was substantially less iron in the moon. Therefore, the moon's origin was not like that of other solid bodies in the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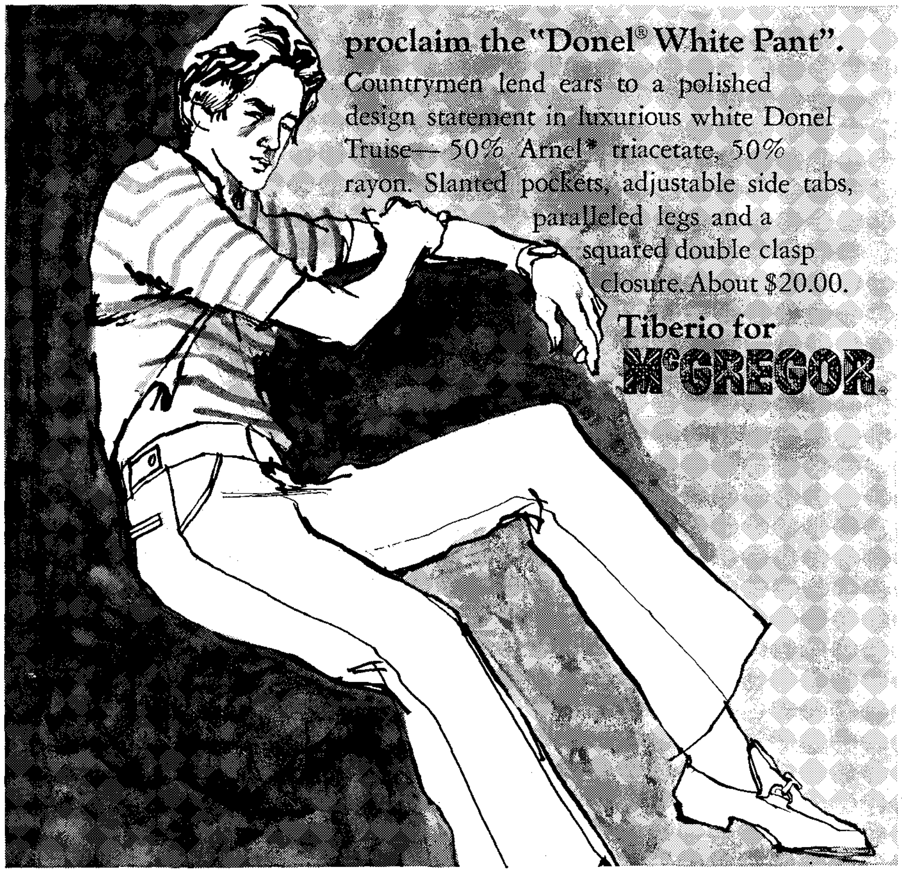

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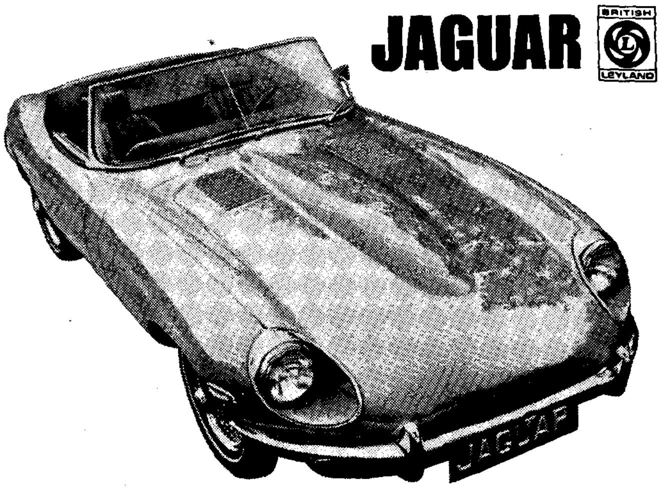

solar system—which meant to Dr. Ringwood that it probably had not been caught by the earth from the debris circling the solar system in the system's early days. (The possibility that it had come from *outside* the solar system was so remote that nobody seriously proposed it.) What none of the theories explained was the evidence of two apparently contradictory types of heating early in the moon's history. First was the geochemists' evidence of slow, gentle melting, which suggested that the moon may once have had some internal heat. Then there was evidence of a more drastic heating than anything known on earth: In relation to the earth, the moon was poor in volatile elements (the ones with low melting points, such as lead and bismuth) and rich in refractory elements (the ones with high melting points, such as titanium). The implication was that the material in the moon had been heated to such a degree that the low-melting volatiles had been driven away, leaving a concentration of high-melting refractories. All this suggested to Dr. Ringwood that the moon, instead of being some sort of planet formed from primitive material orbiting the sun (as the earth presumably had been formed), was rather the result of further refinement. It was beginning to look as though neither the cold-mooners nor the hot-mooners had been exactly right, Dr. Ringwood said. Nobody was quite sure what "cold moon" or "hot moon" meant anymore. A "hot" planet was normally one that had a hot core and was heated radioactively, like the earth, but if the moon was hot in the way Dr. Urey had suggested—a sort of two-layer moon, with a cold center—it could equally well be called a cold moon. The moon was turning out to be a more complex place than the words "hot" and "cold" implied, and neither adjective was used much at the meeting.

At least one panelist—Dr. Wise, a proponent of the fission theory—objected to Dr. Ringwood's neat dispatching of the rival theories. Having been granted an opportunity to interrupt Dr. Ringwood's presentation of the Öpik-Ringwood theory, Dr. Wise said, "It's always possible to choose among competing theories if you're willing to disregard half the evidence, and for a number of years I've maintained that you didn't have to disregard much more of the evidence to maintain that the moon was born from a primordial earth than you had to disregard to support other hypoth-

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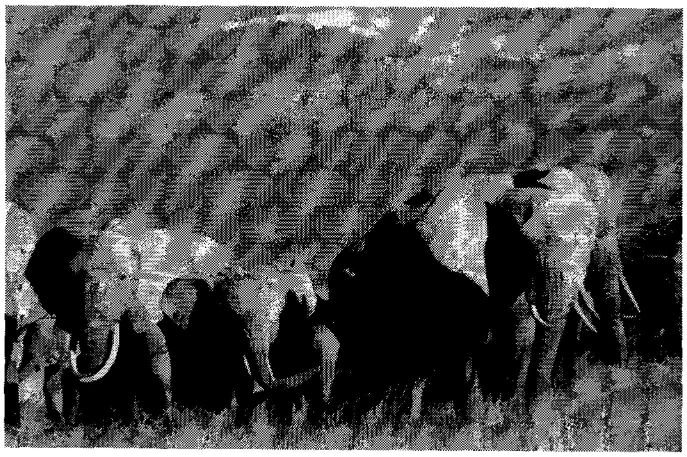

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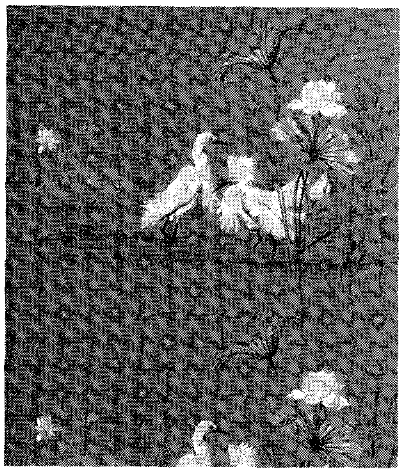

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eses." Dr. Wise, a slender man, was a co-author of the most popular of the fission theories, the Darwin-Wise theory. The Darwin-Wise theory goes back to Sir George Darwin, the son of Charles Darwin. Sir George suggested in 1879 that the sun had long ago caused huge tides on the earth, and that these tides had eventually reached such magnitude and resonance as to lead to elongation of the earth's mass and then to separation. Ironically, Dr. Ringwood himself suggested, but did not follow up, a theory like the one Dr. Wise developed in modifying Darwin's original ideas. Very early in the history of the earth, when its components were still molten, most of its iron concentrated at its center to make the core. In 1961, Dr. Ringwood made the suggestion—it was just a couple of sentences in a paper—that when the iron sank to make the earth's core this action imparted a greater rate of spin to the earth, so that the moon was separated from its surface, like a lump of clay off a potter's wheel. (This would mean that the moon should be low in iron, and it is. Dr. O'Keefe, another fission man, believes that the moon's lack of the siderophile elements, gold and platinum, supports this theory, for the siderophile elements have an affinity with iron; hence the moon's portions of gold and platinum may be at the center of the earth along with most of the moon's share of iron.) In 1963, Dr. Wise developed his own theory about the moon's spinning off the surface of the earth as the core formed, and wrote a detailed paper on the subject. The Darwin-Wise moon, as Dr. Wise reaffirmed at the meeting, would have started out in fairly solid form, and would have stayed close to the earth for some time, so that the earth, which was then heated to incandescence, might have melted the surface of the moon, like a marshmallow roasted over hot coals—accounting, perhaps, for some of the partial melting the geochemists had found. Before Dr. Wise sat down, he tossed out a thought that was almost as tantalizing as Dr. Ringwood's original throwaway suggestion. He said he couldn't help noticing that the topography of the back of the moon was a good deal softer in contour than that of the front, and he wondered whether the rough front carried the scars of separation from the earth, while the gentler back might be more nearly like the primordial surface of the earth itself.

Dr. Jastrow, the moderator, didn't want to have an argument on his hands before Dr. Ringwood had even finished his presentation, so he asked Dr.

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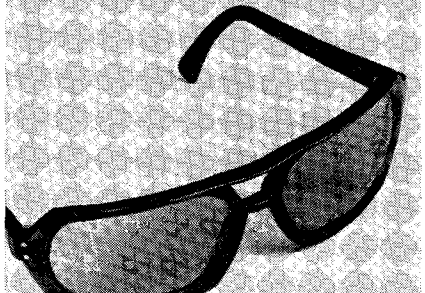

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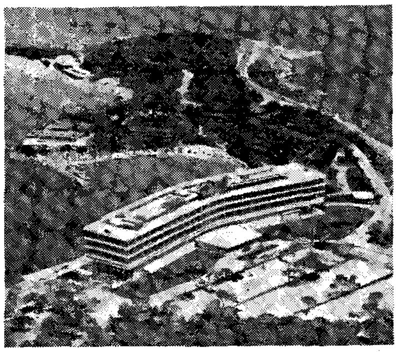

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Ringwood to pick up where he had left off—reminding the scientists that, all the other theories having been disposed of, Dr. Ringwood's was the only one left. Looking slightly abashed, Dr. Ringwood said, "Well, this is just going to be the beginning. I think it's going to be a free-for-all, with a whole host of new theories being advocated over the next few years." He didn't think, for example, that the two types of heating the geochemists had noticed could be accounted for by any of the existing theories, and, accordingly, he was suggesting a theory to explain how the material in the moon had been heated *twice*. The first time, the material that was to compose the moon had been heated so drastically that most of the volatile elements were driven off, and Dr. Öpik had proffered an explanation—at the time Dr. Ringwood deserted the Darwin-Wise theory—of how this might have happened. Dr. Öpik had postulated that the earth accumulated at the center of a condensing cloud of particles; as the process continued, the earth became hot, and so did the outer part of the cloud (the part that was to become the moon), driving away all the volatile elements; then, as the cloud cooled, the outer part formed a ring—like Saturn's—around the earth; and it was out of the cold particles in the ring, poor in volatiles, Dr. Öpik suggested, that the moon was formed. (Dr. Ross Taylor had seized on this theory to explain the high abundance of titanium on the moon. A greater percentage of elements with high melting points would have been left in the ring, he said. But, paradoxically, Dr. Ringwood preferred to think of the titanium as forming during the gentler, second phase of the heating, which would have come later.)

Recently, Dr. Ringwood had been considering another way of accounting for Dr. Öpik's ring. An astrophysicist at Yeshiva University, Dr. Alastair G. W. Cameron, had suggested that the material that was to go into the moon started off as a sort of loose cloud of rocky and gaseous components surrounding the earth. According to Dr. Cameron, the earth had not formed at the center of a condensing cloud but had been built up by an accumulation of particles floating around the solar system. Dr. Cameron's accumulating particles would eventually have landed fast enough and hard enough on the growing body to heat it up—a process called infall heating—and this would have maintained Dr. Cameron's cloud and kept it hot. One of the prerequisites for entering a field as freewheeling as cosmogony is open-mindedness, if only because a number of the different processes proposed in rival theories *might have* been operating at the same time. Dr. Cameron once admitted that the Darwin-Wise core formation might have been contemporary with his cloud and even added slightly to its temperature, and, similarly, Dr. Wise had postulated a hot, rocky atmosphere, like Dr. Cameron's, as part of the Darwin-Wise fission theory. Like Dr. Öpik's cloud, Dr. Cameron's (and Dr. Wise's, too) was hot enough to eliminate the volatiles. (In the case of Dr. Cameron's cloud, the heat would have forced the volatiles to the outer part, where they would have been carried away by interaction with hydrogen, which was then abundant in the solar system.) Each of the three scientists' clouds would have settled into a disc stretching out from the earth's equator. At this point, Dr. Cameron's cloud turned into something like Dr. Öpik's ring, which then went on to become Dr. Ringwood's moon.

Dr. Cameron turned out to be in the audience, and during a break in the discussion I asked him where the infalling particles that had built up and heated his earth had come from. He replied that, as he saw it, the entire solar system had formed out of the solar nebula—a huge cloud consisting mainly of hydrogen but containing all the other elements as well. The solar nebula, which had flattened into a disc, had condensed so rapidly that the sun accumulated at its center within somewhere between one hundred and one thousand years. Other particles had accumulated in increasingly large clumps within the hydrogen to begin the formation of the planets. (Under this theory, the earth and some of the other planets must be *older* than the sun.) Inside the nebula—and aided by the nebula's hydrogen—particles of all the other elements rained down on the planets fast enough to heat them up. The speed of these events was critical, Dr. Cameron said, for the earth, like the sun, would have had to accumulate in under a thousand years—perhaps in only a hundred years—in order for the infalling material to heat the earth to ten thousand degrees, the temperature that Dr. Cameron needed to maintain his cloud. When the sun and planets had largely formed, the solar wind—which initially was a million times as strong as the present one—blew what remained of the hydrogen

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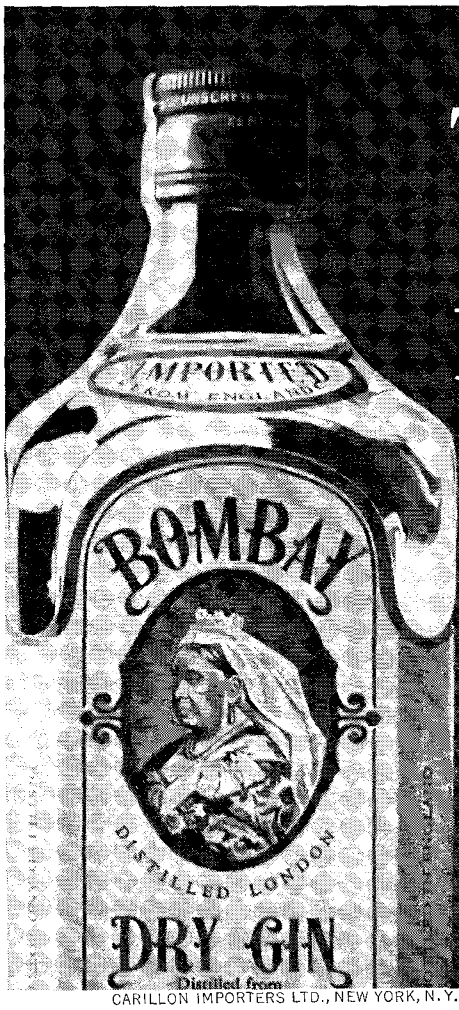

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nebula out into space, leaving the planets orbiting freely. (This very hot initial phase of the sun may have been what roasted the surface of Dr. Urey's moon, which—in another version of the origin of the solar system—may have been careering around with a pack of other moons.) When the hydrogen was gone, and the rain of particles had stopped, there would have been a vast number of chunks of matter, other than planets and moons, orbiting the sun—a point that was worth remembering, Dr. Cameron concluded, because it would be useful later on.

When I turned back to the panel discussion, Dr. Ringwood had already got rid of the moon's volatiles from either Dr. Öpik's cloud or Dr. Cameron's. He told the audience that when the cold particles in Dr. Öpik's ring began clumping together (as was bound to happen when the ring extended a certain distance from the earth) the particles could easily have gathered to form the moon in less than a hundred years—a rather leisurely pace, considering that the sun, which has a mass approximately twenty-six million five hundred thousand times the moon's, may have accumulated in the same length of time. At that rate, the heat from the infall of particles would have been enough to raise the moon's temperature to more than twelve hundred degrees, which, Dr. Ringwood said triumphantly, would have been enough to explain the evidence of internal melting that he and the other geochemists had found in the moon rocks. (Moreover, the infall could have concentrated the heat at the moon's surface, where Dr. Urey and others wanted it.) Dr. Ringwood concluded that once the moon was hot, radioactive materials in its rocks might have kept it warm for a couple of billion years—long enough to account for the different ages of the lunar material.

Dr. Ringwood smiled wanly as he awaited questions from the audience. The first scientist to raise his hand began by saying, "If I had to judge the existence of the moon on the plausibility of *any* of the theories, I'd claim it wasn't there." What bothered him was that if the moon had formed from a ring that was orbiting the earth's equator, the orbit of the moon should be on the plane of the earth's equator, whereas in fact the moon's orbit is at an angle to the equator. Dr. Ringwood protested that astrophysics wasn't his field, and apologized for the absence of Dr. Öpik, since it was Dr. Öpik's ring that was in question. However, he hazarded the guess that the ring and the moon's

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orbit had started out on the plane of the earth's equator, and that later something had tilted the earth. While the audience pondered this one, Dr. O'Keefe, a fission man, arose and asked Dr. Ringwood how he proposed to get his gas cloud—and the ring—into orbit around the earth in the first place. NASA, Dr. O'Keefe remarked, had a hard enough time orbiting a relatively small spacecraft. Dr. Ringwood again said that he wished Dr. Öpik were there, and went on to suggest that the concentration of the Wise-Ringwood iron core, plus the heat created by infalling particles, had caused the rocky, gaseous cloud to sort of evaporate from the earth's surface. Dr. Jastrow challenged this picture of a misty emanation from a sort of primeval bog—Dr. O'Keefe's point was well taken, he said—and Dr. O'Keefe continued the attack by saying, "It isn't enough to just *evaporate* the material. You have to give it a tremendous shove to put it into orbit."

Dr. O'Keefe's point hung in the air unanswered, and, just as the meeting seemed about to move tactfully to another subject, a chair scraped in the back of the room and a man said, in a loud, booming voice, "Let me briefly indicate how some of the difficulties that have been mentioned can be overcome." There was a rustling as several hundred scientists turned to see who had spoken. It was Dr. Cameron. Taking up Dr. O'Keefe's objection, he said that, as an astrophysicist, he *found nothing to prevent a cloud of* vaporized rocks from extending as far as five earth radii into space. (An earth radius is about four thousand miles.) The cloud would already be there as an accompaniment to the formation of the earth, and later it would flatten into a disc extending outward from the earth's equator. And, further, the law known as Roche's Law stipulates that any particles orbiting the earth beyond 2.7 earth radii—Roche's Limit—will tend to cluster together. Accordingly, that part of the disc beyond Roche's Limit would form the ring, and the particles in the ring would immediately begin to pile up to make the *moon*. Dr. Cameron added that he agreed with Dr. Ringwood that the moon could accumulate in less than a hundred years. Then, having lofted the cloud, the ring, and the moon for Dr. O'Keefe, Dr. Cameron took up the problem of the moon's present orbit. He began in a roundabout fashion with the matter of the lack of volatile elements on the moon. If the Öpik-Ringwood theory (or the Ringwood-*Cam-*

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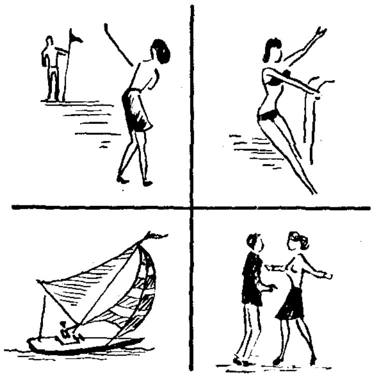

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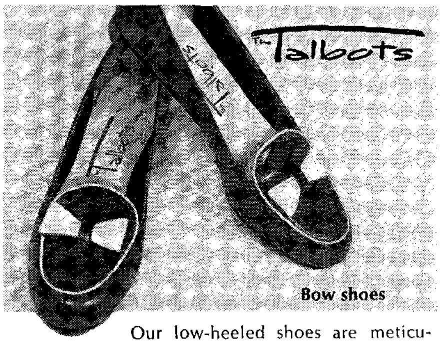

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eron theory) were correct, he said, there should be no volatile elements on the earth, either, for while the moon's volatiles were burning off inside the hot cloud, the earth's volatiles would have been burning off, too. Yet the earth's surface is rich in volatiles. (Dr. Urey had argued to me that the presence of volatiles on the earth was a fatal flaw in the theory.) Obviously, Dr. Cameron had to get the volatiles back onto the earth in a hurry, and at this point he made use of the large chunks of matter he had left orbiting the sun after the planets were formed. Since they hadn't been inside Dr. Cameron's hot cloud, they would have remained rich in volatiles. They would have piled onto the earth, becoming the outer ten per cent of the planet, but hardly anything would have piled onto the moon, because the moon was so small, and its gravity so weak, that most of the material would have splashed right off it. As these chunks of matter, rich in volatiles, landed on the earth, the accompanying jolts would have tilted the earth on its axis relative to the moon—"thereby overcoming the objection," he added sonorously.

Dr. Jastrow didn't appear to be convinced by Dr. Cameron's general theory. He declared that it was his impression that certain physical laws would have been violated unless a third body—such as Mars—was formed at the same time as the earth and the moon. Then he ended the discussion by saying, "I won't give the members of the panel a chance to reply to this remark, because it's time to adjourn."

WHEN the conference on the Apollo 11 rocks ended, what one scientist called the "frantic phase" of the study of the moon was over. NASA wouldn't hold another scientific conference for a year, and meanwhile the scientists would be free to release their findings whenever and however they pleased. Some of the Space Center scientists were leaving now for new jobs. Dr. Greenwood was going to Arabia on an assignment for the United States Geological Survey. Dr. Greenwood, who is well over six feet tall, had no difficulty seeing all the other scientists around him during the conference. He said to me afterward, "When you find you know half the people here, it's time to move on. There was a lot of excitement when we were getting the Receiving Laboratory ready, but now that we've done that the work is pretty routine. Geologists are not cut out to be indoors. A great many of us are wilderness people, really. We're in suits

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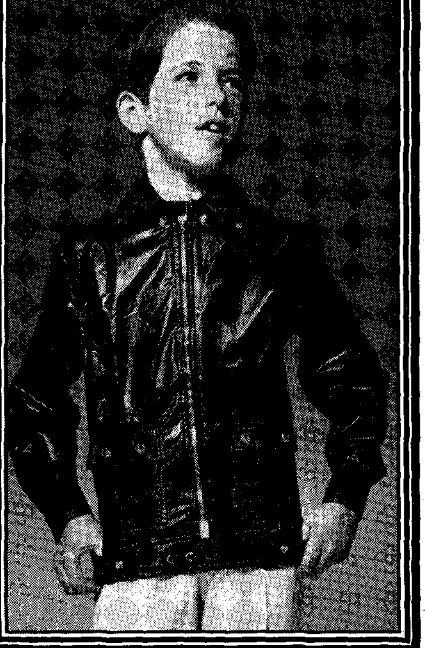

and shoes here; I want to go back where I can put boots on." In Arabia, he would be working alone, and in territory never before investigated by a geologist. Dr. Shoemaker was also leaving the space program, apparently for similar reasons. He said, "I'm a geologist, and it's been six years since I've done any serious field work. I'm getting ready to pound rocks again. I want to get back to the earth." He had in mind pounding rocks in the Colorado Plateau—red sedimentary rocks containing hematite, which he thought had something to do with continental drift.

At a banquet that NASA gave for the scientists, the chief speaker was the British astrophysicist Fred Hoyle. (One scientist nervously remarked beforehand, "NASA doesn't know what it's doing! Hoyle was against sending men to the moon!") Toward the end of his speech, Professor Hoyle mentioned a prediction he had made in 1948—that once a man had taken a photograph from space showing the earth in its entirety, a new idea would be let loose in the world. He went on, "You have noticed how, quite suddenly, everybody has become seriously concerned to protect the natural environment. It happened almost overnight, and one can understand how one can ask the question 'Where did this idea come from?' You could say, of course, from biologists, from conservationists, from ecologists, but, after all, they've really been saying these things for many years past, and previously they've never even got on base. Something new has happened to create a worldwide awareness of our planet as a unique and precious place. It seems to me more than a coincidence that this awareness should have happened at exactly the moment man took his first step into space."

Colonel Frank Borman, the astronaut, who had taken a photograph of the sort that Professor Hoyle was talking about, had radioed back from lunar orbit how barren the moon looked. The scientists, who had, in effect, explored the moon more thoroughly than any astronaut, had found little to take anyone back there—no life, no water, nothing of commercial value. At the Space Center, one geologist had in his office a poster that was a blowup of Colonel Borman's photograph of a delicate blue earth rising above a bleak gray moonscape. Below the picture were the words "Visit Earth." Perhaps men had to go to the moon before they could clarify their view of their own planet. —HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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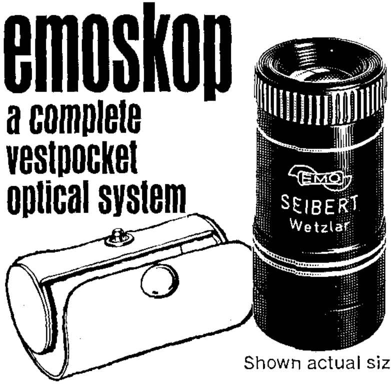

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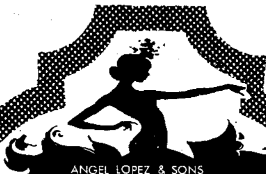

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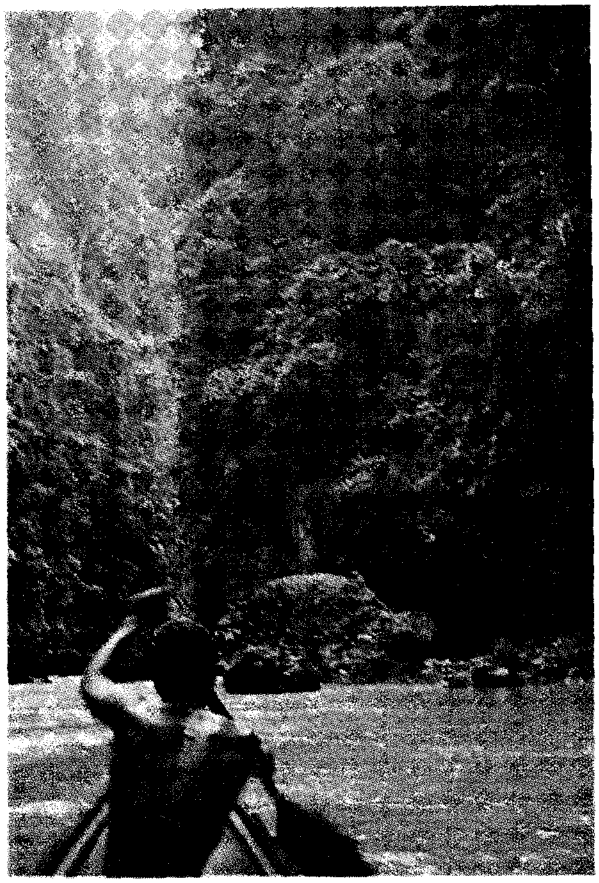

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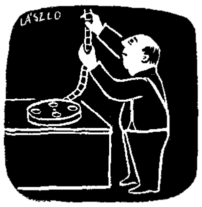
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Good Night

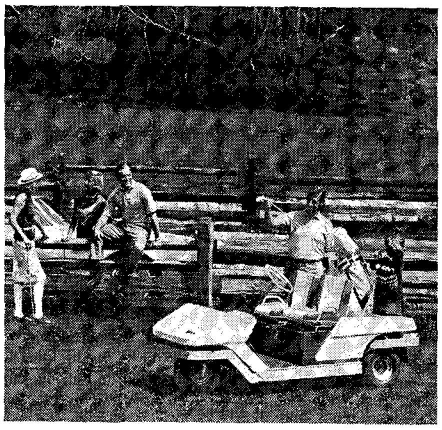
A LONG view of a youngish man in a dark coat. Black-and-white photography; silence, as after a fall of snow. The first noise is the bang of his car door. Then Jean-Louis Trintignant, the wittily blah-faced engineer who is the hero of Eric Rohmer's marvellous "My Night at Maud's," goes to Mass in Clermont-Ferrand. A glance passes in church, twice, between him and a fair-haired girl. There is a shot of him at home, reading a book of calculations, drinking coffee. Morning alarm clock. Arm out to turn on radio music. Bookshop. Attraction to a title: "Calcul des Probabilités." He runs into an old friend (Antoine Vitez), a Marxist professor, who tots up the chances against their having met after all this time. They sit and talk. The friend holds you. A thin, comic man, very bright, amused by his sex muddles. He has a pleasant, speculative voice and a nose like a pen nib. His name is Vidal. The Trintignant character is called Jean-Louis. It is plain that they have known each other for ages. Rohmer has made a rare sort of film: His intimates really seem intimates. They talk their own thoughts instead of speaking lines, they react to the moment before last, they chat by laminating two monologues, they hang fire wondering about the next thing to say. The intelligence his characters are allowed to have is gentle and true. So is their attention to each other. The two men talk about choice and chance, Marxism, Jansenism. Jean-Louis is a Catholic who has placed his bet. Now he is waiting with his own kind of quizzicality for the outcome of the game. He has no girl, for instance. He wants the blonde from church. Vidal has gambled on "Hypothesis B, the ten-per-cent possibility that history has a meaning," because if he gambled on the ninety-per-cent chance of Hypothesis A—that history has no meaning—his life would be lost. "Someone—Lenin, Gorky, or Mayakovsky—said that after the Russian Revolution they were forced to take one chance in a thousand, and that it was worth it," he says, speaking touchingly about himself, really, while he and Jean-Louis are apparently discussing Pascal abstractions. Clermont-Ferrand was Pascal's birthplace. Like Maud, whom the two friends go to see that evening, Vidal and Jean-Louis are steeped in the ideas of the thinker who proposed the famous Wager about believing in God: the notion that if you win you win everything, and that if you lose you lose nothing; the argument that since you are obliged to play the game anyway, you renounce reason if you hoard your life for the sake of a calculable, finite stake rather than risk it for an incalculable, infinite gain.



Maud (Françoise Fabian), a great beauty, meeting Jean-Louis for the first time, watches and cooks and smokes. His determinism is not for her, or his rigor, but she likes him. She tells him that her ex-husband had a mistress—a blonde with a character "rather like yours." She herself had a lover, killed in a car crash. Her nature makes her hate Pascal's lottery, but she listens carefully—to the cheerful professor, who is having an affair with her, and to this interesting friend, with his cordial intractability and his poor assessment of himself, who speaks rather solemnly about his mediocrity, about his incomprehension of unfaithfulness, and about his longing for the right girl. "The classified ads?" suggests Maud softly to this last problem. " 'Seeks blond practicing Catholic . . .' " It is said with droll affection by this brown-haired, non-Catholic dish, whose habit of sleeping naked under a white fur rug in her living room ("I hate bedrooms") scares Jean-Louis nearly to flight once Vidal has left them together to go home because of the weather. Lust's hour is about to strike, you can see him thinking nervously. He looks at the unforeseeable freethinker wriggling about under her fur rug. "You both reek of holy water," she was saying to the men earlier. He wraps himself safely in another rug. She goes on smoking and talking to him. It occurs to you, as they go chastely to sleep, that this night with Maud confronts Jean-Louis with a problem vexingly Pascalian as well as voluptuous beyond his wits, since the oppressive possibility of making love to her represents a bet in which there is nothing to be lost and maybe a kingdom to be won.

Next day, intact, he finds the girl he saw in church. "I know I should think of something clever to say," he says urgently, "but how can I get to know *you*?" The courtship proceeds, club-footed. Caught in the snow with her that night, he makes tea for her in

for fun...



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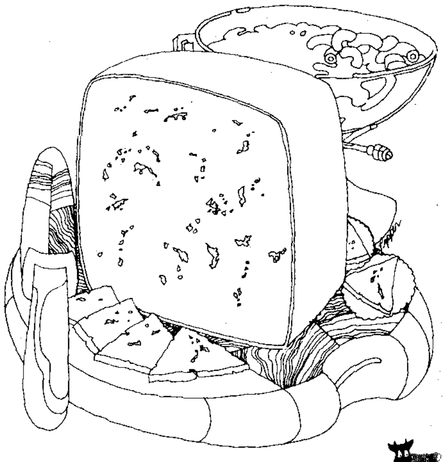

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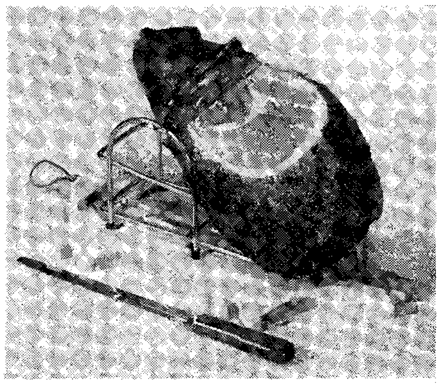

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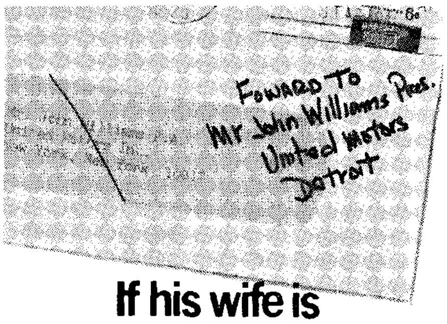
her place. He does it with exquisite pedantry. Apart from some of the actors in the great Russian companies, Trintignant in this film is better than anyone else I have seen at playing a man amused at himself for being humorless. "No good being more Papist than the Pope," he mutters to himself at some point.

The script is Rohmer's own, one of six "Moral Tales." Two were made for French television. Another, a feature film, is called "La Collectionneuse." Two to go. Sometimes this screenplay is in a literary class near Renoir's for "Rules of the Game." And, oh, the pleasure of a film that looks at people for long takes instead of going chop-chop-chop, like television; that so often finds a listener's face more interesting than a speaker's; that lets people *talk*, instead of yielding to the cant that talk isn't "visual." A lot of the producers and directors who intone this particular slogan now aren't very talented. Would-be-classy cinema has acquired in them a new sort of middlebrow. They are people so fogged by tenth-hand regard for the camera-stylo theory, and yet so far from kin to the *writers* who historically directed camera-stylo films, that they misunderstand the theory to mean throwing words out in favor of shock-cuts and zooms. Why is the sight of someone speaking necessarily less "visual" than the sight of someone walking? The word is one of the more inanely used elements in the cinema. You imagine that one day, off camera, your truly filmic hero is going to have to leap out of his chair and say to his girl friend, "Let's go out and do something visual." Like careering around Paris with a bevy of balloons, or eating frankfurters extremely fast on speeded-up film. Well, not many people could have done what Rohmer has. It is a very delicate triumph for the talkies, and the ending of his picture hangs there like the close of a great short story.

In Claude Lelouch's "Love Is a Funny Thing" (the French title is "Un Homme Qui Me Plaît"), Annie Girardot plays a terrifically soignée French film star working for the first time in Hollywood, on what seems to be a rather depressing movie about renunciation. Lelouch's story is also about renunciation, but not in the least depressing. The man scoring the music for the film that Annie Girardot is supposed to be making is played by Jean-Paul Belmondo. They fall for each other, forgetting their marriages back in Europe for a halcyon interlude



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The Fuentes are one of the vilage families. Poor even by Romero's ub-standards. The mud-brick house vith dirt floors they live in isn't even heirs. The two-acre farm behind it rovides all the income for the famy of nine. Most of the time there sn't enough to go around. Yet, this as been a good year for the Fuentes. Their 7-year-old daughter Luz Maina has been able to stay in school.

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First, Luz Marina's immediate chool needs are taken care of. Secndly, funds are available to the amily to carry out their self-help lan to raise hens. The eggs will help mprove the family diet and inrease the family income. Finally, small portion of the Koerner's conribution, together with money from ther sponsors, has been lent to the villagers. With their own hands and weat, they're building a water storage tank and a pipeline. Hopefully, the new water supply will increase the crop yield and the village's income so that some day they will no longer need help.

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CONTRIBUTIONS ARE INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE NY4/4/0 snatched from Time's jaws, et cetera. Everything about them is irresistible, as it has to be in Lelouch's gently absurd love elegies. They can't even resist themselves. "Do you like your music?" Annie Girardot asks Belmondo about a bit of his score. "Too many fiddles," he says casually, not really hiding entrancement, "but the theme isn't bad." Miss Girardot wears Balmain clothes that aren't bad, either. In fact, there is no aspect of their lives that isn't enviable. When she telephones her husband and child in Paris, the telephone works; no international operator cuts them off or bawls them out. And when Belmondo is rung up by his wife while he is in Annie Girardot's bedroom, the hotel successfully takes messages. I call this romanticism.

Sooner or later, the pair scoot off to Las Vegas. There is a deep-focus shot of them at some careless spectacle, with trapeze artists in diamanté whizzing about in the background and ketchup bottles looming in the foreground (realism). Elated by each other, the lovers drive around the Southwest in a hired convertible. They play—er, cowboys and Indians. Well, this has to do with the hero's job. He sometimes writes music for stampedes. Pretending to be pursued by hordes and exceeding the speed limit by about a hundred and forty, they are caught by a cop: "Realize how fast you were going?" "Yes, it was because of the Indians," says Belmondo blandly. The cop is charming. One likes a film in which people get away with things.

The couple eventually have to face reality, and the girl comes off the worse because, as one knows from love-advice columns, men are beasts. Lelouch may be alone now among film directors in keeping alive for us the possibility of a spurious quiet sob in the back row. He is also nifty with a camera, and there is certainly nothing wrong with his eye for casting a particular sort of sharply humorous and grown-up actress. Annie Girardot in this film is as interesting to watch as Anouk Aimée was in "A Man and a Woman." And one gets a proxy holiday. Brochure landscapes, swimming, a free pardon from a sunburned cop. Gratitude for small pleasures.

—Penelope Gilliatt

•

The P.-T.A. meeting will be held at Central Elementary School, Tuesday, March 10 at 7:30. All parents and interesting persons are invited to attend.

—Chatham (Va.) Star-Tribune.

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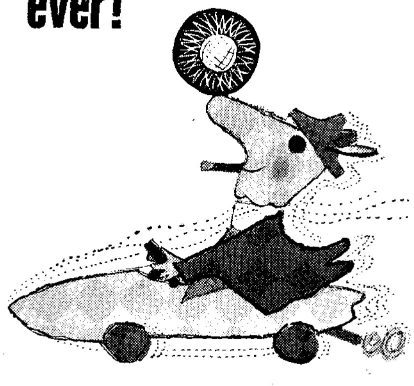

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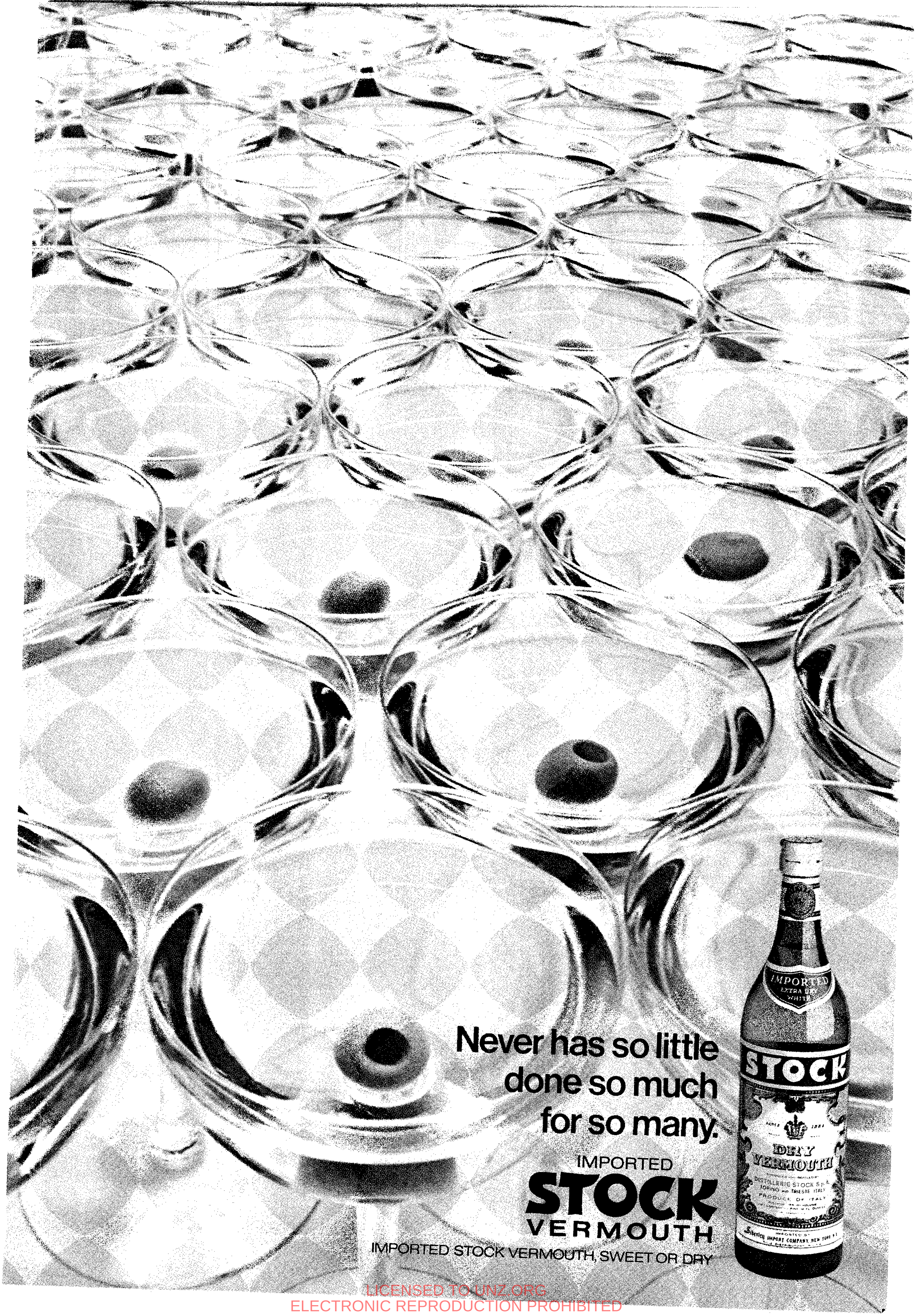
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LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 25

NO one could have dreamed that the recent television debate between France's Minister of Finance, M. Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, and M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, founder of the non-pro-government weekly magazine *L'Express* and recently self-appointed chief of the old, once powerful Radical Socialist Party, with which he proposes to reform and modernize France, would provide the most interesting, popular, and nationally followed TV night program of the present year. All that it featured, for nearly two solid hours, was two highly educated, diametrically opposed Frenchmen arguing about *l'égalité des chances dans la vie*, or equality of opportunity in life in France today—an increasingly political social question of bitter wonderment or of hope for millions in this elderly country. A kind of sharp, sporting tension was furnished in the debate by the likelihood that the two debaters will be opposing candidates for the Presidency of the Republic in the election of 1976. To begin with, each debater presented a very brief, rather clumsy movie of how he saw the possibilities of equal opportunity in France. Servan-Schreiber showed two naked plump boy babies. One, born in poverty, would by the age of two (he said) have already lost a percentage of his chance of equality, and by the age of ten would be definitely headed for the working class; the more favored, boosted, and educated infant could hope to end up as the manager of some big business—an odd notion of earthly paradise for such a sincere radical reformer as Servan-Schreiber, except that he is mesmerized by power as a form of proof. Giscard's movie script was narrated by a young woman with a black braid of hair who had her back to her listeners until the end, when she turned around to reveal her intelligent, handsome dark face—a Creole, or a French girl from one of the French islands, Giscard's tactful evidence that nature itself also furnishes impediments to equal chances. The debate was part of a series titled "À Armes Égales" ("On an Equal Footing"), but this proved to be not quite the case. As a political free lance, Servan-Schreiber, formidable in his gift for argument, was able to indulge at times in a certain wolflike demagoguery in some of his attacks on the Minister of Finance, who at one point was pushed to protest, with a tight smile, "You can hardly expect me to dissociate myself from the government I represent." At another moment, in reply to his opponent's statement that French chances for a better life were not increasing, the Minister—who had all his answers inside his head, with its tall cranial formation, whereas Servan-Schreiber had backed himself up with a pile of memos in case he needed help—said, "When you and I were in school together, in 1935, the secondary schools contained only two hundred and forty-five thousand pupils. Today, there are four million two hundred thousand. The scholarship students then numbered twenty-seven thousand. Today, they number one million six hundred and seventy thousand." Though the Minister, with his overrefined studious Gallic face, looks older than Servan-Schreiber, he is two years younger, now aged forty-four. Both men were educated at the Polytechnique, regarded as the most eminent of all of France's famous great schools, entered only by competitive examination, specializing in higher mathematics, and producing the highest grade of French technologists, at their top rank known as "Les X," of whom Giscard was one. He was also an *Énarque*, or graduate of L'École Nationale d'Administration. This was founded after the last war with the aim of creating what de Gaulle called *les grands commis de l'état*, or great trained servants of the French state. Giscard d'Estaing is doubtless unique in Europe as the most highly educated member of any functioning government. His speech on TV reflected his mature, civilized mentality and his carefully filled and upholstered brain. There was only one interruption of the two debaters' arguments, made by one of the young intellectual referees seated in a wide circle around them. The question raised by this young woman referee was "Would not this debate have been more fruitful if one of the two men had not come from a privileged family?" Most of the other young referees nodded in affirmation. In this writer's opinion, this would have ruined the ideally subtle, balanced relation between the two debaters, equal in past privileges but not in present political opinion—Servan-Schreiber a natu-

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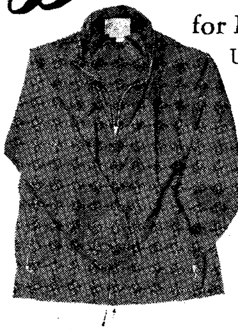
ral radical, and Giscard a native liberal. Both men richly inherited, in a professional way, from their families. Jean-Jacques stepped easily into the footprints of his journalist father, director of the Paris financial paper *Les Échos*. Giscard's inheritance was somewhat more complex. He entered politics under the guidance of his grandfather Jacques Bardoux, whose parliamentary seat he took as deputy from Puy-de-Dôme. His own father was an *inspecteur des finances*—one of France's high technological titles. The son earned the same title by his dazzling career at L'École Nationale d'Administration. Together, Servan-Schreiber and Giscard d'Estaing, as a pair of spectacular, educated talkers, gave us, the *polloi*, a TV performance of high political and, indeed, patriotic thinking and talk, which we shall not soon forget.

LAST week, France had a sitdown strike of trucks and truck drivers on the national highways and autoroutes all over the country, with Paris completely blocked off. Outside the city, the local villagers walked across the fields to stand and stare at the strange spectacle of inert mastodons cluttering the highway as far as they could see. The trouble arose from an intelligent, kindly conceived government project to clear the national routes of all trucks on Easter Sunday and Monday (and on certain other holiday weekends), so that motoring French vacationers, speeding to and from their holy holiday, could scoot down unimpeded thoroughfares. But the plan miscarried, because somebody forgot to consult the truck drivers, who argued that they would be halted far from home on a holiday, without pay, and in some cases with their cargoes starting to rot. So they struck. Inspired to an imitation, *petits commerçants*, or little shopkeepers, also began blocking the roads all over France—especially around Bordeaux—with their family cars lined up by the kilometre in protest against the unpopular *taxe sur valeur ajoutée*, passed about two years ago but still rankling. (It is a kind of super sales tax that loads the petty shopkeeper with paperwork.) The whole notion of striking on the roads against what you don't like elsewhere has, in a way, spread all over France. One newspaper has run a cartoon of a blocked road with a weedy-looking truck driver and his truck at its head; he is carrying a sign saying, "My wife is unfaithful! Comrades, solidarity!" There was no humor in the recent



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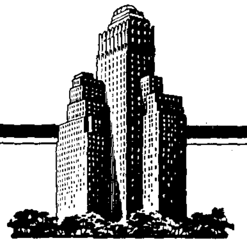

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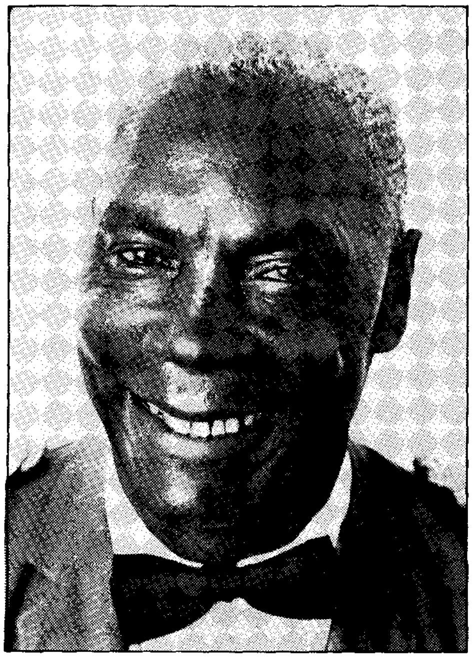
four-day strike at Orly of the *aiguilleurs du ciel*, or air-traffic controllers, who regulate the descent and takeoff of the planes. Twenty-five thousand would-be passengers jammed the airport, whose six bars and restaurants were also on strike, so that there was neither food nor drink except tap water for that vast angry gathering. Transatlantic planes arriving from New York landed two hours late, and luggage was unearthed only after delays of three hours or more.

There has even been a threatened strike by the ballet dancers at the Paris Opéra. The rumor had spread among them that the recently appointed *directeur* of the ballet, Roland Petit, would demand that the dancers all take special examinations on their technical competence, with the privilege on his part of dismissing those he found lacking—a highly unlikely tale, since once a performer is a member of a French state theatre, he is protected by his contract and is as difficult to dislodge as a limpet. Calm has been restored with Petit's announcement that the ballet section is actually to be augmented and separated into two sections, one to be used this coming season as the dancing chorus that customarily accompanies some operas, such as the waltz number in "Faust." The other is to function only as a proper, classic corps de ballet.

THIS past week, there was a gala evening at the Opéra of three ballets, two of them being old choreographies by Balanchine, revived and restored to their original forms by John Taras, the Opéra's revivifying ballet master, recently loaned by the New York City Ballet. The opening ballet, "Serenade," with music by Tchaikovsky, was Balanchine's first 1934 creation for the School of American Ballet, which he founded at that time with Lincoln Kirstein. This early ballet seems masterly in its peculiar purity, and unique in that the dancers' arms are as important as their legs, with the coryphees first seen, at the lifting curtain, as merely posed in their long tutus, motionless in their perfection. Then, in the choreography, the arms held aloft in semicircles repeatedly seem to embrace the air, into which the dancers, lifted on their points, enter in a kind of balanced geometry of grace. It was first danced at the Opéra here in the spring season of 1947, with the recent performance being only its tenth. The second Balanchine opus, well known here and danced to Bizet's Symphony in C, seemed too like just another *ballet blanc* to obtain an equal effect. The



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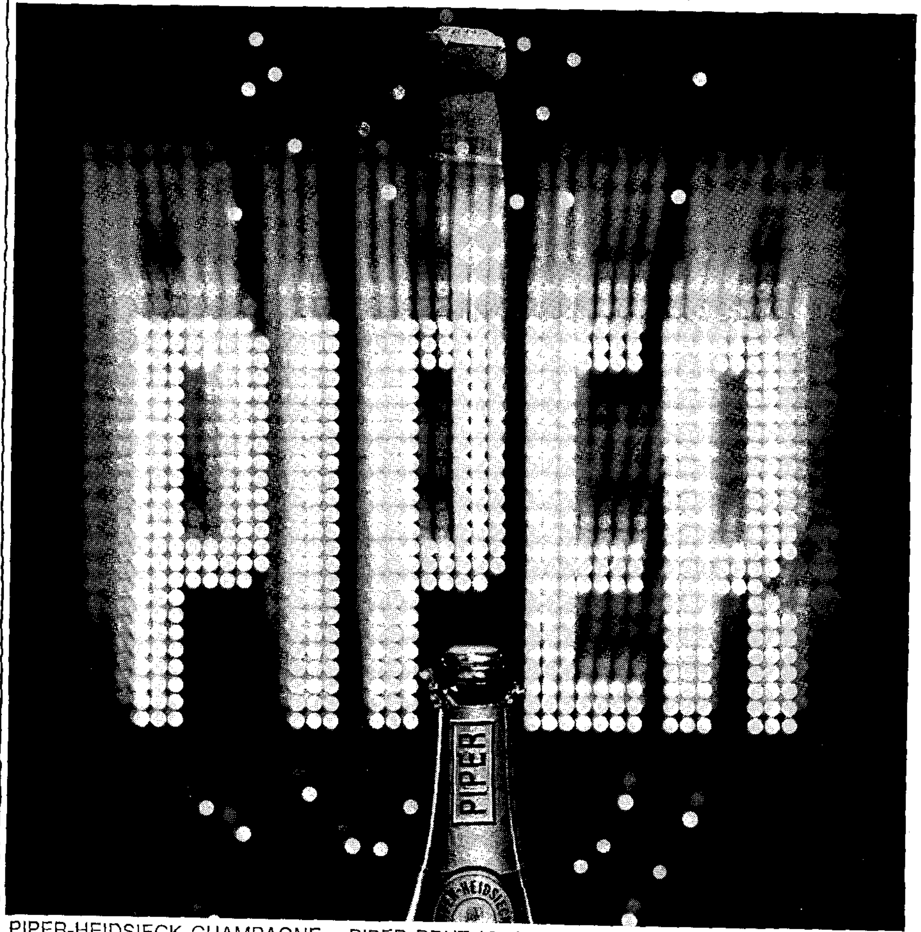

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most popular number of the evening with the Opéra audience was unquestionably the Orientalized ballet for two, "La Péri," to music by Dukas, choreographed with such ultra-virility by Frederick Ashton and danced so vigorously by the ballet's main male star, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, that at a crucial moment his hat fell off. However, he was fortunately offset by the perfect female sensuality of Claire Motte, in a breathtaking costume that could have been designed by Gustave Moreau himself.

LAST Friday, this writer attended what is supposed to be the most avant-garde little theatre in Paris—L'Épée-de-Bois, in the Rue Mouffetard district. There, two years ago, the Grotowski Polish troupe played "Acropolis." Then it was a mere barracks, furnished with a few rough benches. Having prospered ever since, it has become an up-to-date little unit, with foam cushions on its wooden seats, and with decent lights. For a week, it had been giving a long one-act play called "Eva Peron," enacted by two women, two men, and one very large transvestite, who played Eva in a pink evening gown, looking rather like a football coach in corsets. What was remarkable about the performance (which was utterly decent) was the way the cast yelled, shouted, or bawled their lines at the top of their lungs, and the way electric guitars played deafening rock music. Whether Eva was supposed to be alive or already defunct and sanctified was not clear from the uproar of speech by the cast, quite elegantly garbed in colorful démodé costumes from colonial Argentine days. One of the best Paris critics wrote of this production simply that it made no sense to him at all. We will doubtless never know now what its meaning was supposed to be, since yesterday the theatre was raided by a Fascist group, wearing helmets and masks and carrying nightsticks, who within a few minutes had beaten enough of the audience to send two to the hospital, threw tear gas, and escaped without leaving any trace. Authorities seem to think that this raid was a symptom of contagion from the student violence during the last week or so at the Nanterre university. At latest report, the university is still without a dean, or even a president.

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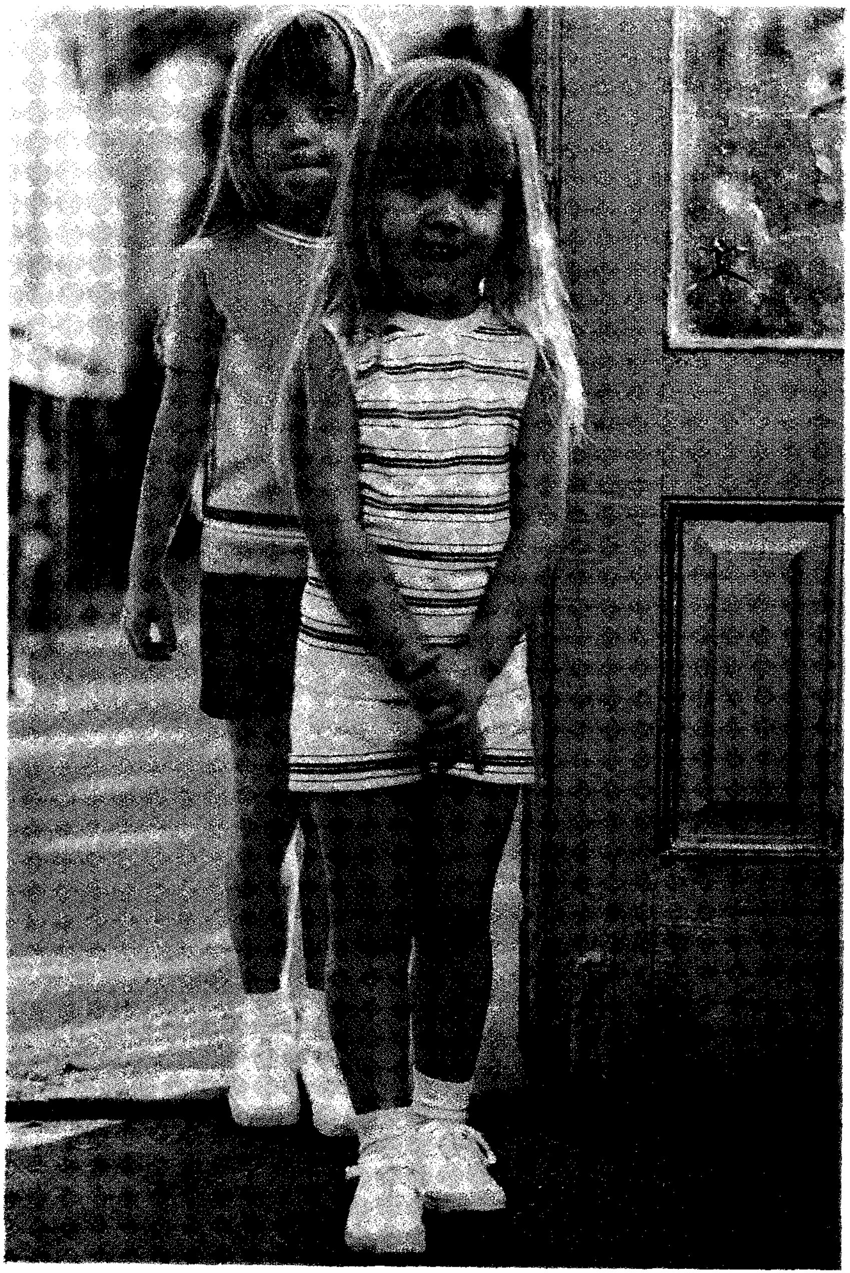

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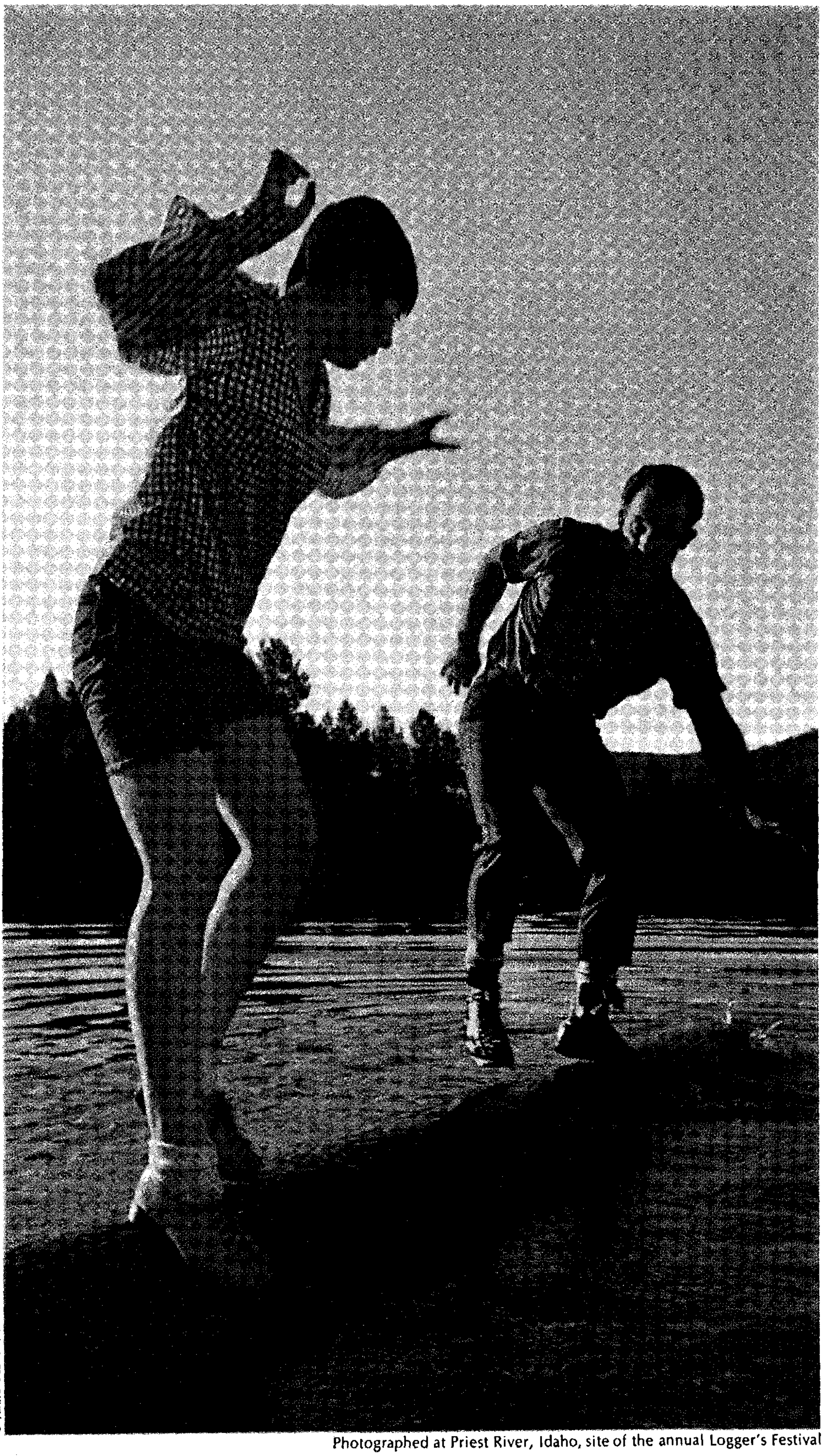

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citizens, goes on apace. The Place Vendôme, beneath which a four-floor garage for almost nine hundred cars has been constructed, is almost completely resurfaced. It will be covered with gravel, to scare off motorists from parking their cars there, parking on that square in the future being strictly illegal. New digs have already been started under the Louvre, on the Rue de Rivoli side, down by the little church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, where another fine subterranean parking lot will be dredged beneath all those fabulous art collections stored overhead. At the Maine-Montparnasse Railway station site, digging is going on for what may be the tallest tower in Europe—six hundred and sixty feet high—for use as business offices. Another tower, only half as tall, for the use of the Sorbonne faculty, is projected for the Halle aux Vins, only a block or so distant from Notre-Dame. The proposed tower would be taller than the towers of Notre-Dame, and two Paris deputies have finally risen in wrath to protest. They asked, "Is it a good plan to massacre forever the site of Notre-Dame? Such a tower would irremediably ruin the central landscape of Paris," and expressed their surprise at the contradiction that exists between the state policy of university decentralization, the preserving of art sites, and such a project. At this rate, *Le Monde* has just prophesied gloomily, it would seem that "the bowl of Paris" will soon be full of skyscrapers, "to its aesthetic detriment." In the meantime, according to indignant articles in several other Paris papers, the Place des Vosges—most harmonious, shabbiest, and most historic residential square of all Paris—is slowly eroding away, house by house. That would seem a good place for the Paris city architects to vent some of their energy on.

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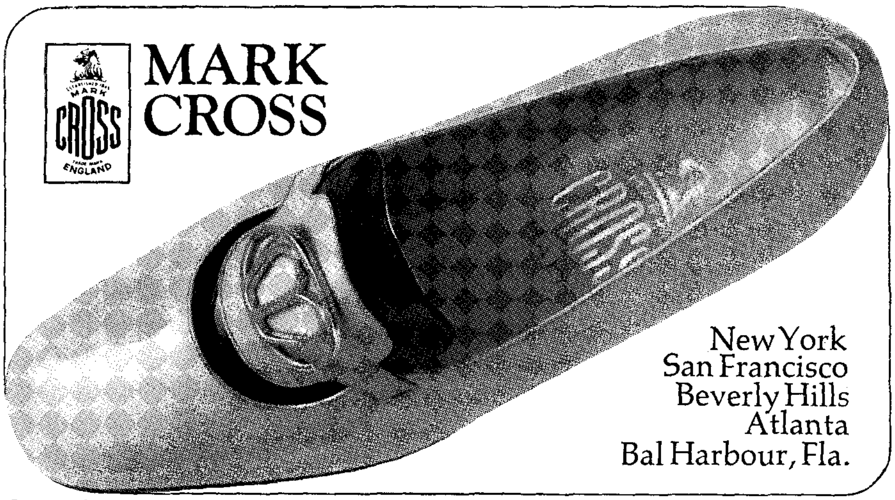
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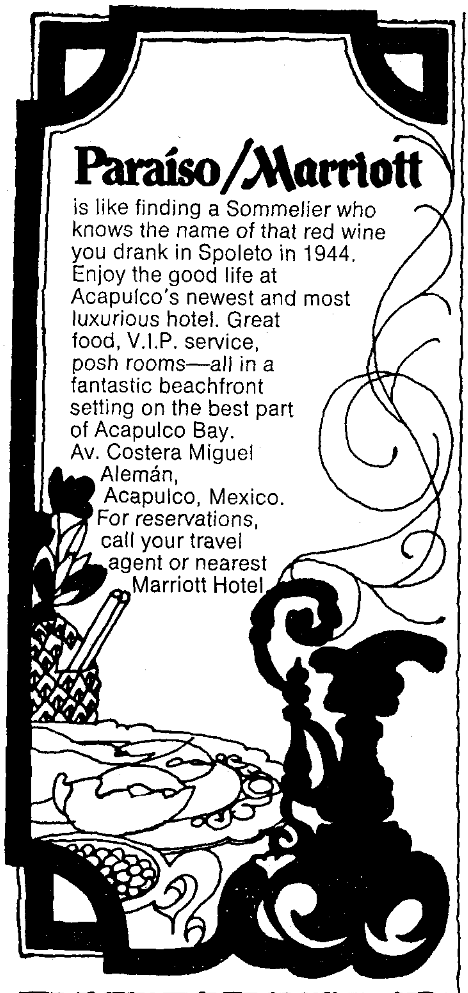

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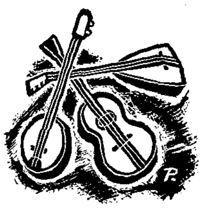
MUSICAL EVENTS

Sheba

THE American Opera Society put on Karl Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" ("The Queen of Sheba") in Carnegie Hall last Thursday night, and I may have been the only person present who had heard it before. It had not been produced at the Metropolitan Opera House (or, probably, anywhere else in New York) since 1906. But it was quite popular at the Vienna Opera, under the baton of Franz Schalk, when I was a student in that city in the twenties. The long neglect into which this opera has fallen is, I think, due not so much to its music as to its libretto, which is one of those very Germanic and very nineteenth-century concoctions (Wagner's "Tannhäuser" is another) about conflicts between sacred and profane love. It seems (though you won't find it in the Bible) that King Solomon had a quite impressionable young courtier named Assad, who was about to be married to a girl named Sulamith, the daughter of the High Priest of the temple. But the Queen of Sheba, on her famous visit to the monarch, so bedazzled Assad that he felt he could not go through with his marriage plans. This, naturally, caused a scandal among Jerusalem's aristocratic set. The High Priest tried to exorcise the devil that was plaguing Assad, and the wedding ceremony began. But the Queen of Sheba, who seems to have been as smitten with Assad as he with her, interrupted the ceremony, and Assad rushed to her side. For this act of sacrilege in God's temple, he was condemned to death, but King Solomon commuted the sentence to exile. Assad wandered, half insane, in the desert, still pursued by the Queen of Sheba. By this time, however, he had worked up the righteous stamina to resist her, and he greeted her with curses. With his next-to-dying breath Assad pronounced the name of Sulamith, and, sure enough, she appeared, just in time to let him die in her arms. I don't recall whether Mario Praz, in his valuable book "The Romantic Agony," cited this plot as a fine example of the remarkable psychological twists of nineteenth-century fiction. In any case, Assad is such a mixed-up hero that the opera does not stand up very well as a drama.



The music, on the other hand, is quite beautiful, despite a few corny passages, and quite interesting from a historical point of view. The Viennese critic Eduard Hanslick, who is famous today mainly because he was all wrong about Wagner, but whom I respect because he had the courage of his convictions and spoke his mind, hated "Die Königin von Saba." It is easy to see why. The opera was first produced in 1875, when Wagner was still a controversial but already a highly popular innovative figure. Though "Die Königin" reveals only a little Wagnerian influence, it does contain a lot of Oriental exoticism. (Not until the time of Rimski-Korsakov, a generation or so later, did Orientalism in music become fashionable, and the fashion did not last.) In a composer who was almost an exact contemporary of Brahms, this combination was intolerable to a man of Hanslick's beliefs. Hanslick was a guardian of the classical German and Austrian tradition. It is interesting in this connection that Goldmark was a Jew of cosmopolitan tastes (he wrote an overture to the great Sanskrit drama "Sakuntala"). "Die Königin von Saba" has many moments of magnificent lyric melody and a score whose workmanship is admirable—full of shimmering orchestral colors and strong, well-knit melodic motifs. It is also an opera that is very well written for the voice, even if some of its roles tax the resources of all but the finest singers.

The cast put forward by the American Opera Society the other night was, on the whole, a serviceable one. Reynald Giovaninetti, a conductor from Marseille, made quite an impression with his deft handling of the score. Teresa Kubiak, a Polish soprano, made her début here in the role of Sulamith, and disclosed a voice of great power and range, though it might have had just a trifle more warmth. She was enthusiastically applauded, and, indeed, she is a singer worth listening to. King Solomon was done by an obviously experienced and useful German baritone, Wolfgang Anheisser, who was also making a New York début. The High Priest was sung by a Ukrainian bass, Andrij Dobriansky, and while he was not equal to some of the low notes of the role, his voice had a generally pleasant sound. Alpha Floyd, an American soprano, did the role of the Queen with an excellent sense of style, though her voice at times sounded a bit muffled. Kate Hurney, as Astaroth, sang an unaccompanied solo that was supposed to lure Assad into the Queen's presence, and this she did in perfect tune, with a fresh young voice that I am sure we shall hear more of. The Society had been hard put to it to find a tenor capable of singing the role of Assad, which contains some terribly difficult high passages and also demands a singer with some emotional warmth. It finally found a young man named Arley Reece, who, I understand, had been singing in the chorus of the Dallas Opera and who agreed to learn the role in less than three weeks. Considering all this, Mr. Reece's performance was not bad. He was obviously suffering from nerves, and his voice lacks the power that the role demands. But he sang with considerable elegance of style, with good German enunciation, and with the requisite warmth. The high notes apparently had no terrors for him. He sang them all without effort, though it must be recorded that he did them practically at half voice.

Perhaps this is the place to report that the American Opera Society, which has performed a unique and particularly useful service here in presenting performances of the unusual, often with great singers, has gone broke. I cannot think of a better opportunity for the beneficence of some angel or other. If help does not turn up, we will suffer a very real loss to our musical life.

LAST Wednesday night, I went to the Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, to see a fairly new ballet, "Confetti." It is an entirely conventional but quite delightful bit of classical virtuosity for six dancers, choreographed by Gerald Arpino to, of all things, the overture to Rossini's "Semiramide." The dancers on this occasion were Francesca Corkle, Rebecca Wright, Sue Loyd, Scott Barnard, Glenn White, and William Whitener. The work consists of a sequence of solos, pas de deux, and ensemble episodes, all athletic, bouncy, and appealing, somewhat in the Balanchine manner (the arrangement onstage was always symmetrical) but at the same time bearing the vigorous marks of the Arpino style. It would be unfair to pick any one dancer for comment. All six were remarkable technically, the women for point-work balance and turns, the men for leaps and

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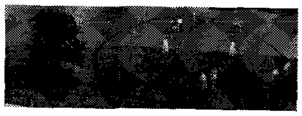

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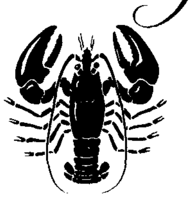

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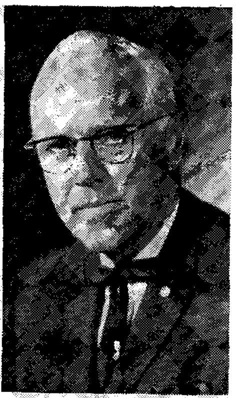

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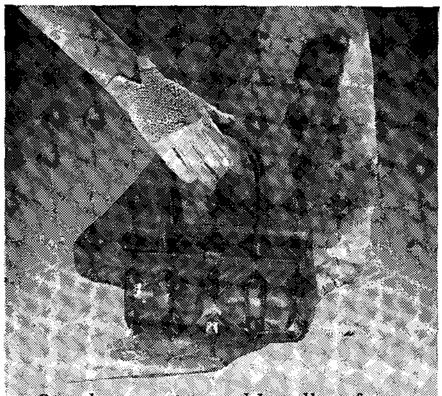

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elegance as lady-lifters. "Confetti" was preceded on the program by "The Three Cornered Hat," which I recently commented on, and followed by "Astarte," that combination of ballet, rock music, light-show effects, and movie projection, which never ceases to fascinate me.

WHAT does a critic say about a series of fine performances of quartets by Beethoven? Everything that can be written about the music has already been set down time and again. About the performance one can say a few things. One looks for homogeneity of sound, precision of attack, accuracy of ensemble, fine tone quality, individual virtuosity on the part of the players, and a deep understanding of the formal layout of the quartets they are playing. But these technical elements are almost irrelevant to the main thing one is listening for, and this is the profound mind of Beethoven expressing itself—sometimes playfully, sometimes with an air of exhortation—with what is perhaps the most subtle and sensitive combination of instruments he ever wrote for. One asks only that Beethoven's musical thought be adequately set forth. Last Tuesday night, I went to Alice Tully Hall to hear the Juilliard String Quartet perform Opus 18, No. 2; Opus 59, No. 1; and the late and difficult-to-hold-together Opus 131. The performances were all of the finest quality. The Juilliard Quartet has a slightly drier and less sensuous tone than that of the original Budapest Quartet. It makes use of vibrato only when it adds a definite and needed color to a phrase. Its ensemble is remarkable not only for homogeneity but for its cultivated feeling for the relative dominance and subordination of different voices, and its players—especially its first violin, Robert Mann—are all virtuosos of the highest technical accomplishment.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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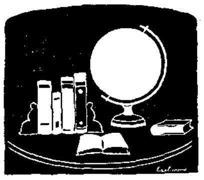
BOOKS

A Russian Aesthete



SINCE I know no Russian, all I can say about Mr. George Reavey's translation of "Against the Current" (Weybright & Talley), a selection from the writings of Konstantin Leontiev, is that it reads easily and well. In making his selection, Mr. George Ivask has clearly tried, in the limited space at his disposal (two hundred and seventy-three pages), to do justice to all of Leontiev's concerns—as a writer of memoirs and fictionalized autobiography, as an observer of life in the Middle East, as a political theorist, and as a literary critic. Nearly all the extracts are interesting, but, speaking for myself, I wish he had devoted more pages to the literary critic, even if this meant a sacrifice of range. Leontiev's views on most topics were, to put it mildly, extravagant, but in literary criticism he was completely sane and one of the best critics I have read. "Essays in Russian Literature: The Conservative View," edited and translated by Spencer E. Roberts (Ohio University Press, 1968), prints the whole of his hundred-and-twenty-five-page essay on Tolstoy's novels, which I would recommend to readers who are beguiled by the twenty-four pages of it in this new selection.

Leontiev was born in 1831, the child of minor gentry. He studied medicine at Moscow University, served as a surgeon in the Crimean War and then as a household physician on a country estate. After his marriage, he gave up medicine, entered the Russian Consular Service, and spent ten years in the Middle East, during which time, after being "miraculously" cured of dysentery or cholera while praying to the Virgin, he became devoutly Orthodox. In 1874, he returned to Russia, and from 1880 to 1887 he served on the Censorship Committee. Then he entered the Optina Monastery and, just before his death, in 1891, was consecrated as a monk. In 1851, he met Turgenev, who was impressed by his talent, but they quarrelled later over politics. Leontiev's books, it seems, received little attention, but in the last year of his life he found an admirer in the writer Vasily Rozanov, twenty-five years his junior.

For some mysterious reason, Leontiev's mother, instead of marrying the man she loved, married his brother, whom she did not, and her son evidently shared her distaste:

> My father was one of those frivolous and easily distracted Russians (and gentry, especially) who reject nothing and uphold nothing rigorously. In general, it may be said that my father was neither very clever nor very serious.

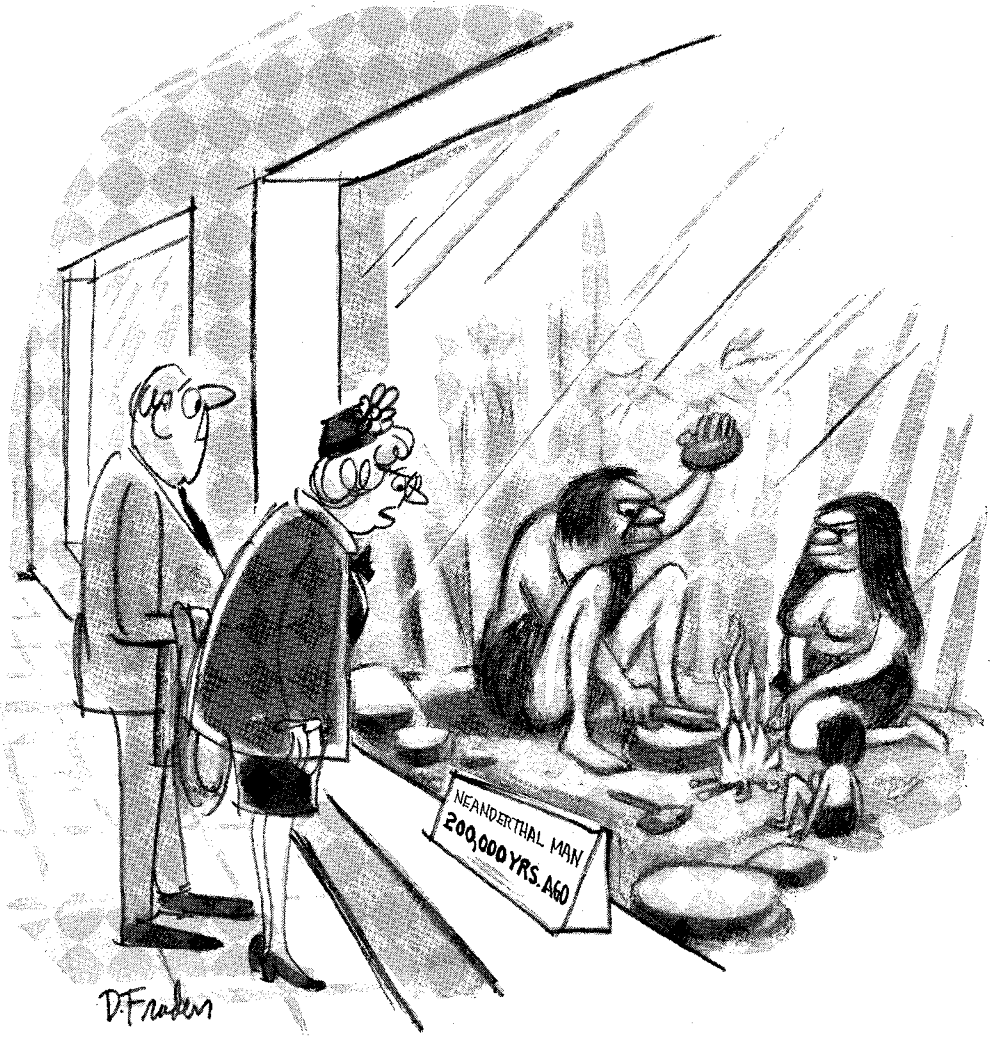
His mother, on the other hand, he adored and admired. The reasons he gives for this are revealing:

> She was incomparably more elegant than my father, and because of an inborn instinct, that was very important to me.

From her, he said he learned

> the lessons of patriotism and feeling for monarchy, the examples of a strict order, constant work, and refined taste in everyday life.

Leontiev, that is, was both by nature and by choice an aesthete and a narcissist. Aesthetes and narcissists can be found in every country, but Leontiev was also a Russian, and to me, at least, who was born and bred a British Pharisee, Russians are not quite like other folk. If their respective literatures in the nineteenth century are a guide, no two sensibilities could be more poles apart than the Russian and the British. (The American sensibility seems closer to the Russian. I can imagine a Russian equivalent of "Moby Dick" but not of "Sense and Sensibility.") Time and time again, when reading even the greatest Russian writers, like Tolstoy and Dostoevski, I find myself exclaiming, "My God, this man is bonkers!" In his introduction, Mr. Ivask quotes a remark by Alexander Blok: "It is worth living if only to make absolute demands on life." What a contrast to the advice given by the Red Queen to Alice—"Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing, turn out your toes as you walk, and remember who you are!"—or this definition by an Anglican bishop: "Orthodoxy is reticence." In British English, even today, the word *enthusiastic* is a pejorative. For this reason, the



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Russian writers we feel most at home with are Turgenev and Chekhov, though I suspect that if there were any decent translations we should find Pushkin even more to our taste.

Leontiev may extol the virtues of order and constant work, but he does not seem to have practiced them:

> The conflict of ideas in my mind was so violent in 1862 that I lost weight and not infrequently spent whole winter nights in Petersburg without any sleep, with my head and arms resting on a table in a state of exhaustion as a consequence of my martyrlike reflections.

No Englishman could possibly do such a thing. Reading accounts of Russian life, whether in the past or in the present, one gets the impression that the Protestant ethic of self-discipline, prudence, and regular hours has had no influence. Is this the cause or the effect of the despotism under which Russians have always lived? In Russia, says Leontiev,

> only that becomes established which, I repeat, is created somewhat arbitrarily and artificially by the government.

This seems as true of the New Russia of Lenin and Stalin as of the Old Russia of Peter and Catherine.

Western aesthetes have as a rule subscribed to the doctrine of Art for Art's Sake and deliberately averted their eyes from the realms of the political and social. This, to his credit, a Russian aesthete like Leontiev would never do. "The devil," he says, "take art without life!" The socially concerned aesthete, however, who judges society by the standards which apply to works of art, though his negative criticisms may be cogent, is, when it comes to making positive suggestions as to how to correct its defects, almost certain to talk nonsense, often pernicious nonsense. The aesthetic imagination is excited by the extraordinary person, deed, or event; the ethical question "Are these good or evil, just or unjust?" is not its concern. I myself do not believe an artist can entirely ignore the claims of the ethical, but in a work of art goodness and truth are subordinate to beauty. In the political and social realms it is just the other way round; a government, a society that ignores the aesthetic does so at its peril, but the ethical demand for justice must take precedence. Good looks and bearing are always to be admired. Says Leontiev:

> Dzheffer Dem was still young and extremely handsome. His face was pleasantly round, very swarthy and fresh-complexioned. About his whole person, in his huge black eyes, in his small black mustache that was twirled up, in his

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graceful carriage, in his smooth unhurried gait, in his white hands peacefully held behind his back, there was so much that was inexplicable, of good breeding, calm pride, secret self-assurance, that I cannot put it all into words!

But when, as in this case, their owner is a ruthless killer, one must admit that even the drabbest conformist bank clerk in a frock coat is preferable as a citizen. Or, again:

> "Would you like to have a world in which all people everywhere live in identical small, clean, and comfortable little houses—the way people of middle income live in our Novorossiisky towns?"
>
> "Of course. What could be better than that?" Piotrovsky replied.
>
> "Well, then I am no longer your man," I retorted. "If democratic movements must lead to such terrible prose, I shall lose the last vestige of my feeling for democracy. Henceforth I shall be its enemy!"

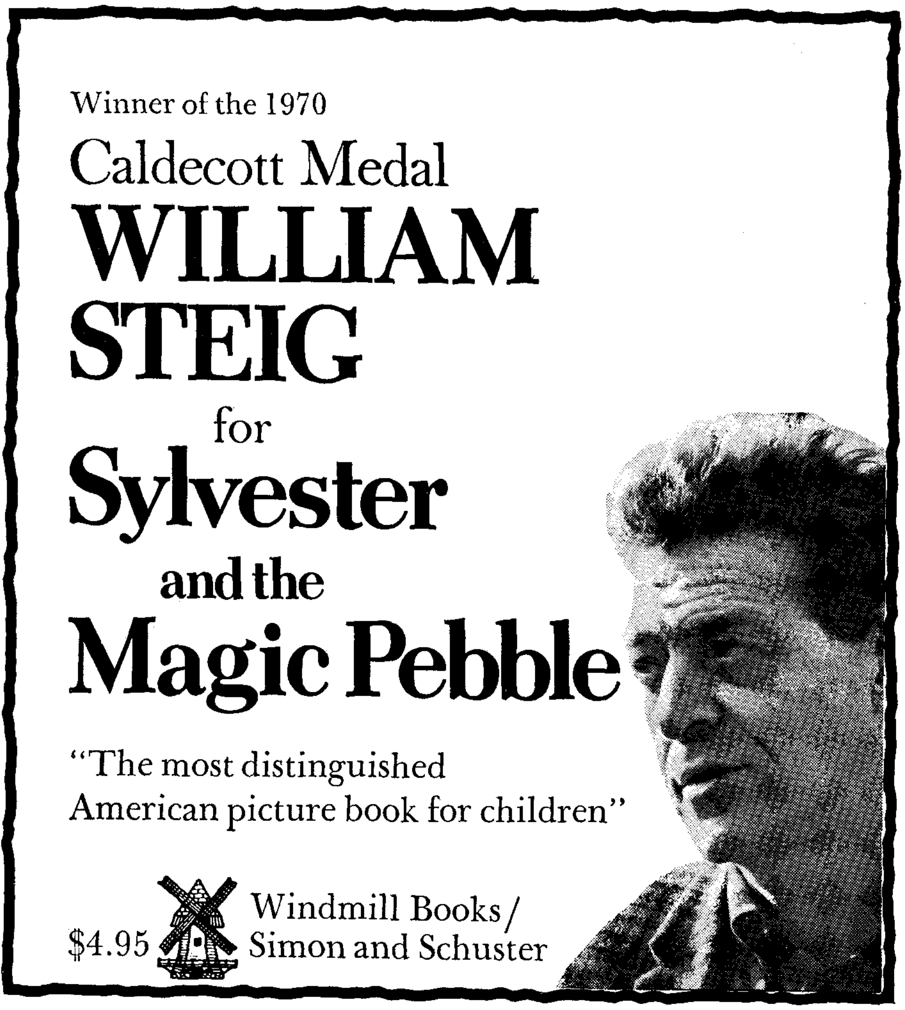
Piotrovsky was, of course, wrong in thinking of Suburbia as a utopia, but he was right in thinking that Suburbia was preferable to slums, however picturesque. Leontiev, incidentally, had to live in neither.

In judging social and political life, what the aesthete overlooks is the fact that while every human being is a unique person, a member of a class of one, very few human beings are extraordinary, whether in looks or talents or character; for the average man to seek to become extraordinary and therefore aesthetically interesting would be unauthentic, and as a rule he knows this. A playwright is free to select his heroes and heroines and ignore the mass of mankind; the politician can ignore no one, and, since they comprise the majority, ordinary men and women are his primary concern, for in politics to ignore usually means to oppress or to kill.

Leontiev's recommendations—at least for Russia, though I do not think he had any hope they would be listened to—were as follows:

> The State should be diversified, complex, strong, class-structured, and cautiously mobile. In general, strict, sometimes to the point of ferocity.
>
> The Church should be more independent than the present one. . . . The Church should have a mitigating influence on the State, and not vice versa. . . .
>
> The laws and principles of authority should be stricter; people should try to be personally kinder; the one will balance the other.

In coming to such conclusions he did not, as one might have expected, draw analogies from the process of artistic fabrication; he drew them from biology. Unfortunately, biological analogies are equally misleading. An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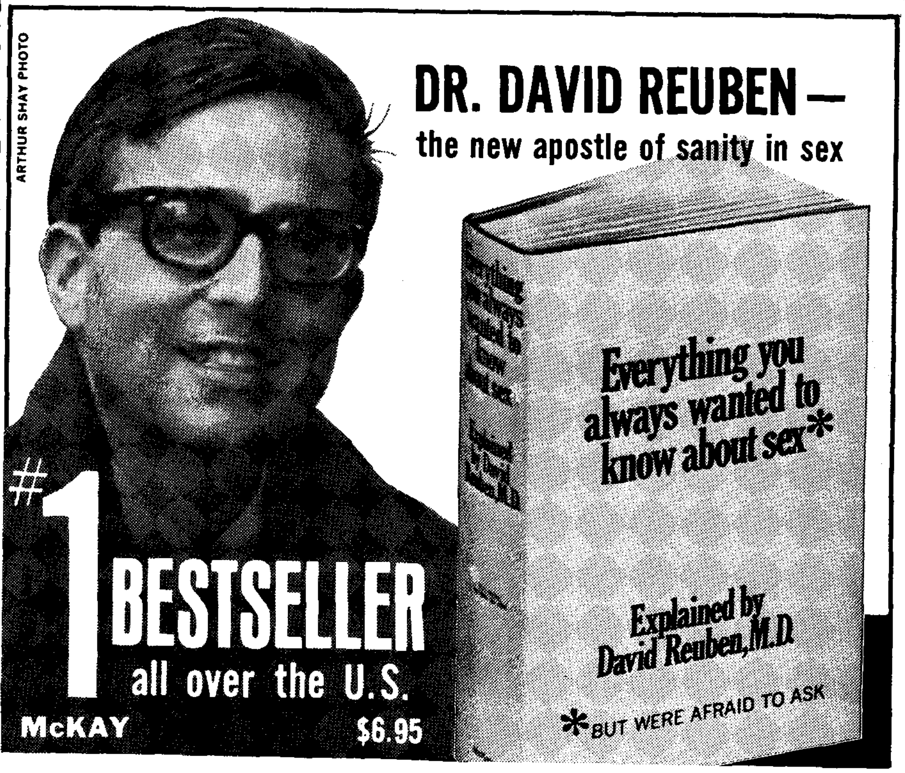
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organism lives under the necessity of being itself—an oak tree cannot turn into a butterfly—but it is false to call this necessity "despotism," since it is unconscious, whereas political despotism is consciously imposed. It would seem that all specific social structures are, like individual organisms, mortal, so one can speak of the rise, flowering, and decay of a particular society like the Roman Empire, but only with great caution. Like every species, the human race is potentially immortal, but, unlike all the others, man is a history-making creature whose "nature" is not identical with his social habits. A social animal like the bee could not change its hive-ways without ceasing to be a bee; man can and does continually change his ways. When a particular society disappears, human beings do not disappear but, by choice or necessity, become members of some new kind of society. One may prefer *this* society to *that*, but both are equally *human*.

Living, as we do, in an age when *liberal* has become a dirty word, it may be easier for us than for Leontiev's contemporaries to listen to his objections to the liberal philosophy. Everyone today will agree that the world we have fabricated during the last two hundred years is hideous compared with any fabricated in earlier times. And no one, I think, believes anymore in the liberal dogma of Progress; namely, that all change must be for the better. On the contrary, most of us, both old and young, are terrified of what the future may bring. The nineteenth-century "reactionaries" like Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, and Leontiev prophesied that liberalism, if successful, would produce a drably uniform society, Ortega y Gasset's mass man, and, as we all know, their prophecies have come true, but this, surely, was not what the original liberals intended. On the contrary, they must have hoped that political liberty would encourage diversity, that, granted equality before the law, equality of opportunity, and greater affluence, each individual, freed from the despotism of birth and poverty, would be able to develop into the kind of person he wished. That their hopes were disappointed may, I think, be mainly attributed to two factors, neither of them political in the strict sense. Firstly, to the development of technology. Starting with Locke, the creators of philosophical liberalism were eighteenth-century figures who lived before the Industrial Revolution, so they thought in terms of a society composed mostly of farmers and craftsmen. Machines have no political opinions, but they have profound political effects. They demand a strict regimentation of time, and, by abolishing the need for manual skill, have transformed the majority of the population from workers into laborers. There are, that is to say, fewer and fewer jobs which a man can find a pride and satisfaction in doing well, more and more which have no interest in themselves and can be valued only for the money they provide. Leontiev, like Herzen, was shocked by the materialism and philistine ambitions of the European working class, but what can men who have never known what it is to take pleasure in one's work hope for except more money and more consumer goods? Secondly, the liberals underestimated the desire of most human beings for conformity—their fear of being unlike their neighbors and of standing alone in their opinions and tastes. It is true, as the critics of liberalism said, that the class-stratified societies of earlier times present a picture of much greater variety and aesthetic interest than the egalitarian society we know, but this was only because the class structure compelled the classes to live, dress, and think differently; within each class, whether that of the aristocrats or the peasants, the urge for conformity was probably no less strong than it is today, when, as we know, tight pants and long hair are just as de rigueur for a rebel hippie as a Brooks Brothers suit and a crew cut are for a junior executive.

Before considering Leontiev as a literary critic, I suppose I must say a word about his attitude toward the Christian faith and the Church, though I am loath to do so because I find it repellent. He seems to have been one of those persons who alternate between leading a dissolute life and weeping over their sins, not out of genuine repentance but out of fear of going to Hell. Faugh!

By vocation, Leontiev was a writer, not a political theorist, and when he discusses literature he speaks not as an amateur but with professional authority. Because he believed that Life was more important than Art, his literary preference was for "realism"—novels and poems, that is to say, which try to depict as truthfully as possible the Primary World in which we all live. Thus, comparing "War and Peace" with "Anna Karenina," he says:

> Is the general trend of "War and Peace" as true in spirit and style to the life of the year 1812 as the trend of

> "Anna Karenina" is faithful to the spirit and style of our time? It seems to me not so true.

To explain what he means, he tries to imagine what "War and Peace" would be like if Pushkin had written it. He admits at once that it would not be anywhere near as great a novel, but he thinks it would have been more "realistic":

> Pushkin would not have (probably) even called the French marshals and generals, who were running away from themselves in carriages and fur coats, "wicked and insignificant men who have done a great deal of evil," just as the Russian heroes, who were chasing them from Moscow, probably did not call them that in their soul in the year 1812, but chided them in passion rather than according to the precepts of a tediously moral philosophy.

What Leontiev hated—and I heartily agree with him—was "naturalism" which identifies the "real" with the ignoble and the ugly. As with Karl Kraus, his criticism is never generalized but always specific and concrete: he picks out phrases, verbal habits, even single words which seem to him symptomatic of a literary disease:

> When Tolstoy's Ivan Ilyich uses the "bed-pan," that is all right. Ivan Ilyich is a sick, dying man. I like it here. But when Gogol's Tentetnikov, awakening in the morning, still lies in bed and "rubs his eyes," and his eyes are "small," this is very nasty and unnecessary. . . .
>
> When, at the end of "War and Peace," the already married Natasha brings out the childbed linen to show it in the drawing room, the green stain on the linen has turned yellow; although this is unattractive and crude, yet it is appropriate here; it has great significance. . . . But when Pierre "dandles" ("dandles," indeed! why not simply "nurses"?) on the palm of his large hand (those hands) that same infant and the infant suddenly soils his hands, this is completely unnecessary and proves nothing. . . . It is ugliness for the sake of ugliness. . . .
>
> These constant repetitions—"hurriedly," "involuntarily," "involuntary," "alien," "alien," "nervously," "pudgy," "pudgy," and so on; "juicy mouth," "toothless mouth"—these frequent psychological scrutinies and unnecessary corporeal observations when we read aloud not only Tolstoy but the majority of our best authors—Turgenev, Pisemsky, Dostoevsky—are sometimes simply intolerable!

Leontiev, with what justice I do not know, thought that Russian writers and readers were more addicted to this vice of "nose-picking" than those of other countries:

> Suppose, for example, it is necessary to say that one of the male characters was frightened. An Englishman would more

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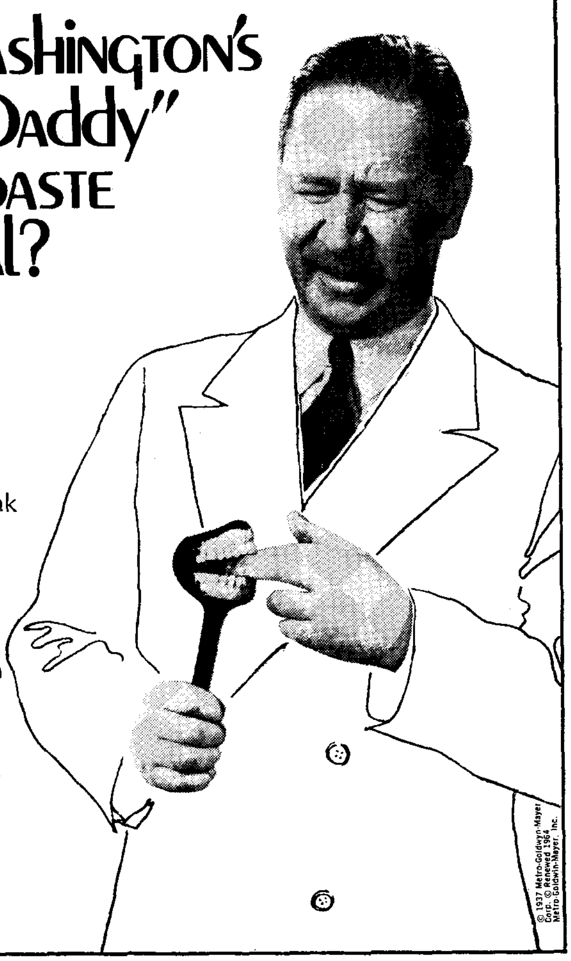

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than likely say, without exaggerating one way or the other, either positively or negatively: "Intensely frightened, James stood motionless, etc." A Frenchman: "Alfred began to tremble. A deathly pallor covered his handsome face. He withdrew, but with dignity." The Russian writer would prefer to express himself thus: "My hero, like a blackguard, got cold feet and trudged off home." Perhaps even better: "dashed off home."

A first-rate critic, as distinct from a run-of-the-mill one, always shows respect for the author he is considering, even in attack. When his author does something he disapproves of, he tries to put himself in the author's place and asks, "What were his reasons for doing this?" So, after objecting to Tolstoy's tendency to "nose-pick," Leontiev is willing to concede that, much as he dislikes it, Tolstoy, given the nature of his readers, was probably justified:

> The Russian reader of our time (especially the reader who occupies a middle position in society) . . . [has been] educated . . . in such a way that a wart will make him believe more strongly in nobility, a snort will make him feel love more intensely, and so on; and if someone "with a nervous gesture pours out a glass of vodka" and then, instead of smiling, "smirks," his confidence will be complete! . . .
>
> Tolstoy . . . has rendered his readers a patriotic service by all this slight, external humiliation of life.

I hope very much that someone will soon publish an English translation of Leontiev's collected critical essays.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SEMINARIAN, by Michel del Castillo, translated from the French by George Robinson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A wistful story about a young Spanish seminarian whose loss of faith and whose unfortunate homosexual attachment to a fellow-student end tragically. The author writes in a poetic, self-preoccupied, and brooding fashion, and might do better with a more objective world, of the sort that he had in his successful first novel about his concentration-camp experiences, "Child of Our Time."

GENERAL

THE FIRST TRIAL OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Gordon Donaldson (Stein & Day). This book is a small, bright gem. The author, who teaches Scottish history at Edinburgh University, examines the hearings that were held in England during 1568 and 1569 after Mary had

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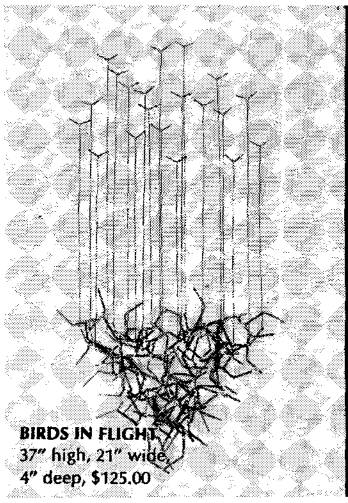

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taken refuge from her rebellious subjects. The practical purpose of the trial was to determine whether the English should restore Mary to the Scottish throne. The rebel leader, the Earl of Moray, accused his Queen of having abetted her paramour, Bothwell, in the murder of her husband, Darnley, and therefore of being unworthy to rule. Mr. Donaldson tells the background and then goes over the facts that are known, as well as the evidence that Moray presented. They are not the same, for Moray's case included many whoppers. It appears that the assassination of Darnley has remained one of history's most bewildering unsolved murders, because so many people wanted him dead. Mary did not reply to Moray's case; she stood on her royal dignity, made some ineffective stabs at intrigue, including offers to change religion and to marry again, and appealed to Elizabeth as a sister queen. Mr. Donaldson doubts whether Mary would have done better to answer the accusations, for, to Elizabeth's counsellors, the truth about Mary's love life was immaterial; they concluded that it was cheaper to go on with Moray, who promised, as Regent, to conduct a pro-English foreign policy. The English Queen was persuaded not to do much of anything, and so—though no one could foresee that—the lifelong imprisonment of the Scottish Queen began. Mr. Donaldson's account of these events, and of the Machiavellian Renaissance personalities who shaped them, is fascinating. He has to perfection the knack of imparting specialized information; the reader learns without noticing that he is being taught.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Man with the Tiny Head, by Ivor Drummond (Harcourt, Brace & World). A highly enjoyable English murder extravaganza with two gangs—a handsome, rich hero gang and an ugly, shabby villain gang. The heroes are Lady Jennifer Norrington, twenty-one; Count Alessandro di Ganzarello, forty-five; and Coleridge Tucker III, thirty-one or two. These three gather odd helpers, including police, as needed, and their campaigns against crime are carried out with any weapons or methods—they are all three quite criminal, but on the right side, of course. The villain gang in this yarn is mysterious, and has members in

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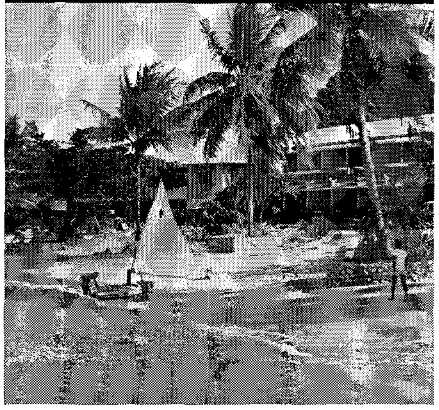

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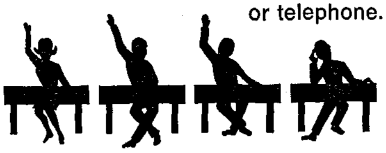

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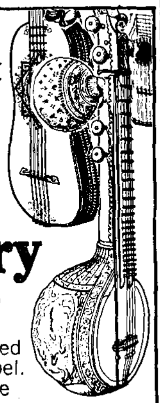

London and New York and here and there in the Caribbean, and the traffic is in white slavery of a very special kind of girl, drugs, murder, and huge-scale blackmail. The scene is London, for the most part, with dashing forays to an English duke's country seat, to a very uppity girls' boarding school, to clubs, restaurants, police stations, and so on in New York City, onto yachts everywhere, and to castles in Italy. Mr. Drummond has a suave ingenuity that is irresistible, and his timing, or pacing, is flawless.

THE STATELY HOME MURDER, by Catherine Aird (Doubleday). The witty Miss Aird finds more than one mangled body in the enormously stately pile inhabited by the thirteenth Earl of Ornum and his family (wife, son, daughter, two cracked aunts, assorted retainers and hangers-on). The first body is discovered on a lovely June day when Ornum happens to be open to the paying public, and two local lads, Detective Inspector Sloan and Detective Constable Crosby, are called in to solve the mystery of who killed tiny, harmless, useful Mr. Meredith, librarian and archivist to Lord Ornum. When the Messrs. Sloan and Crosby get a look at the murder weapon, they begin to wish they hadn't come. What a horrid sort of heirloom to keep about the house! We have to say, regretfully, that the story does not exactly bound along, but Miss Aird's admirers may be sure they will continue to be wholehearted about her, because she is really very good at her fearful, flighty craft.

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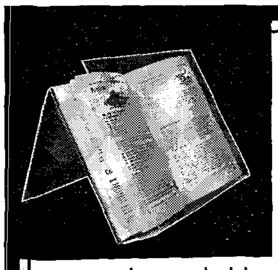

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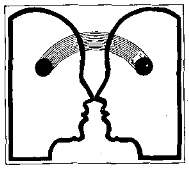

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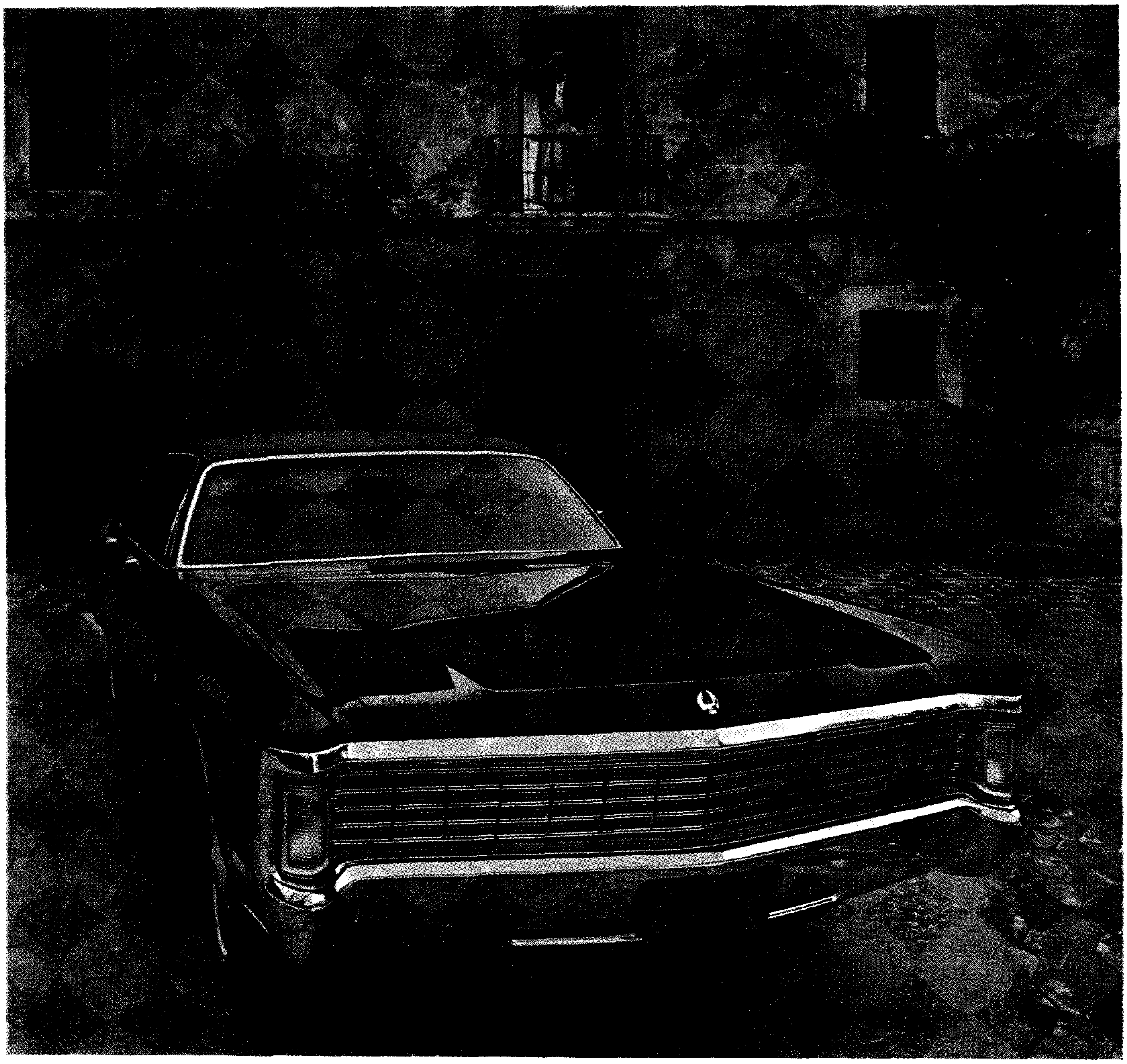

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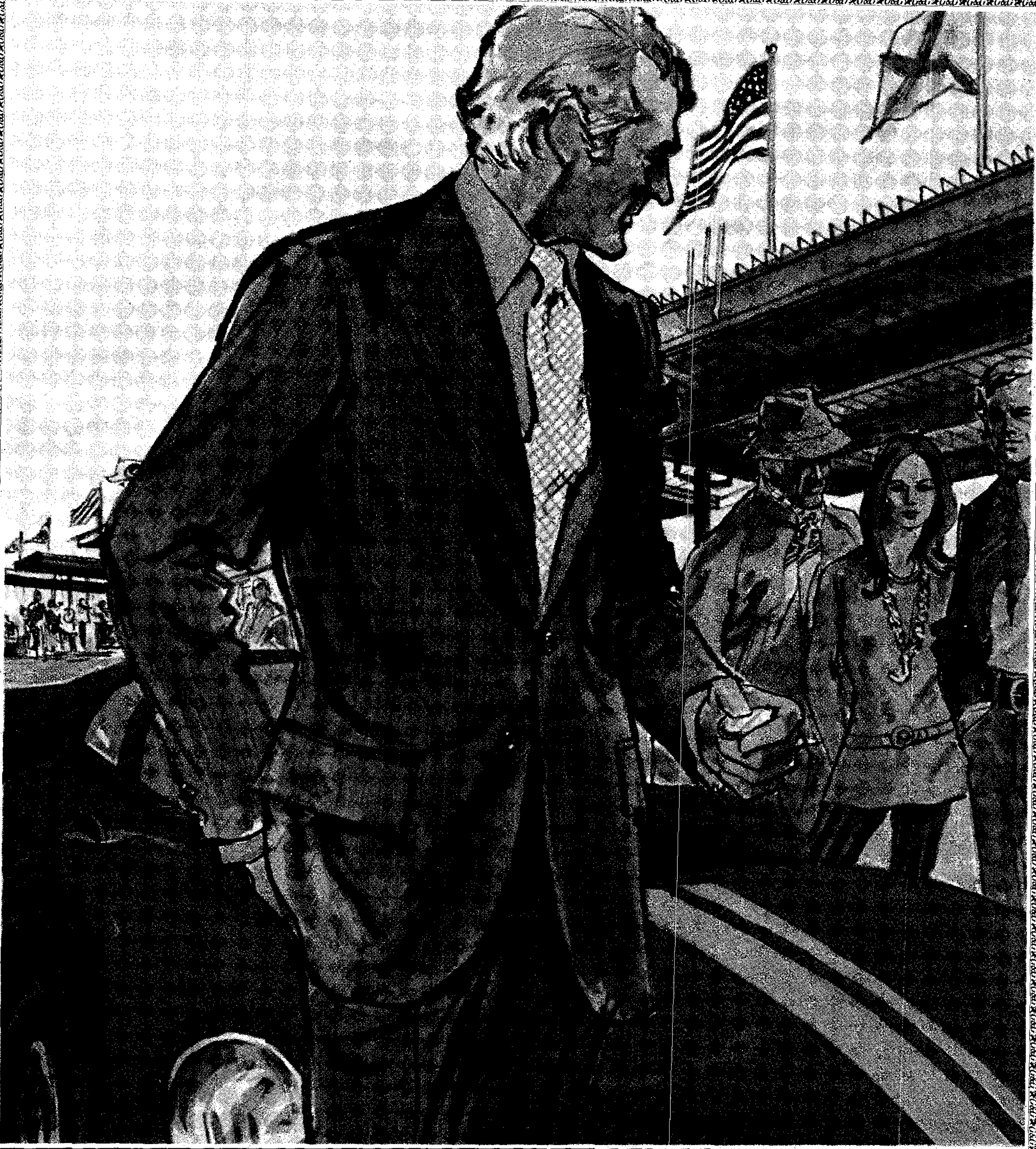

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